Curfew Violations

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Curfew Violations

by Ravenslith_FledglingMoon

Summary

When Harry started his freshman year at Hogwarts High, he was the new kid in town. And as such, with no social life to speak of, he had no problem getting home after school right on the dot. Thus negating the need for any sort of actual imposed curfew; it simply wasn't necessary.

All was well for about a month before Harry blipped on -his- radar.

Enter Tom Riddle—junior upperclassman, top athlete, and every teacher's metaphorical academic wet dream, with superior height advantage and perfect hair to boot.

Harry had been minding his own, content to enjoy the inauspicious beginning of his high school career until they just so happened to cross paths, in the abandoned storage room on the 7th floor corridor (because Hogwarts was stupid big and Harry had been looking for a quiet corner in which to relax and otherwise de-stress, not held in another smoke filled boys bathroom).

Who knew Tom had a thing for short, messy haired, emerald eyed, deliciously fresh meat?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 【授翻/汤哈】违反宵禁 by kexixi

1st Violation

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1st Violation

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Ugh…it had been another very bland day at Hogwarts. Harry tugged at his freshman red uniform tie with a disgruntled sigh, and ruffled his already fluffy and perpetually disheveled hair.

It was a free period, mid-week on a heavily overcast afternoon threatening torrential rain before 6th period Arithmetic. The joy—he couldn't even get a decent bit of fresh air between two of his least favorite classes. The prior being Chemistry with Professor Slughorn—who seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time favoring certain individuals and pretty much screwing over all the rest by sheer negligence to actually teach.

It didn't help that Harry hadn't yet made any decent friends in the four weeks he'd been at Hogwarts. It was like all the cliques had been predetermined from Hogwarts Middle School, which he did not attend due to his Dad's job relocating the family round and about the continent.

It was a miracle he was even settling this year to be at an actual High School in an honest to goodness neighborhood within city limits, instead of being shut away at some private boarding school in the Hills (again).

At least back then he'd had two good mates. Even if one was a pathologically obsessed bookworm and the other a baby stoner who loved growing semi-legal and fully illegal plants in the derelict greenhouse he just happened to have swiped the spare key to and quietly duplicated for future utilization.

Speaking of Hermione and Neville, he hadn't been in touch with either of them since this last relocation.

He wondered if Hermione had binged her way through another library and if Neville had been arrested yet. Harry quirked a smile and bounded up the flight of stairs leading to the uppermost floor beneath the Astronomy tower.

It was patently abandoned this time of day, as he'd discovered it was majority of the week, being that there were no elevators and most teachers refused to have a classroom so far away from the fire escape. Because students, and smoking, and very poor smoke detectors on the not-renovated upper levels.

Seriously, Harry could wonder how Hogwarts hadn't been blazed to the ground in all its many years standing as a beacon for all and sundry within a fifteen mile radius under the age of twenty. Food for thought.

Harry wandered the 7th floor corridor aimlessly, bypassing the obvious ancient lavatory from which he could distinctly hear the echoes of an inordinate amount of moaning.

Harry hesitated, jerked his head, and walked on. It wasn't his place. He didn't need to know.

He glanced down at his watch and cringed. Still a full hour to kill before next period, wasn't there anywhere good to make a nest?

His eyes traveled back and forth along the walls, until finally, next to a dusty old tapestry depicting some kind of historical battle, flanked by two suits of honest to god armor (what was this, a museum?), he spied an inconspicuous door.

"I'm sure it's locked." Harry murmured, slowing to a stop in front of the entrance. "Probably a janitor's closet…" Harry shrugged and chewed his bottom lip before glancing up and down the vacant hall and throwing caution to the wind.

He turned the knob. It gave way, and inward he spilled into another dimension.

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"Okaaay…so this is where Narnia went to retire."

Harry squinted into the dimly lit cavernous room, filled with bookshelves teeming with books, bizarre science equipment on long tables, sports and exercise equipment pushed against the walls, and a couch and low coffee table floating like an island in the midst of it all.

Harry shut the door gently behind him and thought, 'This will do. This will do nicely.'

"As far as club houses go, I could get used to this."

Harry stepped further into the room, exploring the shelves with a curious hand, touching spines of books that felt mostly ancient. Hermione would've loved it.

Harry felt a brief ache in his chest and wondered again why it cost so much to make a long distance phone call. Nevermind he didn't know her current number. He could look it up surely…somewhere.

"What do we have here?" A deep, resonant voice filtered through the air, causing Harry to startle and whirl around, eyes alighting on the couch. Which now held an occupant, draped over the back and twisting his elongated body to pierce Harry with a set of oddly reddish tinted hazel eyes.

"H-hello…I didn't know anybody was in here."

Harry swallowed thickly as the unidentified male raised a lazy eyebrow and looked him up and down with almost physical pressure.

“Who are you?” Harry tilted his head curiously and stepped closer to the couch.

The older male angled his body more comfortably in Harry’s direction and seemed to come to some sort of determination before smirking and saying in a clipped tone, “I should be asking you that, seeing as you are trespassing in my domain.”

Harry froze and snorted.

“I didn’t see your name on the front door. And it was open. Anybody could have walked in.”

A chuckle bypassed the lips of the, now up close, terribly good looking teen leveling Harry with an amused grin.

“It’s an unwritten claim. Call it an academic privilege. Most students know well enough to stay away from the 7th floor and this room specifically, on pain of death.”

Harry raised a disbelieving brow and moseyed around to see this guy so artfully sprawled on the couch, in full. He had the longest legs Harry had never seen. And he was realigning his body to face Harry directly.

“I see. A freshman. I take it you’re not from around here…?” It seemed the guy had finally noted Harry’s red flag of a tie, and he crossed his legs elegantly at the knee, casually smoothing the creases out of the folds of his uniform shirt and pants while obviously inquiring for more information on his trespassing visitor.

“I just transferred in this semester from elsewhere…I’m Harry. Harry Potter. And you are?” Harry nearly choked on a gasp as the lithe, broad shouldered teen unfolded and rose to his full, rather intimidating height, in effect looming over Harry’s tensed frame.

Harry stared up and way up unflinchingly, holding that peculiar gaze. And his mouth went dry as a long fingered, strong but infinitely graceful hand was outstretched to him for a proprietary shake.

“Tom. Tom Riddle. It’s a pleasure to meet you…*Harry*.” The way Tom pronounced his name made it sound like a decadent thing being savored. Harry hadn’t known his name could sound like that off someone else’s tongue.

Speaking of tongues…Tom’s tongue was licking his lips slowly, and Harry’s eyes were following it automatically, before he—with heat rapidly suffusing his cheeks, grasped the hand hovering in the air and attempted to give it brief, cursory squeeze.

He was immediately thwarted by Tom clamping around his hand like a sprung bear trap, and yanking him forward in one swift movement, causing Harry to slam bodily into the firm chest he was now nose to pectoral with.

“W-what the hell—let go!” Harry was having a major freak out moment as he felt Tom contrarily jerk him even closer, as the young man bent lower until his lips were brushing

purposefully against the sensitive shell of Harry's very red ear.

"I think we should be friends. Wouldn't you say so, Harry?"

Tom deliberately trailed his hand not already imprisoning Harry's own, up the arching column of the boy's shuddering spine.

So responsive, Tom was very pleased.

"Friends," Harry bit out, "…don't exactly get this close, you prat."

Tom grinned wickedly and sharply nipped Harry's ear. "Then obviously you've never had any real friends, darling."

Harry meeped and attempted to violently wriggle out of Tom's hold, only succeeding in overbalancing them both (due to Tom's stubborn attachment to his hand) and resulting in him landing sprawled fully over Tom's body pressed beneath him on the couch.

Harry gasped as Tom released his hand at last and pulled him near by the waist, grinding their hips together in an all too practiced motion that left Harry breathless and trembling above him.

"That's it. Let me show you how good friends get acquainted."

Tom's hands wandered down his thighs, over the swell of Harry's buttocks, and squeezed possessively.

"Nnngha…! B-bastard! Haah…" Harry bit his lip to suppress the moans building in his throat. But Tom, being the devil he was merely ground his hips upwards into Harry's crotch again and drawled, "How cute, we've already progressed to nick-names."

Harry was growing more and more incoherent with every forceful thrust of Tom's hips he was forced down to meet by Tom's hands on his backside urging his compliance.

Harry was proud to say he was managing to grit his teeth and bear the unsolicited rutting for a good (pitifully brief) while before he caved, and on an elongated moan met Tom's next upward thrust with a downward rotation, bringing their clothed members together in a friction heated grind which had him fisting his hands into Tom's shirt and leveraging himself upwards to finally meet the smug, partially hooded gaze of his molester.

"You do this…haah…with all your friends, Tom?" Harry gasped, finally a fully participating member of their encounter, because dammit, he was a teenager, and horny, and Tom was stupid hot and he needed…*he needed.*

Tom's breath hitched as Harry swiveled his hips against Tom's own and treated the other to an enticing view of unmarked throat as he arched his body and threw his head back in utter abandon.

"Only the ones I *especially* like. But Harry…I don't *especially* like anyone, I'll have you know…"

Harry panted, and his chest heaved as Tom abruptly sat up until they were nose to nose, with Harry astride Tom's lap, feeling utterly strung out.

Their thrusts became languid as Tom's lips melded against Harry's own parted ones, and that tongue…that wicked tongue licked the roof of Harry's mouth and mapped every square inch of the warm wet cavern mimicking Nirvana on a summer day.

Harry's eyes fell shut, and Tom ravished him with a starving man's fervor.

All coherent thought was wiped out on a wave of primal ecstasy they crested together and rode out on a feverishly hot, shared breath.

Looking back, Harry thought he should've been pissed that Tom made him soil his pants before having to sit through Arithmetic that day.

And Tom, in no uncertain terms, claimed Harry with absolutely no room for objection in their foreseeable future.

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If Harry went home smiling that evening with an awkward faded stain between his legs and a telephone number scrawled elegantly on a crumpled piece of paper in his back pocket, his mother only assumed he'd had a brilliant day and was not in any way averse to finishing out the school year at Hogwarts High.

And late that night, if Harry was stretched on his stomach in bed with his private receiver pressed to his ear, dialing the number on that paper and nervously chewing his bottom lip between his front teeth, nobody saw, and nobody knew.

Ring~ …Riiing~…Click.

"Hello Darling. I was hoping you'd call."

Harry's heart beat double time in his chest as he responded as neutrally as possible, "I said I would, you arse. Shouldn't you be sleeping now?"

"And miss hearing your sweet voice in my ear? Never."

Harry rolled his eyes and blushed, lips tugging upwards at the corner.

"To hear you talk, we didn't just meet and hook up today." Harry could sense Tom's amusement through the phone, and he just knew the jerk was smirking.

"Is that what we did? I thought we were making friends."

Harry snorted dubiously.

“According to you, I’m the only one you *especially* like as a friend to even make. Not sure I believe that…really.”

Tom’s voice dropped an octave, and Harry felt a shiver lancing through his blood.

“You wound me. Perhaps I should come over and prove my sincerity.”

Harry swallowed thickly, and glanced suspiciously at his window where moonlight was pouring through the curtains and onto the old fashioned balcony.

“You say that like you’re anywhere nearby…”

There was dead silence on the other end of the line and suddenly, the sound of rocks being thrown against his sill, repeatedly.

Harry frowned at the window and got up from the bed with the receiver held between his ear and shoulder as he threw open the curtains and looked down onto his moonlit yard.

There, in all his glory, holding a new model flip phone to his ear with a cheshire grin stretched across his handsome face—was Tom Riddle.

Harry gaped in disbelief as the young man waved jauntily up at him and spoke into the phone, which fed his voice directly into Harry’s burning ears.

“Can Harry come out to play right now, or should I come up?”

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Never let it be said Harry was a coward.

And if anybody ever said Tom was a good influence, they lied.

But hell…it was the most fun Harry had had in a long time, so he didn’t think twice about throwing on a pair of jeans and a casual tee over his underclothes before climbing out the window and down the balcony into Tom’s waiting arms, like a reverse Romeo and Juliet.

“Do I want to ask how you got here?”

Harry laughed and shook his head as Tom gestured to a sleek car idling on the corner, out of the direct view of his bedroom window.

“Okay. And my address is common knowledge?”

Tom looked supremely smug as he draped his arm around Harry’s shoulders and steered the boy in the direction of his waiting car.

“Of course not. I looked you up in the school records. I do work in the principal’s office periodically and have that access if I should care to use it.”

Any other person saying something like that would have Harry dialing the cops and signing for a restraining order, but as this was Tom, he just found it bizarrely sweet.

“Should I be worried you’re kidnapping me and I’ll never see my parents again?”

Tom gave Harry a sly look as they reached his vehicle, and like a gentleman, he opened the passenger’s side for Harry to slide in.

“I don’t kidnap on the first date. But technically this is our second, so perhaps I could speed things up a bit…if you’re game.”

Harry huffed a laugh and got into the car without another word, to Tom’s visible delight and satisfaction.

Tom slid behind the wheel and floored the gas, turning on the radio to a smooth jazz station as Harry watched his sleeping house disappear into the distance. Hopefully his mother wouldn’t wake up in the middle of the night by some freak providence and decide to visit his room.

His father was a non-issue. That man was rarely ever home more than twice a week before dawn, so demanding was his job.

He should be in the clear. It wasn’t even midnight yet.

“Where are we going Tom?”

Tom glanced sideways at Harry, gracing him with a peculiar look as he pulled to a stop at the first intersection and turned right down a back road to somewhere Harry had never been.

“My lair—where we’ll be completely alone and I can eat you all the way up, Harry.”

Harry would be lying if he said he didn’t feel a warming rush of arousal at his core from the way Tom so casually said that.

They drove on with the luxuriant sound of music crooning with sensual promise in the background.

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When Tom said lair, Harry had naively pictured something closer to a cave or tree house. But when the road opened up to a gated community, and Tom drove them casually through the entrance, Harry felt his jaw unhinge.

Tom drove until they pulled into the parking lot of a rather expensive looking penthouse apartment.

"...um…"

Tom killed the engine, the music faded out abruptly, and Harry gave a start as Tom's hand migrated to his upper left thigh and squeezed.

"Let's take this upstairs, shall we? It's been a long time since I've had *friendly* company." Tom's voice had developed a definite husky undertone.

Harry's eyebrows leapt upwards, and he clenched his thighs together against the surreptitious creep of Tom's hand to the private juncture in between.

"Y-you live here alone?"

Tom tilted his head and smirked. "Naturally…I do so value my privacy."

Harry shifted as Tom's hand began feeling aimlessly up and down his jean clad leg, and his heart rate jumped when the other leaned over into his space and murmured suggestively into his ear, "I'm not averse to staying here, but that would defeat the purpose of driving all this way. My sheets are silk. I'm sure you'd prefer the comfort."

Harry fumbled blindly with the door handle and spilled out of the car, gasping for air, nearly toppling to the pavement.

Tom was out of the car and on him in an instant, crowding him against the vehicle's side.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you were scared."

Tom's eyes gleamed with something undefinable, and his lips parted into something not quite a smile, more a threatening bearing of sharp teeth—daring Harry to attempt to run.

Harry cleared his throat and awkwardly stared up at the night sky, as if in search of some sudden inspiration.

"I'm not afraid of you, Tom. It's just my first time doing this and you're rather quick on the jump." He was proud at the steadiness of his voice, and feeling calmer, locked his gaze directly onto Tom's own to emphasize his point.

Tom was very still, staring at Harry like a cat deciding whether to pounce or not; before at last, he released a put-upon sigh, and what looked like a developing pout ghosted across his face.

"I can't help it Harry. I am *very* attracted to you. I don't like to waste time." Tom's voice rolled and settled between them, trailing off towards the end like a ball coming to a slow stop.

Harry shook his head, feeling mildly exasperated and charmed, and he gently nudged Tom to the side; backing up in the general direction of the penthouse entryway and saying coyly,

“You say that like we’re on a schedule. I’m not going anywhere soon. Now…what was that about silk sheets?”

Harry’s grin was impish as Tom rallied, locked the car, and repossessed his hand, pulling him along the rest of the way into the tall building.

“Did I mention the Jacuzzi? And the spectacular night view?”

Harry laughed softly, “Keep it up and you’ll never be rid of me.” Tom stepped onto a lift with Harry in tow, and he glanced down at the boy and said blithely, “You’ve caught me out. I am moving you in presently. We’ll notify your parents tomorrow.”

“Oh my, whatever will they think of me? Not a month into the school year and eloping with a rich, older man—the scandal!”

Tom grinned wolfishly, and the doors dinged and opened onto the uppermost level.

“Don’t worry. Your virtue is in good hands.”

Harry playfully scoffed, “What virtue? I’m obviously a hopeless tramp.”

Tom pulled Harry in by the waist in front of the door to his suite. “With such a ringing endorsement, how could I possibly resist?”

And then the door was opened, and Harry was being walked backwards over the threshold and kissed senseless.

That night marked the first that Harry inevitably didn’t come home at a reasonable hour.

Tom’s sheets were very, very nice.

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End Violation.

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2nd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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2nd Violation

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Tom Riddle had a reputation. He was unrivaled. He was untouchable. He was perfection.

Everyone admired him, everyone respected him, everyone wanted to know him…nobody did. This was by design.

It had been this way for near ever. Ever since he was found at that godforsaken orphanage by his father, Tom Riddle Sr.—the man who sired him out of wedlock, ran away from his responsibilities, got up some size, became declared medically impotent and desperate for a heir to the family name before he became disinherited from his grandfather's will.

When Tom Riddle Sr. retrieved his eight year old bastard, it was after contacting the parents of the girl he'd impregnated, only to find she'd died shortly after giving birth to his son from complications of the womb, and her side of the family wasn't well off or inclined enough to raise such a shameful burden and had thus sent the child to one of the nearest functioning orphanages within reasonable driving distance.

To say Tom himself was pleased to find he had relatives who'd left him to rot for all of his important formative years in the one place determined to passively make a killer and psychopath of him yet, would be a grossly misinterpreted understatement.

He was vindictively satisfied. And being so satisfied, vowed to make his feckless father rue the day he'd ever abandoned the boy to such an ill fate as the antiquated orphanage of the underprivileged and unwanted.

Tom was never anything but outwardly stoic and well-mannered to the adults in his life from the moment he could properly walk and formulate words.

But there was something about him in those earliest days…something uncanny, and decidedly uncomfortable enough to make the matrons and fellow orphans wary of his existence.

Maybe it was his intelligence. For that was more apparent than it should have been before he was even officially put into that governmentally funded primary school for wards of the state.

Or maybe it was the way any who threatened him seemed to find themselves in the most untenable situations afterwards and then somehow robbed of the few things they had of sentimental value, which were repossessed, never to be located again.

Whatever it was, it made it impossible for Tom to form a working attachment to any of his apparent peer group. It also didn't help that any of the prospective adoptees who came sniffing around for a pup or two always seemed to pass over Tom after the briefest inquisitive glance, taking in the misplaced coldness and overly polite nature of the child and deciding their parenting skills were better spent upon the more impressionable, easily malleable and needy children who could benefit from their tender love and care.

Tom was near repulsed by the thought of being treated the way some of those dewy eyed couples treated his age group, and although he never voiced his displeasure at the prospect of their doting hands and kisses being forced upon his person, his demeanor was more than enough to fend off the most affectionate of the lot.

By the time he'd reached his eighth year, he was being considered something of a permanent resident of the orphanage.

And so, the advent of his birth father arriving there and staking his claim upon the boy came as a shock to all and sundry. It was on that day, looking up at the man who looked like an older, wearier, hesitantly hopeful version of the child he was responsible for—that Tom cracked his first genuine smile, for all the wrong reasons.

The promise of revenge whispered sweet nothings into the serious child's ear all the way to the waiting, expensive vehicle which carted him away from that place never to be mentioned again by either Tom or his senior.

It was with the utmost fondness that Tom remembered his departure from his initial prospects into the new skin of the better off person he was slated to become.

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Over the ensuing years, Tom had meticulously calculated and crafted a persona worthy of the title he was born to. The Riddles were affluent in a way that they had a finger or toe dipped into many prominent fields of investment and business ventures which had accrued over time and made the family and its descendants comfortably wealthy indeed.

It was old money, which Tom was being groomed and expected to manage in his future as sole heir after his father's imminent demise.

His grandfather had seen to it that Tom Riddle Sr. had the responsibility to ensure the carrying on of their family line in no uncertain terms before the man would be eligible to the family fortune upon the elder man's death, which came all too soon after young Tom's official insinuation into the family registrar.

It was upon the back of his initially unwanted son that Tom Riddle Sr. was able to legally take the reins and assure the continuation of the Riddle wealth and privileged lifestyle.

And Tom never allowed his father to forget this fact.

As the boy excelled and became more and more spotted by the limelight in his accomplishments at the elementary, middle, and finally high school he was enrolled in, Tom became synonymous with well-rounded perfection.

Not only was he book smart, he was blade sharp, and athletic and very handsome and charming to all.

He also had his father wrapped all the way around his finger in giving him early access to the management of a sizeable chunk of his inheritance early on in order to appease Tom's stubborn call for independence in trade for his keeping the family name in impeccable standing.

Even after his father married in his middle years and added a doting, eye candy Stepmother to the equation, Tom remained staunchly in line and impeccably behaved whilst working behind scenes to ensure his independent financial stability to do what it took to establish himself as a force all his own without needing to rely solely upon the Riddle name to build his budding empire.

In so much subterfuge, you would assume Tom avoided the puberty monster and merely shed his skin and went from boy to man seamlessly, without a hitch.

This was indeed the case…mostly. In regards to any libido charged activities, Tom had little inclination to allow himself to suffer at the hands of inopportune erections. And so, he was very familiar with the most efficient method of getting off without complications.

Otherwise known as wanking, jerking off, choking the chicken, draining the pipes, or any more fitting euphemism.

Fantastically enough, Tom was in no way impotent as his dear father had been declared. He had no problems getting it up whenever he should choose.

But after the initial frenzy of nature calling his name, Tom had very little compunction to seek out the physical contact so many of his randy peers seemed to enjoy at their most precocious age. Never let it be said that this was for lack of willing options either, as girls and even the more than occasional bi-curious or simply curious boy would go out of their way to catch his eye and engage.

It was just Tom had no actual interest in any of them.

Oh, he would lead them on well enough to make them *want* and do anything he required in the way of getting certain goals accomplished and inspiring future loyalty, but that was about as far as such consideration extended. It was like a warped dance, where Tom flitted from person to person, stealing breaths and hearts as easily as an affectionate smile or amused smirk in their directions. Don't let him actually touch them, casually or otherwise.

It would be funny if it wasn't so calculated. Tom knew what he did to people, and he used this.

His height, his wardrobe, the way he walked, the way he talked, the way he always carried himself was utterly scripted.

It was no wonder then, that by the time he entered Hogwarts High and established himself at the top of the food chain by his junior year, he was rather repressed and felt the need to avail himself further of his certain privileges.

One being the possession of the keys to certain off limits rooms in Hogwarts, particularly that one very large storage room on the 7th floor, which became known among upper level students (mainly) as *The Secret Chamber*, because no student besides Tom had ever been allowed inside really, and Tom was known to be in possession of the key and privilege to use it for his own devices at will.

Nobody dared encroach upon Tom's privacy when he went there. And he always timed his disappearances from wandering eyes perfectly with his breaks, and was therefore left alone by staff and authority figures. He was such a good student after all. Everyone's favorite.

It was only by fluke that Tom had forgotten to lock the door that fateful day when he'd been rather exhausted from a late night before dealing with annoying details of managing his finances to sustain the upkeep of his impressive lodgings and newly tuned up vehicle.

He'd decided to take a much needed nap, and didn't wake up until the nattering of an unfamiliar voice filtered through his unconscious ears.

When he deigned to reopen his eyes at last, and draped himself over the back of the couch to identify the source of the disturbance to his domain, his eyes alighted upon the slight, rather enticing backside of a boy he had never seen before.

He was silent in his observations of the unfamiliar, and his eyes narrowed slightly as he glimpsed the boy in profile—who had yet to notice his occupancy of the couch.

Oh…but he was cute. Scruffy, but definitely cute.

Tom felt the ghost of a smile flit across his mouth and he schooled his features into something more characteristic of his personage before opening his mouth and startling the object of his intention into turning in his direction.

"What do we have here?"

Only Tom's practice in maintaining his character hid any portion of his suddenly developed *want* to know how soft that hair would be if he buried his fingers in it, how bright those simply spectacular emerald shining eyes would get if he aroused the boy beyond reason.

He *wanted* to redden those cheeks and ravish those lips. It was almost startling.

"H-hello…I didn't know anybody was in here."

Tom's eyes were doing the work his hands wanted to be involved in, namely stripping the boy the down to nothing but skin.

“Who are you?” As that head tilted, Tom shifted on the couch and let that voice tickle his ears and go straight to his awakening cock. He wanted to hear his name fall out of that mouth.

He wanted even more to own the name of the boy he was going to take apart and put back together, with him lodged in the middle…again.

“I should be asking you that, seeing as you are trespassing in my domain.”

What took you so long? Who are you?

“I didn’t see your name on the front door. And it was open. Anybody could have walked in.”

Anybody didn’t. You did. How very cheeky.

Tom couldn’t restrain the chuckle filling his chest. Such nerve—he liked. “It’s an unwritten claim. Call it an academic privilege. Most students know well enough to stay away from the 7th floor and this room specifically, on pain of death.”

So he was playing it up a bit. But the boy should know how privileged he was. Tom rotated his body as the boy came to stand in front of him, and he felt very gratified as the boy looked him over with obvious interest.

“I see. A freshman. I take it you’re not from around here…?”

Tom’s eyes had alighted on that familiar freshman tie. Red—the color of forbidden fresh fruit, how very adequate. Tom crossed his legs and displayed himself purposefully in the best light, smoothing his hands all along his clothes, drawing attention to his physique.

Would this be called peacocking?

“I just transferred in this semester from elsewhere…I’m Harry. Harry Potter. And you are?” Name set. Match.

Tom stood on ceremony, enjoying his natural height advantage, thinking how easily he could handle this delectable pint sized piece between the sheets. And oh, look at those reddening cheeks. Harry knew it too.

Tom reached out a hand and offered his own name as bait as he savored the matching plebian moniker which still suited his boy to a tee. They don’t put it *Tom, Dick, and Harry* for no reason after all.

“Tom. Tom Riddle. It’s a pleasure to meet you…*Harry.*”

How very appropriately…inappropriate. Tom’s dick and Harry in *The Secret Chamber*. There was a joke in there. Tom licked his lips slowly, thoroughly enjoying the way Harry’s eyes seemed to follow the appendage automatically and feeling more than a little keyed up at the arousal he found in that young, precious face.

When at last Harry’s hand found his own, Tom was exultant.

Never had a trap been so easily set and sprung. He was going to enjoy this.

Let's be *friends* indeed.

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xXOXx

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It had been the purest of carnality having Harry in his lap like that, panting, moaning, and going to pieces on top of him. Riding his bound erection with so much enthusiasm, it left Tom all too keen to get the boy naked.

He had settled instead for making sure Harry came hard and would taste Tom on his tongue and lips all through the rest of the day and be reminded, unable to ever forget.

By the time Harry had crawled unsteadily off of him at the sound of the 6th period warning bell in a post orgasmic haze, Tom was scrawling his number on a sheet of paper and tucking it snugly into the boy's back pocket with a huskily whispered, "Call me," before Harry was stuttering out a shaky acquiescence and stumbling out the door to the secret chamber with a telling wet spot between his legs for anyone up close and personal to notice and *smell*.

Tom raked a hand through his too perfect hair and resolved to clean himself up in the gym showers presently before the evidence of his arousal raised unnecessary questions in the school populous.

He had time to freshen up and access to do it, unlike his darling.

Also, he needed to be well put together for a very necessary visit to the principal's office in order to do reconnaissance on his new paramour. That address he would get before the day ended.

He had plans after all.

An intimidatingly broad and sinister grin stretched Tom's lips as he made his way to the showers with his school bag and a change of pants in tow.

If anyone he knew had seen him walking down the hall at that point, they would have looked twice and wondered who this demon was walking around in Tom's skin.

After all…he was known to be ever so well-mannered and unfailingly polite.

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xXOXx

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It was easy—so very damn easy to get into the records room that evening.

The principal wasn't even in and the secretary, one Mrs. Lestrange *call me Bellatrix,* let him back no questions as she was rather sweet on the very handsome young man whenever he worked in the office. Tom used her shamelessly, throwing her a few bones as he slid his way behind the most private of locked doors containing the student files and otherwise permanent records retained by the school for forever referencing.

Finding Harry's name among the year's freshman class was a simple thing, and Tom pulled out Harry's folder and opened it reverently.

Almost inhaling the pages marked with the boy's name and age, personal and academic history, as though they actually contained any traces of the scent lingering on Harry's skin that Tom had been so close to marking earlier that afternoon.

If only.

Harry was 14 going on 15 this October 31st. Tom smirked and his nostrils flared slightly. Oh…to further corrupt that innocence.

Tom was 17 and would be 18 in a couple of months before his senior year even began, marking him as one of the eldest of his peers, simply by right of turning a year older every New Year's Eve, at precisely five minutes after midnight.

Tom thought it rather pitiful his mother had died on the cusp of making it to a New Year, giving birth to himself. But he didn't ever dwell. Although celebrating the holidays at that time never quite appealed to him, but that was mainly because he didn't care much for familial bonding.

Harry being born on All Hallows' Eve, made them comrades in being celebrated on the holidays.

Tom couldn't help but allow his mind to contemplate urging Harry into some scandalous Halloween costume to celebrate his birthday together in the dirtiest of fashions. He was sure the boy could pull off garters and thigh highs. Not to mention heels…

Tom willed down a burgeoning erection as he quickly finished scanning through Harry's file, committing it all to memory, and paying special attention to the boy's address.

Huh…it wasn't too far from his apartment. How very convenient. He could be there in 15 minutes from his residence.

Tom replaced the folder and sauntered out of the records room and office with an indiscreet wink at *call me Bellatrix* as the woman mimed a heart attacked and waved him off with a disturbingly long giggle which followed him out the door.

The sun was close to setting and the students had largely departed on the buses or in their vehicles already.

He had no other afterschool engagements to partake in, so Tom withdrew the keys to his car and made a beeline for it across the parking lot.

Situated behind the wheel, he retrieved his phone from the glove compartment and scanned it for any missed calls. He didn't expect one so early from Harry, but it didn't hurt to check.

After all, it wouldn't do to miss that all too important call.

Tom made it a point to check that his ringer was on high and his phone was kept visible and in reach the whole ride home.

He was very glad he had moved out of Riddle Manor last school year and had his own place already. It would be imprudent for him not to have the privacy to deal with his latest fascination in the most hands-on fashion.

He hoped Harry was a screamer.

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xXOXx

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Tom thought himself to be very patient, very reasonable.

He waited until three hours after sunset when still no call from Harry came through on his phone—before relocking his front door, and leaving the apartment dressed smart but casually in a flattering black long sleeved button down shirt and charcoal grey slacks with black loafers.

Once again he was behind the wheel of his car and driving to where he knew Harry's house to be.

It was only proper that he give the boy some positive encouragement after all, should he flake or not remember to call. Tom's eyes flashed and his lips turned down at the corner, a testament to his building displeasure.

His boy was making him wait. That wasn't nice.

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xXOXx

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Tom was parked near Harry's house, his car idling as he stared up at the only lit window in the house which was connected to an old fashioned balcony with a very climbable, vine covered column leading up to it.

If push came to shove—he'd be up it and through that window in a flash.

It didn't qualify as breaking-in if you were wanted. Tom was very sure on this point.

After about ten obscenely long minutes of sitting outside staring up at that lighted window with narrowed eyes, willing Harry to come into view, because his instincts told him only his boy would be in there still up and not calling Tom like he *promised*—Tom was ready to climb up to that balcony.

And he would have, if his phone had not gone off that exact moment he put his hand to the door handle.

Tom stared, mildly incredulous as it rung once…twice…

Click.

"Hello Darling. I was hoping you'd call."

Such an understatement, Tom deserved an Oscar.

"I said I would, you arse. Shouldn't you be sleeping now?"

Tom nearly released an undignified snort. Sleeping? Riiiight…yeah, hell no.

"And miss hearing your sweet voice in my ear? Never."

Tom relaxed into his seat behind the wheel and practically purred as Harry's voice continued to wash over him. His boy was such a kidder. Almost like he didn't know Tom at all—Nevermind the obvious fact he didn't yet. Not *really*. They'd get there dammit.

"To hear you talk, we didn't just meet and hook up today."

Tom smirked in fond remembrance, and it stretched into a wider grin as he playfully replied, "Is that what we did? I thought we were making friends."

He heard his boy make the cutest noise and wondered what expression was on that cute face right now and if Harry's cheeks were red yet.

"According to you, I'm the only one you especially like as a friend to even make. Not sure I believe that…really."

Harry didn't know the half of it. He didn't know how very special he already was amongst the cesspool of society. Tom heard and felt his voice drop to a deep, even more primal tone as he said with the utmost seriousness, "You wound me. Perhaps I should come over and prove my sincerity."

And then he was out the car, picking up a few small pebbles off the ground and walking within throwing distance of that balcony window.

He heard Harry swallow and smiled as the boy murmured, *"You say that like you're anywhere nearby…"*

Tom took that as his cue to make Harry aware of his presence. He took aim, lined up his shot carefully, and threw the first stone, then the second, and a third, hitting the sill every throw

with perfect accuracy.

When Harry at last threw open the curtains, Tom felt his heart jump and begin to beat semi-erratically. He offered up a jaunty wave to the gaping boy before asking in his sexiest voice into the phone, “Can Harry come out to play right now, or should I come up?”

It was truly delightful to see Harry disappear and reappear in a hurry a minute later, fully dressed and having doused the light. And when he climbed down from the balcony and into Tom’s arms, it was like receiving an angel from the heavens.

One whose wings he would bind so tight and cage until it would never be able to leave him again.

Never let it be said Tom wasn’t a keeper.

Never let it be thought he wouldn’t keep Harry.

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xXOXx

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By the time Tom got Harry back to his house, he was practically salivating with need. He’d nearly took the boy right there in the car outside his apartment for goodness sakes.

It was no real wonder Harry got spooked. But Tom still wasn’t having any of that.

If Harry had actually tried to truly deny him, Tom probably would have committed some kind of felony. It would have been funnier if that was any kind of understatement.

But Harry…his boy…did things to him. Harry was doing all kinds of things to him.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were scared.”

Tom could feel his mouth doing something animalistic, but he allowed it. Harry should have known better, so much better than that.

He’d learn.

His boy cleared his throat, apparently ill at ease, and Tom kept him pinned purposefully against the car.

“I’m not afraid of you, Tom. It’s just my first time doing this and you’re rather quick on the jump.” Harry’s voice was steady. Tom’s pulse was slowing down, and his ears definitely perked up at those words. First time…it was Harry’s first time. He was Harry’s first time.

Naturally…Harry was his. It would have to be his first time. Tom would be his first—his only, ever.

Tom felt positively elated at this point, and his eyes were temporarily alight with it, as he decided whether or not it was even worth getting Harry upstairs before seizing what rightfully belonged to him.

After a loaded moment of silence, Tom heaved a put-upon sigh and denied the pout that wanted to form as he forced himself to hold back and wait a little more.

“I can’t help it Harry. I am *very* attracted to you. I don’t like to waste time.” Tom confessed, and there was a tangible amount of tension between them as the words settled, before Harry gave him the most adorable, exasperatedly fond look Tom had ever received and nudged Tom gently aside, talking to Tom as he backed up towards the building’s entrance.

“You say that like we’re on a schedule. I’m not going anywhere soon. Now…what was that about silk sheets?”

Tom stared hungrily as Harry flashed him an impish grin, and he collected himself swiftly, locked the car, and grabbed Harry by the hand, pulling him the rest of the way into the tall building.

His boy was teasing. His boy was a delight.

“Did I mention the Jacuzzi? And the spectacular night view?” Tom quipped, loving the developing banter.

Harry’s laugh was soft and musical to his ears. “Keep it up and you’ll never be rid of me.”

Harry had it all wrong. He’d never be rid of Tom.

As the lift opened at the press of a button, Tom glanced down at Harry, marginally tightening his hold on the boy’s hand as he blithely said, “You’ve caught me out. I am moving you in presently. We’ll notify your parents tomorrow.”

That sounded like a very damn good idea at this point.

“Oh my, whatever will they think of me? Not a month into the school year and eloping with a rich, older man—the scandal?”

Tom grinned wolfishly, and the doors dinged and opened onto the uppermost level.

“Don’t worry. Your virtue is in good hands.”

Tom couldn’t wait to hold Harry’s virtue in his hands…and desecrate it.

Harry playfully scoffed, “What virtue? I’m obviously a hopeless tramp.”

Tom pulled Harry in by the waist in front of the door to his suite, “With such a ringing endorsement, how could I possibly resist?”

Harry…his tramp. Nobody touch. Nobody die.

Tom had the door open in an instant, and Harry spilled over the threshold with Tom's lips firmly attached to his own, devouring him from the inside out.

That night marked the first time Tom had allowed anyone else into his sanctuary. It was only fitting for it to be further christened by the angel in his arms.

Tom kicked the door shut and began walking Harry backwards in the direction of his bedroom and waiting king sized, silk sheeted bed.

By the time he had Harry on his back in the middle of such luxury, Tom was kicking his shoes off and stripping out of his shirt, revealing his strong shoulders and sculpted torso as he stared down with a predatory grin parting his lips.

Harry was motionless, staring up at him with wide, shimmering emerald eyes as Tom finally dropped his pants, and stood before Harry in all his naked glory. Watching with dark pleasure as red blossomed on the boy's cheeks and travelled down his neck beneath his still obscuring shirt.

Tom's member rose without a touch, and stood proudly at attention between muscled thighs as Harry's mouth went slack and he licked his suddenly parched lips.

Tom stepped closer and maintained eye contact as he bent at the waist and pulled Harry's shoes off, dropping them one by one to the floor along with the boy's socks as he set about getting Harry just as naked as himself.

He was going to enjoy this.

Immensely.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I wish I could say it was a surprise how quickly Tom took to center stage, but at this point, I'd be lying. 😄

I have to say, all your lovely comments inspired me and really helped to spur me into the prompt writing of this chapter. I was a bit amazed how fast it came out, but I am all too pleased with the results. ☺

Tehehehe….even though we're basically back where we left off, I do hope you all enjoyed the backstory and slight progression of things nonetheless.

Also—can I just say, how I looooove the creepers. And possessive obsession gets me going like nobody's business.🥰

As always, feel free to drop a few lines to tell me what you liked, what you loved, what you want in the future. It's still rather loosely plotted, so I'm open to any and all suggestions.

This is almost therapeutically fun for me. 😎

Signing off. ~ See you next Violation! ~ 🌺🐍○

3rd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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3rd Violation

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In all of Harry's admittedly cloudy visualizations of what it would be like to lose his virginity, he had never imagined this particular scenario, with anyone even half as utterly enticing as Tom.

It blew his mind out in a literal fashion, this dawning comprehension of the magnitude of the implications of someone like this—like Tom Riddle, all six feet and climbing of him…being so utterly famished to the point of wanting Harry in an visceral way, that he had stripped himself in short order, proudly displaying every square inch of his *simply gorgeous* body to Harry's greedy eyes.

And yes, he wholeheartedly admitted that he was greedy—so very, very *damn gluttonous* for Tom, in all of his unabashed glory.

It was glory. It was glorious. He was a work of art.

Harry's eyes couldn't stop drifting just everywhere, scanning every bit of revealed flesh and wondering just where he should take the first bite. But his brain sputtered to a screeching, instantaneous halt and began to deteriorate cell by suicidal cell upon viewing in true cinematic splendor, the full frontal presentation of the loaded *weapon* being aimed straight at his delicate (he suddenly felt all too delicate) person.

The dryness of his lips felt like sandpaper to his questing tongue.

Was it normal for a mouth to get that dry? And his eyes had yet to unglue from their targeted viewpoint.

In a matrix style blink, Tom was suddenly crouched before Harry's feet hanging partially over the edge of the bed, and Harry stared mutely as their gazes locked—with the tension so very palpable, growing to a size engulfing the universe—and Tom moved with swift purpose, divesting the emerald eyed boy of his shoes and socks.

Harry remained prone, staring downward at an angle into Tom's gleaming eyes, feeling cool air wafting over the sensitive soles of his feet, which Tom lovingly caressed and briefly massaged in turn. Harry moaned lightly at the sensual feeling which seemed to travel from the pads of his toes tweaked by Tom's fingers, straight to the base of his groin.

His breathing had shallowed already, and he felt utterly entranced as the older teen's hands travelled from his feet, covetously up his jean clad legs, only to be followed immediately by Tom crawling predatorily up the shorter length of his lower body to hover directly over Harry's crotch.

Without breaking eye contact, Tom smirked—a devilish thing, and he deftly undid the clasp of Harry's belt buckle.

(*Had he actually remembered to wear that? It must've already been in the pants…*) Harry knew his thoughts were jumbling and making no sense now.

Cool air filtered through the parted folds of his jeans as Tom industriously dragged them from Harry's soft and slender hips, and all the way down and off both Harry's legs with a final hard yank, and then tossed them victoriously to the floor.

This left Harry's dwindling modesty defended only by a thin pair of boxers, obviously tenting with arousal, and in a short sleeved shirt which felt near stifling, slowly riding up against his skin.

"I want to see you Harry." Tom's voice vibrated on a rumble, like distant thunder of an incoming storm, and Harry swallowed reflexively against a full bodied shiver as Tom continued with a huskier undertone, "…all of you. Every last bit. Will you allow me?"

Harry literally croaked—a garbled noise that drew a short, breathy laugh from Tom, and he then roughly cleared his throat in the quiet, perpetually low lit room—their private sanctuary from the world. His voice boasted a thickness to match Tom's own as he plainly spoke, "You're asking now?"

Tom smirked, a cat with cream. "It's only *polite*." Harry's mouth tugged up at a corner and he huffed in amusement, his vivid eyes narrowing mischievously up at Tom, "Because you're the epitome of good behavior. I get that."

Tom tsk'd, mocking affront, and he leaned further in until his lips were a hair's breath away from Harry's own, and their chests practically melded together upon every inhalation. "You make me feel very rude. I've been nothing but accommodating all night. And so very, very patient..." Tom raised a cocky brow in a meaningful way, as if to dare contradiction.

Harry blinked once, and shrugged a dismissive shoulder against those silken sheets, and he tugged just so Tom's forehead was forced against his own, going nearly cross eyed to hold Tom's darkening gaze as his fingers sifted through and purposefully mussed Tom's perfect, oh so perfect—hair.

It was pleasantly thick, and the perfect length to allow for a fisted grab.

Tom moaned as the boy's nails briefly raked his scalp, and he pressed his naked body down hard against the still partially clothed length of Harry beneath him. *Right where he belongs.*

"Come on Tom…I wanna see just how *rude* you can be." Harry's mouth moved around the words, grazing Tom's lips with every syllable.

And Harry's following burst of laughter was immediately swallowed down Tom's throat as the older teen attempted to crawl into the depths of Harry through his mouth.

It would have been funnier if there wasn't so much hot tongue being shoved against his tonsils, Harry thought hazily.

He's was going lightheaded already, and felt quite unable to breathe as he met Tom's deeply thrusting, wet muscle within his mouth with his own tongue as eagerly as a man being drowned in reverse. Feeling the oxygen leaving him in a hurry to fill Tom's heaving chest, and leaving Harry a wanton husk of nothing but Tom, Tom, *Tom ...god yes—Tom!*

Harry's legs were hitched around Tom's naked waist, and without losing a beat or breaking the momentum of the death dealing make-out session, Tom raked his right hand down between their bodies until he reached the waistband of Harry's boxers and inward—plunged.

Harry released a keening moan of the most beautiful distress as Tom's fist closed around his painfully swollen, weeping erection and tightly stroked—up and down, over and over, again and again, growing slicker and slicker with every pass.

Oh my—Harry gasped loudly, raping the atmosphere for air, mouth hanging wide enough open now that Tom's lips were dislodged and their tongues were forced apart with a clear string of hot saliva hanging on for dear life between their puffy lips.

Tom, panting deeply through his own building desire, didn't relent between Harry's legs. He stroked firmly, with growing speed and ferocity as Harry's eyes shut tightly in pained ecstasy against the moisture pooling at their corners, and the boy arched up away from the bed and fully against Tom's body, digging his heels into Tom's lower back, and crying Tom's name repeatedly with interspersed expletives—*fuckingdamn…shitohmygod—TOOOM aaaaah*!!—in a voice harshly rasping with the utmost need and increasing desperation.

Tom was sweating as their body heat mixed and mingled, the moisture slicking tendrils of hair to his forehead and the nape of his neck.

His hand cramped slightly as he moderated his grip from *almost too tight* to *wonderfully constricted* and back and forth again as he stroked and stroked, working diligently to willfully drive Harry closer and closer to that everlasting edge, and gorging his concentrated eyes upon the sight of his boy—his devastatingly beautiful, impassioned, dissolute boy—coming apart magnificently at his fervent ministrations.

Tom bit his bottom lip hard, nearly splitting the skin, as his *need* spiked and his own cock leaked copiously threatening eruption no avail, still virtually untouched.

As Tom dragged his thumb over the overly sensitized slit of Harry's throbbing manhood, sliding through viscous fluid dripping, continuously leaking in rivulets to saturate the damp, concealing fabric, and forever slicking the way for Tom's hand, Harry's body seized up on a fantastically vocal yell of *FASTER!-ALMOST-THERE!-GOD!—*

Tom's grin was feral as he acquiesced, all too ready to see Harry at the final height of ruin at his hands.

“That it…come for me, baby…cum all over my hand, I want to see that face you’ll make—haah—say my name. *Scream it, Harry!*”

Deliriously, Harry did—unseeing eyes shooting open, tears streaming down the sides of his flushed face, hands clawing at the sheets, and Tom’s name leaping from his throat like a prayer as he came, and came, and came until he was boneless, drained and draped flat upon the bed, chest rising and falling rapidly as he fought to catch his breath and hear beyond the white noise filling his ears.

Tom let out a strangled groan, lifted upwards slightly with a strangely blissful expression on his face, and Harry’s labored breaths stalled as he felt something *hot, thick, and wet* hit his lower stomach, where his shirt had long since rode away from.

“Did—*haaah*—you just—*nnghaa—Tom*?” Harry questioned, half incredulous and wonderingly, as Tom panted and fell flush against him, the older teen’s weight a grounding pressure to Harry’s exhilarated body, utterly spent and relaxed beneath.

“I told you—*haa*—Harry…I am *very attracted* to you…,” Tom emphasized by way of explanation for his own spontaneous cumming upon Harry’s skin.

Harry’s face felt unbearably scorched, and he licked his thoroughly used lips and breathed heavily still as Tom raised his head from where it had landed to rest at Harry’s shoulder, and met Harry’s half-masted, verdant eyes with his own blown out, hazel stare.

Of all the times for words to fail, Harry thought, just as a spasmodic twitch in Tom’s fingers still loosely wrapped around his spent cock within his underwear embarrassingly brought Harry’s attention back between his legs.

Tom arched a knowing brow as Harry spluttered, and he languidly withdrew his hand from its messy cradle, bringing it up to his mouth and blatantly examining the white fluids semi-coating it.

Harry stared, enraptured and mute as Tom opened his mouth and slowly slid his tongue out, the tongue that had been wrapped around his own not very long ago, practically choking him on it, and tasted the substance ejaculated from Harry’s most private of sectors, moaning with relish.

Despite knowing it couldn’t possibly taste any good, Harry felt his stomach flutter in weak arousal for the image of Tom thoroughly enjoying a filthy meal of *Harry* on his palate.

“Delicious.” Tom declared, smirking at Harry and slowly licking the whole of his index finger with unabashed lust.

“You’re unbelievable…” Harry shook his head slightly and murmured, “That’s dirty, you know…” He felt disproportionately turned on even though he was hardly ready to rise to the occasion so soon again.

Tom chuckled, and he propped himself up on an elbow, keeping Harry’s gaze and dragging his soiled hand down his torso, purposefully spreading the remainder of his boy’s essence

upon his own flesh until his hand was relatively clean again, and his chest was fragrant and sticky with lingering substance.

“Nothing about you could sully me.”

Harry rolled his eyes and affectionately nudged Tom with a foot in his side, cringing as the movement drew his attention to his ruined, sweat and cum soaked underpants, cooling uncomfortably against his skin.

His shirt was also practically transparent with perspiration causing the flimsy fabric to cling to his chest and pebbled nipples.

“I hope you have a washer and dryer, also, a shower. I couldn’t possibly go home like this…” Harry trailed off, frowning in disgruntlement as Tom scowled and began pawing at his boxers, urging Harry to lift upwards so he could peel the fabric away from Harry’s bum, to which it persistently clung.

“You’re talking as though I’m letting you leave. I told you, I’ve moved you in.”

Harry pouted at Tom as the older teen tossed his underwear to the floor, and he colored slightly as Tom’s eyes riveted upon his quiescent cock, resting in a nest of black curls.

Tom finally looked back up at him and pointedly cleared his throat, deadpanning, “Shirt too.” Harry’s left eye twitched as he begrudgingly sat up and divested himself of his shirt in short order, handing the damp thing to Tom’s impatient hand and yelping as Tom tossed the shirt away and near tackled him back down against the bed, sealing their lips in another kiss.

Tom’s lips moved against his own, and his tongue darted playfully in and out of Harry’s mouth, touching and flicking this way and that until Harry dissolved into a giggling mess. Harry could taste the ghost of himself on that tongue, but it wasn’t as horrible as he had imagined. Still…not something he’d be savoring.

Tom planted a last peck upon Harry’s grinning mouth and pulled away, stretching out fully on top of his boy, aligning their naked bodies in such way as to get a maximum of contact between their youthful skins.

Harry’s soft cock was snugly trapped against Tom’s stomach, and Tom’s own member was thoroughly crushed into the sheets below. “If you insist on leaving me, I demand further recompense and future assurances.”

Harry’s lips quirked, and he mock seriously replied, “Name your terms. I can’t in good conscience renege on our elopement without satisfying your lonely needs.”

Tom arched a mock supercilious brow and demanded, “You will find me at least once every single day of the school week, at school at any given rendezvous point. And you will engage in any activity I deem befitting of our scandalous relationship.”

Harry’s jaw dislodged and he gave Tom a disbelieving look. “Seriously—every single day? I don’t even know your schedule! And I have classes too!”

Tom barreled on as though Harry hadn't said a word, "You will also oblige me a Saturday or Sunday evening's visitation every weekend, at my place or yours or any other designated location, and in the event that it's a Saturday night, your will make every effort to get sleepover permission for a Sunday afternoon or evening return."

"If Saturday is somehow out, you WILL contact me and we WILL make arrangements for a full day Sunday make-up. Do we have an accord?"

Harry's head was spinning, and he worried his bottom lip gently as he considered all that. Tom stared him down stoically and waited, practically pinning Harry to the bed as the younger boy deliberated.

"…I don't know about the school thing. It could get kind of rough…I mean, I only just realized you existed today. And I don't even know my way around the whole building yet. Also, I'm a freshman, so limited mobility is a problem. I only get so many breaks. Free periods fluctuate at times, and some of those I actually do need for keeping up with the workload…especially Chemistry and Arithmetic…ugh…"

Tom hummed thoughtfully, clucked his tongue and came to an audible decision, "I can work around all of that. I'll be your tutor. For both Chemistry and Arithmetic, and I'll have it approved by your teachers and the principal. In fact, I can get you cleared to work with me during tailored free periods where you'll spend every waking moment with me breathing down your neck in some nook or another improving your academic skillset and getting further acquainted with Hogwarts and the wonder that is us, together, as a unit."

Harry stared at Tom with gigantic eyes, "B-but what about your own classes? That sounds like an awful lot of work on my behalf for you…"

Tom gave an undignified snort and repressed a laugh, nuzzling the tip of Harry's nose with his own and saying, "I am something of a prodigy academically and have a rapport at school of which I am endowed with excess amount of free time all throughout my schedule, and therefore, have more than enough time to work you into my daily routine and maintain my grades all the while. Mentoring you is a break from the tedium that is my own studies, and a mild refresher. Never a burden, this I do swear."

"Huh…well…I suppose, in that case, I can agree. Although fair warning, I'm pretty damn pitiful at Chemistry and I loathe Arithmetic on principal. It really doesn't help that Chemistry is basically a combination of both. You're not gonna have it easy."

Tom smirked. "Oh darling, I thrive on difficulty. Do give me some credit. I am very good at *facilitated improvisation*."

Harry frowned. "My brain is half mush right now. Speak commoner's English, Tom." A slow grin spread across Tom's face and he said succinctly, "I like a challenge, and planning for the unexpected offered delight makes my life very interesting."

Harry's nostrils flared, and his eyes narrowed, "So what you're saying is—you like it when things get dropped in your lap and get a kick out of eating the canaries."

Tom gave Harry's cheek a condescendingly playful and obnoxious smooch. "I do love to hear you summarize. Such intuition you possess. I'm sure we'll make much progress as a team."

Harry rolled his eyes and unwillingly smiled, "Your Highness is a pompous prick."

Tom smirked and shot back, "I'm more a *hard* prick than anything. Do pay attention, dear."

Harry raised an eyebrow as Tom purposefully shifted, only to meep at the definite growing hardness being nudged against his thigh. "Oh look, he's awake!" Tom was practically purring with delight.

Harry hurriedly glanced around for some kind of clock, and said hastily as he glimpsed the digital piece Tom kept on his bedside table, "Its half past midnight already! If I'm not home soon, my parents will know. Dad's usually back late on a weeknight, but sometimes, he's relatively early, as in before 2AM."

"Also, school! It starts at 8:00AM, and I need rest!" Harry nearly crowed in victory as Tom deflated, as in, literally deflated (he could feel it wilt –*oops*), and he released a patently relieved sigh.

"Why must you kill all my joy? I want only to show you how *very much* I like you, in the most intimate way. Why must you block me?"

Tom would forever deny whining. He was merely asking a very good set of pointed questions with a funny lilt in his voice—all for stronger effect, naturally.

Harry grinned and graced Tom with an affectionate head pat and cheekily brief kiss on the nose. "It's because I care, sincerely. After all…don't you *thrive on difficulty*? Far be it for me to throw it at you all easy-like."

Tom grumbled under his breath, "At this rate, it'll have fallen off before I can even catch it."

Harry snorted. "His Highness is a drama king. I promise, it will remain full attached, and you will fully catch what I throw at you the next time I am able to throw it."

Tom stared mutely with a mulish expression on his handsome face. "Do not mock me. You will blue ball me into an early grave, that you will. And then whose bloody godforsaken hands will your intact virginity be given to for me to haunt and then kill? My—how utterly cruel and sadistic you are." Tom sniffed, staring down into Harry's smugly amused but unmoved face, and finally he sighed deeply as if the world had been dropped on his back, and removed his body from the vicinity of Harry's personal bubble.

Effectively leaving his boy laying prone and naked in the middle of the bed, with gooseflesh showing along his arms and legs as the air immediately cooled upon the young boy's skin.

Tom vindictively crossed his arms and crossed his legs to sit Indian style with his back deliberately turned to Harry as he sat up and asked, "May I use your shower? Also, can you throw my clothes in the wash so I'll have something to wear once I'm done? Please?"

Tom made a show of shrugging his shoulders and pointing to a door across the hallway, which Harry could just see through the door to Tom's bedroom which they had apparently left fully ajar during the evening's activities.

With a longsuffering sigh, Harry bent to start scooping his clothes up from the floor, only to be halted by Tom's voice, "Leave it. I'll take care of it. Just go get cleaned up. Towels are in the pantry next to the bathroom. You can use my soap and shampoo."

Harry stood up fully and turned to give Tom a grateful smile, startling a bit as he stared at a rather resigned looking teenager with the mother of all non-pouts on his face.

Feeling like an utter heel all of a sudden and biting his lip indecisively for a second, Harry finally bit the bullet and squeaked, "I wouldn't mind if you joined me! I mean, waste not want not with the water and all."

Tom seemed to come out of his funk with all the immediacy of a springing jack-in-the-box, and he was suddenly off the bed and scooping up both Harry's and his own clothes up off the floor and exiting the bedroom, calling backwards from the hall, "I'll start the load, you get the shower warm. There are extra toothbrushes in the mirror cabinet. I'll be with you presently!"

Harry shook his head with a charmed smile, wondering if he'd just been played, and summarily deciding he really didn't give a damn.

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What followed that realization was the longest shower ever taken by any two people ever.

And Harry only *just* made it back home before James Potter stepped in the house after another long day at work.

If his father noticed Harry wasn't snoring like usual and none of the covers had yet to have been kicked off his son's bed when he peeked into the boy's room, affectionately expecting to see all of the above sights depicting Harry fully in the throes of a deep slumber, he merely chocked it up to Harry's maturing age and not a very late or early return from a rendezvous with a hot older guy from his new school.

Therefore, for the time being, Harry remained free from suspicion and utterly unchained down by parental supervision.

Huh.

All in all, it was a successful Wednesday night rolled into Thursday morning.

Harry couldn't wait to get back to Hogwarts.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

So…here we are again. I think we made good time! 😄

I know, I know—Harry still somehow escaped with that cherry well intact, for shame! 😙 Alas, if we made it too easy, poor Tom would get bored.☹

In all actuality, Harry escaped by the skin of his pearly white teeth this time. 😁Tom was supposed have deflowered that garden already. But Harry is just too clever by far, and he negated all my best efforts to get him fully laid down. 😑

Thus, we are stuck frustrated until the next Violation. 😭

Feel free to tell me in graphic detail what you loved♥, what you hated (😫), what you wish had happened✨, and what you're pulling for to happen in the future (near or far—think big).

This is a loosely plotted fic which will be updated based on the gathered inspirations which so frequently feed my muses. I look forward to hearing from each and every one of you fantastic readers and hope you did enjoy this -3rd Violation- to the fullest.

Also, I couldn't in good conscience leave the rating at –M- due to certain things Tom's dick and Harry are getting up to. Therefore—this fic is now fully explicit.

I do hope no one is disappointed by this. I won't even card you all, cause I know all about the Fake IDs. All I can say is #Don'tGetCaught—said every enabler ever.

Signing off~🌺🐍○

4th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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4th Violation

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"Tom, my boy—it's been an age. My oh my, how you've grown! To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Tom stood impeccably dressed with not a hair out of place, smiling felicitously from a marginally superior height down at the corpulent, gushing teacher of Chemistry 101-102—namely, Professor Horace Slughorn, his former freshman and sophomore year Chemistry teacher who held Tom in the highest of esteem as one of his prized pupils.

This man had literally shed tears of anxiety when Tom passed on from his class during the Junior year transition, denying him the privilege of being Tom's instructor any longer, and Tom was at school bright and early Thursday morning before most students had even arrived, talking to the Professor in his 2nd floor classroom because he was a man on a mission.

Namely, the mission of securing his future uninterrupted Harry-time in the most expeditious fashion possible.

"Can I not simply have missed my favorite Professor and wanted to have a brief catching up chat?" Tom's voice was slick as ice, and Professor Slughorn's eyes sharpened momentarily as he looked Tom square in the eyes, giving the young man a critical once over before releasing a hearty chuckle and patting Tom genially on the shoulder.

"Now now, I may be getting on in age, but I still possess enough of my faculties to sniff out one of your obscure plots my boy. You have my attention, now tell me what has brought you back to my most humble doorstep at last?"

Tom released a rather contrived sigh and coyly averted his eyes from the Professor's, to some colorful Chemistry poster on the wall. He made a particular show of being slightly unsure of himself before once more turning to face Slughorn directly.

His voice and expression were open and very earnest as he said, "I was considering the proposal you made to me towards the end of my sophomore year, about being one of your retained alumni tutors for those struggling individuals of Chem. 101 specifically. Especially the freshmen struggling to acclimate to their new academic course loads."

Slughorn raised an intrigued brow, crossed his arms over his chest in thought and gestured for Tom to go on.

“I know I once said that it would take too much away from my own studies, but I find myself in need of some way to keep the material fresh whilst moving into Organics and the like, and I believe this will give me the opportune chance to study in such way as to not only improve my own discipline but inadvertently help a fellow student as well.”

Slughorn nodded and hummed in agreement. “I must say, I never expected you to reconsider my request. You are, after all, one of my best—if not the best—students. I understood your worry for the time it would cost you to be available for your younger peers…”

Tom smiled winningly, “I’ll admit, I was a bit stubborn about going into junior year unburdened, but now I find I am quite able to manage a fuller schedule.”

Slughorn groaned and rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly, “I hear you and do celebrate your enthusiasm, but the thing is, the roster for Tutors is pretty much filled. Mainly by seniors looking for extra credits to cite on their College Applications. I really don’t see myself being able to add you for another group of freshman strictly for Chemistry 101.”

Tom frowned just so, appearing deep in thought on the expressed dilemma, and then he gasped softly with a Eureka expression, “I have a thought, sir—if you’ll indulge me.”

Professor Slughorn gestured his troubled assent. “Since your roster is specifically full for Chem. 101, and there aren’t any groups really left without the extra help offered, might I suggest making me a single student tutor for both Chem. 101 and Arithmetic 101. In this way, I can devote my time to one troubled student specifically in both areas, and you won’t have to budge any of your Chem. 101 seniors over to make room for me specifically in one subject.”

“I heard Professor Vector say that she’d be grateful if there was a tutor program instituted for Arithmetic 101 because apparently the Middle schoolers seem to be transferring in having being taught fuck-all—pardon –I meant to say, *very little* in the way of mathematical fundamentals principal to the Arithmetic 101 discipline she stresses in her classes.”

Professor Slughorn released a hearty laugh and repeatedly slapped the surface of his desk, upon which he had begun to lean

“Too right you are. She’s been a right headache for the most part because the school board refuses to make allowances in the Principal’s budget for such an extra amenity as Basic Math Tutors on top of all the other schoolwide programs being instituted and paid for.”

The Professor sighed heavily, “It would also help certain Chemistry students to be more familiar with Math before they get to my class, as we do have quite a few formulaic introductions which are necessary to even scratch the surface of configuration and balancing equations. Jesus…”

“With all that said, a certain student has come to my attention. A new transfer from some distant place…I forget the name, but he’s short, green-eyed, has this wild nest of hair…”

Professor Slughorn seemed to perk up, “Ah, yes. Harry Potter. That’s the one. He’s not completely abysmal in my class, but being as there are so many other students in need of my special care, it is unfortunate that he gets lost in the shuffle. Not sure where he came from, but he’s obviously foreign. Don’t even know his parents.”

Tom nodded solemnly, “Of course. You cannot be expected to handle every single randomized student with the same level of attention. It’s simply inadvisable for your workload.”

Professor Slughorn made a noise of eager agreement as Tom continued, “I suppose this makes me stepping up to the plate something of a godsend, no? I will gladly take on Harry Potter for my proposed *academic project*, as it were.”

Tom’s smile had gained a rather sharp edge, and Professor Slughorn looked nothing but mildly relieved and worshipful at the simply upstanding young man. If only there were more initiative driven students like Tom, with such promising future prospects.

“I can raise no objections to that. I have it on some authority that he is on the lower scale of achievement in Arithmetic as well. Professor Vector makes sure to wax at length about particularly worrying students in her classes, and his name has come up a few times in the staff room already.”

Tom nodded sagely, “Then that means he fits the criteria for my tutelage to the utmost degree. I look forward to beginning our extracurricular lessons as soon as possible.”

“Would Monday be too soon? I can speak to the counselor about reworking Mr. Potter’s schedule to match your blocks, and we can instate the changes to the full effect starting Monday. I’ll notify Mr. Potter this afternoon after I’ve finalized everything in the main office.”

Tom was exultant, but outwardly presented the serene façade of a model behaving, well-meaning scholarly student.

“That sounds perfect. But why not begin this Friday, at least to get us both acquainted in a meaningful way beforehand?” Professor Slughorn hummed thoughtfully, “I suppose that could be arranged…I’ll have him report to you for the duration of Friday’s class, as I’ve no tests planned and will basically be reviewing this week’s lessons with the 5th period class.”

“And if you could possibly pop in towards the end of today’s 5th period, I could hold Mr. Potter behind briefly and introduce you personally as his tutor for the foreseeable school year.”

Tom’s eyes crinkled at the corners and nearly closed with foxlike satisfaction as he grinned charmingly, showcasing a nearly absurd amount of pearly whites, enough to have the good Professor falling all over himself in effort to keep in the good graces and high esteem of this simply divine youth.

Bless his heart. Young Harry Potter would be in the best of hands.

And Professor Slughorn needn't feel guilty for neglecting the boy for the fostering of his more affluently connected peers. It was a necessary evil to ensure the best and brightest of their society knew that Professor Slughorn had his greedy hands all up in their future successes, and ensure they'd never forget to reach back when such occasions arose.

After all, what was life without a bit of give and take?

"I thank you for your time and consideration, Professor. I will be here again promptly right before the bell ends 5th period." Tom promised this with relish before shaking Professor Slughorn's hand and excusing himself to attend homeroom.

Again, as he stared after Tom Riddle's straight, broad shouldered back, Professor Slughorn wondered what had brought on such a spontaneously wonderful change of heart.

Perhaps young Tom just wanted to further enrich their school by supporting his underclassmen to the best of his ability.

That would not be particularly out of character. What a saint!

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Tom Riddle was a devil. No, he was *the* devil.

There was no getting around it.

Harry couldn't help the way his jaw dropped when Professor Slughorn, after holding him at the end of 5th period, ushered one impeccably uniformed, handsomely groomed and warm smiling Tom Riddle into the classroom from the hallway, packed with students going to and fro at the sounding of the bell.

"Wha—?" Harry choked, and pointed stupidly as the Professor grinned and proudly introduced Tom to him, as his new Chemistry and Arithmetic 101 Tutor.

"This upstanding young man is one of the best of my students. And he has graciously decided to take you under his wing. After an in depth discussion, it was decided he would be the perfect person to facilitate your full transitioning into the demanding Hogwarts curriculum by supplementing your shaky skills at both my class and Professor Vector's."

"…um…"

Harry was speechless. And his mouth snapped shut audibly, clicking his teeth together, as Tom stretched out a hand to him in pure parody of their 7th floor encounter just the other day,

He could scarcely believe this was happening so fast. How the hell—?

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, *Harry Potter*. I look forward to helping you flourish in all ways here at our esteemed Hogwarts High.”

Harry reached out slowly and shook Tom’s hand, feeling his face burning at the knowing gleam within Tom’s uncannily lit hazel eyes boring meaningfully into his own, as the older teen covertly stroked his palm with his thumb, raising goosebumps on the back of Harry’s neck.

“T-thank you for your consideration. I promise to work hard and not waste your time.” Harry stumbled on the words a bit, and Tom squeezed his hand gently as he intoned, “Don’t worry. I know you won’t.

Harry smiled hesitantly back, scratching his cheek a bit awkwardly as Tom finally released his hand at the pointed clearing of Professor Slughorn’s throat.

“Well, now that’s settled. Mr. Potter, you will be excused from this classroom for Friday’s 5th period, and unless we’ve a scheduled quiz or test for the day’s class, until further notice, you will receive your assignments funneled through Tom and report to a spot of his designation for your lessons throughout the school week. Professor Vector has also agreed to facilitate the same allowances for your 6th period class, provided you use the time with Tom to complete your homework and extra assigned practice sheets whilst under his capable guidance and supervision.”

Harry swallowed at the far reaching implications of the freedoms being afforded him from his two most difficult classes.

“If your grades have sufficiently improved or been maintained at the B-level for both Chemistry and Arithmetic under Tom’s tutelage by the end of this first nine weeks period, you can consider this tutoring arrangement to be permanent for the remainder of the academic school year.”

Here, Professor Slughorn turned his attention to Tom with a sort of amused chuckle, “And of course, so long as you maintain your own academic standing with no drops to your grades, we will gladly keep you as the exclusive tutor for Mr. Potter.”

Tom nodded, “Naturally. I shall not disappoint.”

Professor Slughorn clapped his hands and gleefully chirped, “I will make sure you have a copy of my lesson plans, and I recommend getting a copy of Professor Vector’s in order to ensure the progress and efficiency of your lessons together.”

Again, Tom nodded. “You may check over Mr. Potters work, but the final grades will be recorded by me and Professor Vector personally, so as to keep everything on the up and up.”

“Could you also allow me the use of a parental slip for weekend sessions at our discretion for testing periods? I would hate for Harry to fall through the cracks simply because we don’t have enough time to sufficiently cover and drill all the material.”

“I’ll get that to you right away. See me first thing tomorrow for the lesson plans and the slip.” Professor Slughorn smiled. All the while, Harry looked on with growing excitement mingled with trepidation.

He still couldn’t believe Tom had moved this fast. They’d only just discussed it last night. And he hadn’t *really* expected to get so many concessions as a freshman working with a junior upperclassman. It was just too fantastic!

He had little way of knowing that it was more due to Tom’s credentials and unfailing reputation as an upstanding student that everything got approved so quickly.

Also, Professors Slughorn and Vector were of an eternal accord when it came to the presumed difficulty of their classes for underprepared freshman who too often slipped through the cracks due to the woefully flawed lower level graduation requirements.

It was an abysmal situation mirrored too often by schools nationwide at this point. Supplementary peer-to-peer advisement—or, the Tutoring institution—was an absolutely necessary addition to the curriculum.

It was just a shame so few students were capable of effectively shouldering the burdens of extracurricular peer driven studies.

“Off you go now. It’s my lunch period, and I was so looking forward to those delectable crystallized pineapples. Such a delight!”

Tom smiled at the professor in feigned conspiratorial amusement, and then he turned to Harry with practically dancing eyes and said, “Shall we?” Gesturing towards the classroom door and apparently expecting Harry to walk before him.

Harry sighed lonsufferingly and addressed his Professor, “Where in the school should I report to for these tutoring sessions, sir?”

Professor Slughorn had moved behind his desk and was rummaging purposefully through a rather deep drawer, finally extracting a clear container of crystallized pineapple with a cheerful disposition and relaxing into his chair to open the tub.

He spoke around a piece of pineapple, which he’d summarily popped into his mouth, “Tom has access to a variety of locations in Hogwarts. Let him pick the place which is most convenient for you both, and meet him there. You two can work that out between yourselves.”

Harry nodded and finally accepted the dismissal, walking next to an unbearably smug Tom and starting a bit as he felt the young man’s hand press against his lower back, leading him along into the hallway.

“Would you like to call me *Professor* now? I won’t require it, but it does have a nice ring, don’t you think?”

Tom's grin was dangerously sharp, and Harry just shook his head and rolled his eyes up at the older teen. Saying blithely, "I don't know, *Professor Riddle*. I could lose my manners calling you by your first name."

Tom laughed throatily and gave in to the urge to pull Harry flush against his side as they traversed the largely empty second floor corridor, going wherever Tom led.

"Such loose behavior is largely encouraged in my class. All the better to punish you, darling. How would you like to be spanked for cheek, or spread open atop a sturdy desk?"

Harry bit his lip, suppressing an involuntary moan at the image of Tom disciplining him in somebody's empty classroom. And his cock definitely twitched at the thought of being *spread open atop a sturdy desk.*

God…it was like bad porno. Supremely bad porno.

Harry was ashamed to say he was interested. And so, he merely flushed and turned his nose upwards, willfully ignoring Tom as their sides brushed constantly.

"Speechless, are we? I'll take that as a definite *yes*."

Harry grumbled, "Where are we going now? I don't think I'll be missing 6th period until I've spoken directly with Professor Vector at least once today…"

"This is your free time between periods. You have an hour at least. Join me on the 7th floor again. I'll make it worth your while."

Harry groaned and stared up at the staircase they'd paused at the bottom of. "Why does it have to be the 7th floor? Can't it be somewhere closer, Mr. Access-Granted-All-Over-Hogwarts?"

Tom smirked and tugged Harry meaningfully up the stairs alongside himself, "It is the most private location, I'll have you know. No one will hear you screaming up there."

Harry choked on spit.

"You arse! Who says I'll scream?"

Tom raised a cocky brow and paused to tweak Harry's nose. "You *will* because I'll make you of course, silly boy."

Disgruntled, Harry resumed walking with Tom attached boldly at the hip. He had nothing to say to that.

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Up in *The Secret Chamber,* Tom had Harry laid out on the couch, head comfortably propped by a pillow, shirt unbuttoned, red necktie hung over the back, and pants undone hanging around his ankles. Harry's chest heaved up and down, and his lips were kiss swollen from Tom having availed himself of the make-out opportunity the second they'd crossed the threshold and gotten good and situated on the couch.

"Haah…haahh…Tom—?" Harry's voice was small and questioning as Tom removed his own tie and undid the first few buttons of his own shirt, exposing his collar bones and staring down at Harry with unabashed hunger on his face.

"I want to *taste* you. Can I Harry?" Tom sounded husky as his hands skated down Harry's abdomen without waiting for a verbal reply, and languidly worked the underwear down Harry's hips to stop at his pants, bunched at his ankles over plain shoes without laces.

Harry's face was a fetching red, and he covered his eyes with both arms, obscuring his vision as in response he roughly kicked off his shoes and widened his partially restrained legs purposefully.

What a picture. Tom ran a hand through his hair, and he rested his weight on his knees on either side of Harry's body on the wide couch, wetting his lips with his tongue and lowering his head until his breath ghosted the length of Harry's familiar, slender but substantial cock nestled within coarse black curls providing a contrasting backdrop for the erected, dusky pink rod standing between Harry's milky skinned inner thighs, much lighter than his partially sun tanned outer skin.

"Uncover your eyes Harry, I want to see them. I want you to see *me*." Tom's voice was thick with arousal, and his mouth watered. But he held himself poised above Harry's member, and stared patiently upwards as the younger teen slowly stretched his arms up away from his eyes to lie above his head, grazing the arm of the couch.

Harry breathed laboriously through his parted lips, and he stared down into Tom's eyes as the other teen got fully comfortable and well situated between Harry's open legs.

Somehow Harry maintained that gaze, as Tom's mouth descended with Tom never breaking eye contact, and Harry moaned in deep fulfilment, coloring darker as his member sunk into the *hottest, wettest, softest* embrace he'd never before experienced.

If Tom's hand on him last night was perfect, then Tom's mouth was utterly *devastating*.

Harry's hips bucked, and Tom held him locked down; his eyes going heavily lidded as Harry fell apart and Tom sucked him deeper and deeper with every head bob.

Seeing Tom's head moving up and down between his legs, and seeing the stretch of those lips around his solid member had Harry panting and moaning like someone possessed. He chanted Tom's name repeatedly at increasing volume as his hands came down of their own accord and buried themselves into Tom's hair. Harry felt that *tongue* abusing the slit of his engorged flesh, and it gave him no quarter as Harry began to naturally leak his essence slowly down Tom's waiting gullet.

If Harry thought he'd been thoroughly debauched already, it had nothing on what he was when Tom breathed in deeply through the nose and then swallowed him down to the root, deep throating Harry with gusto until the younger boy was indeed screaming beneath him.

"Ohmygodohmygodohmygoood…TOOOM!! NGGHAAA!" Harry tried to warn Tom of the fast coming eruption, he really did—but it was hopeless, as he was lodged too deeply down the older teen's throat, and his ineffectual pats against Tom's head only spurred the teen on further to drain him all the way dry.

When Harry finally spilled over, it was as though it'd never stop.

And Tom…*god, Tom*…he moaned gutturally around Harry's cock as he sucked, and sucked, and *milked every last drop* from his wailing boy.

It was with the deepest satisfaction that Tom released Harry's over sensitized, spent member with a long, slow lick. And he held Harry's blurry, gorgeously emerald, hooded gaze with his own dilated hazel eyes.

Tom swallowed, thoroughly enjoying the taste of Harry all inside of his mouth and down his throat.

Harry's chest continued to heave as he breathlessly said, "Get up here and kiss me, *you perv*…"

And Tom did just that, crushing their mouths together on a moan and sharing the remnants of his delicious boy with his delicious boy through an utterly filthy kiss.

By the time they pulled apart, the 6th period bell was ringing and Harry said, "I really hope…haah…you've got a plan…nghaa…for clean up."

Tom panted softly and grinned down at his boy, "I know just the place."

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How they both made it undisturbed down to the 4th floor gymnasium locker room showers, Harry would never know. It was quite the little miracle.

He was inordinately grateful that he hadn't actually stained his clothing beforehand this time. And when Tom stepped under the shower head behind him with a towel and soap, ready to give Harry a thorough cleansing, Harry merely leaned back into him and let the guy get to work.

And work Tom did, until Harry was panting and flushed, and feeling all frustrated with soap suds all over.

“Give me that!” Harry huffed, turning around to glare up at an unrepentantly grinning Tom, holding the soapy rag he’d just used to work his boy over in the naughtiest way.

Harry snatched and rinsed the towel out good, before soaping it up for Tom, and starting in on the older teen’s chest with a vengeance.

“You’re utterly incorrigible.” Harry muttered, feeling harassed as Tom reached behind and pinched his naked bum. “Considering you were sweatier than me, you needed all of that *extra special attention*.”

“Leave it to you and we’ll be missing all the rest of 6th period.” Harry groused, already nervous about having missed the first half of Professor Vector’s class, even if it was with his newly instated Tutor.

“Don’t worry. As your *Professor* I will be giving you a late pass.”

Harry snorted and dragged the soapy rag further down Tom’s long, fit body. Distracted, he mumbled, “That’s called abuse of power. Look it up.”

“So you admit—I’m powerful.” Tom snarked, grinning broadly as Harry handled his own slowly rising dick with the soapy towel wrapped around his hand.

“Wow…” Harry couldn’t suppress his awe, as Tom came alive within his hand. It was the first time he’d actually outright grabbed the other like this. “….it’s getting bigger.”

His voice was full of wonder as he stated the obvious, and Tom murmured darkly, “Keep handling that—and you *really* won’t make it to class.”

Harry felt a slow grin creeping onto his face, and he firmly ran the towel up and down Tom’s shaft, feeling his heart pounding in his chest for the intimacy of it. “Will you cum for *me*, Tom?”

“Always,” Tom breathed—voice thick with promise, as his boy set about returning a few favors.

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That afternoon, Harry walked into 6th period right as the bell rang, dodging outward flooding classmates, and apologizing profusely with a very smug Tom Riddle in tow.

Tom blatantly charmed the pants off Professor Vector by insisting he had been evaluating Harry’s academic levels in Chemistry and Arithmetic 101 with various hand drawn exercises, and happened to have let the time escape the both of them.

Harry merely went along with the story and smiled sheepishly.

“Well, I suppose I can’t be too upset, seeing the position you’ve been thrust into. Mr. Potter, I expect to see marked improvement in your work for this class in the near future. And Tom, be a dear and help Harry with his homework assignment due Monday. I’ll extend the due date this once because he missed the practical examples I gave the rest of the class. I’m sure you can catch him up no problem.”

Tom smiled, and it was an almost angelic thing. “Consider it done, Professor. And might I just say, you look lovely. Anything special happening this evening?”

Professor Vector adjusted her glasses up her nose and smoothed the skirt of her modest necked, sleek, purple knee length dress. Her hair was in an up-do and did look rather elegant with dirty blonde curls haloing attractively around her soft face.

“Since you asked, I am meeting an old friend for dinner after work. We have a lot of catching up to do.”

Tom raised a brow and said, “I do hope he’s worth all the trouble, Professor. After all, you are one of our highest ranked teachers. I would hate to see you distraught by an old flame.”

Professor Vector colored lightly and indignantly crossed her arms over her ample bosom. “So perceptive…I assure you, as an adult, I can handle myself *Mr. Riddle*.”

Tom held up both hands playfully in front of him and stepped closer to Harry’s wide eyed side. “I meant no offense, truly. I could not resist.”

Professor Vector rolled her eyes and jerked a finger to the classroom door, “Off with you both. Mr. Potter, the assignment’s on the board, take that down before you leave. I’ll have my lesson plan for you tomorrow Tom, so see me at any point before school lets out. You know when I take lunch.”

Harry pat himself down for a pen or pencil and grimaced, staring beseechingly up at Tom as the taller boy whipped out a pen from *wherever* and scrawled the chapter and lesson down on a random sticky note he procured from the end of Professor Vector’s desk.

“Have a good evening, Professor.”

Tom winked, capped the pen, and grabbed Harry by the arm—neatly hauling the boy out of the classroom after him and making a beeline for the school entrance.

“W-woah! I don’t have my school bag! And where’re you taking me?!”

Tom sighed heavily and mock glared at Harry, “Home of course.” Harry’s eye twitched and he pointedly repossessed his arm. “I’m only assuming you mean *mine*.”

Tom’s grin was slicker than average. “Who am I to correct your assumptions?”

Harry snorted, “Wait here. I’ll be right back.” And then he was dashing through the halls to collect his belongings from the last place he had them.

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By the time Harry made it back to the entranceway, out of breath, with his school bag strapped to his back—Tom was standing with his arms crossed and tapping his foot impatiently.

“Oh shut up. You made me forget where I left it.”

Tom sniffed and turned his nose up. “Not my fault you have such a *short* attention span.”

Harry bristled, wanting to childishly stomp his foot. “It *is* your fault. It’s your *entire* damn fault!”

Tom merely shrugged and ignored Harry’s outburst. His boy was of that age.

“Come along, dear. We have homework to do. And I still need to meet your mother.” Tom walked out the door, fully expecting Harry to be trailing behind him.

A beat passed. Complete silence.

Harry deadpanned. “What?”

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Lily Potter was a rather easy going woman, and she loved both her boys dearly. Even if at times one, more-so than the other, could be trying to her good will.

She was always accommodating.

When James Potter’s job demanded they move everywhere and sundry, relegating her largely to a homemaker, and she had to send her Harry to boarding school temporarily to afford her child any portion of educational stability, Lily barely bat an eyelash.

When James got a promotion and moved them to this town within a reasonably appointed school district, Lily accepted the change.

And when Harry showed up that evening standing beside a much taller boy, who looked like some kind of poster child for reformed serial killers, Lily hardly raised a brow.

But then it spoke, “Hello Mrs. Potter, my name is Tom Riddle. I am to be your son’s Tutor for this school year. It is a pleasure to meet you.”

She didn’t know *what* it was.

She didn’t know *why* it was.

But her instincts were screaming at her for some outlandish reason and she couldn't seem to shake a sense of *danger*.

Her smile was frozen on her pretty face as she said, "Harry, darling, why don't you go put your things away and prepare some tea for our guest here."

Harry smiled nervously, glanced between his mother and Tom and rushed into the house with a garbled*, 'Yes, ma'am',* to complete his tasks.

Tom Riddle stared at her with eyes that shone (malevolently) down at her.

Lily shivered and felt her own smile crack at the corner. "It's good to meet you, Mr. Riddle." She bit out through her teeth.

"Do call me Tom. Mr. Riddle is my father." Lily's eye twitched spasmodically as Tom seemed to glow in the evening sun's rays. "Would you like to come in, *Tom*?"

Lily near flinched as politeness dictated she invite Tom across the threshold of her home.

Tom's resulting smile could shame a shark, "Gladly. I do so love tea. And we have much to discuss about Harry."

"Do we now?" Lily stepped gingerly to the side, allowing Tom to enter their house. And the sound of the front door closing rang like the fall of a guillotine upon her neck.

Huh.

She needed something stronger than tea.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

> Yo…that got dark quick. 😯 I'm not even sure what to say now. Lily was an unexpected variable that basically wrote herself. 😄
>
> Surprise, surprise—Tom sets off parental alarms!🙄

This chapter was a monster, but it flowed when I wrote it, so I'm fairly happy with these results. 😊

I almost feel like I'm saturating you all with too many simultaneous updates. (I can almost hear the mass outrage to this arrogant statement.) I feel like the drug dealer who takes their own drugs and can't seem to get enough.😩

Sweet mercy, I've become a junkie. 😑

As always, I adore hearing back from you delightful readers, and would love to know your thoughts on our Violations thus far. This still has the nerve to be called a loosely plotted fic, but it seems to be developing in quite a few critical point ways.

Feel free to throw a monkey wrench or two into the game plan by sending me your deepest wishes for this fic-verse. I am not fully attached to any one avenue as of yet, and therefore will continue to welcome any and all delicious ideas for future events. 😉

Signing off ~ 🌺🐍🌒

5th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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5th Violation

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There was a mammoth in the room—this was Harry's observation upon reentering the sitting room with a tray of tea loaded down with cups, milk, and sugars enough for three to avail themselves of.

He could have shot it with a gun.

It was off-putting, and very unnatural to see his mother in the loveseat across the coffee table barrier, staring so unblinkingly—with an obviously falsified smile on her face, at another human being. Said human being was sitting mid-couch with his long legs fully extended and crossed at the ankles, reclining with his hands folded neatly in his lap and projecting an unassuming demeanor, gazing calmly right back at Lily.

Harry glanced between the two in bafflement as he deposited the tray atop the coffee table and gingerly sat next to Tom on the couch. Never minding the scant space between them, and not jostling a bit as their knees brushed.

Tom's lips seemed to curl with some dark amusement as Lily zeroed in on that point of contact, and a harried glint manifested within the depths of her stormy green eyes.

"Harry—dear, there's more than enough couch for you to give Tom his space." Lily's voice was a funny thing—purposefully light, with an undercurrent of significance—as she glanced at the largely available cushions on the couch, and then looked pointedly straight at Harry.

Harry blinked, and felt peculiar as his mouth opened slightly before closing again without a sound. He began to make a deferent move to slide well away from Tom—but was thwarted by the individual himself dropping a heavy hand on his knee and *pressing firmly* down, successfully halting his motion.

"It's alright Mrs. Potter, Harry is comfortable where he is and I am not bothered in the least by our arrangement."

Harry swore he felt the pressure in the room snap, and it seemed to plunge a multiple of degrees below zero as his mother's smile widened manically, and she began busily preparing her cup of tea.

“What is all this about a Tutor? I wasn’t under the impression Harry was struggling with anything so early in the school year.”

Lily’s words were mildly stated but held a razor sharp edge that Harry was not used to hearing from her mouth. He raised an eyebrow and started to interject, but Tom beat him to the punch.

“Harry is *very* bright. However, being a new student is stressful—especially in High School in an unfamiliar locale. It has been brought to my attention that Chemistry 101 and Arithmetic 101 have been draining on his capabilities without proper assistance being offered.”

Lily blew on her tea, sat back, and took a drawn out sip as she shrewdly contemplated Tom.

“And how is it that you have *specifically* become Harry’s designated assignee? Are you quite so capable? And what grade are you to be shouldering such *responsibility* as my Harry’s academic betterment?”

“Mom!” Harry was practically spluttering with disbelief at her interrogation, which was bordering on invasive and plain rude. “Tom has been nothing but helpful in agreeing to assist with my studies. He is top of his class and comes highly recommended by my Professors.”

Lily drank deeply from her tea again and pinned Harry with a *look.* Harry flinched and involuntarily pressed closer to Tom. Lily’s eyes narrowed slightly at that, and her fingers clenched around her teacup.

“I do believe I was addressing our guest. You should allow him to explain himself Harry—seeing as *you’ve* never before mentioned being tutored to me at any point.”

Harry frowned at the accusatory tone in her clipped voice, and he nearly blurted out the fact of this being a super recent development, but a deliberate squeeze from Tom’s hand still resting upon his knee made him catch his breath and stare up at the older teen instead.

Tom’s own smile was pleasant but static as he leaned forward—relinquishing the pressure on Harry’s knee, and neatly prepped his own tea with two sugar cubes and no milk before reclining once more and pinning Lily with his reddish glinting, hazel eyes.

“It is only fair that your mother be so concerned about the person taking you in hand, Harry. I fully approve of her questions. Please allow me to address all of your *curiosities*.” That last statement, Tom spoke directly to Lily, after taking a patient sip from his tea. And he never dropped his unnervingly still gaze.

Harry felt like he’d been pushed very much aside in favor of a boxing match taking place between Tom and his mother.

How was this his life? He wondered, practically hearing the bell for round one go off in the background.

Lily gave Tom her full attention as the young man began to run down his credentials and motivation, mixing facts and partial truths together with admirable finesse.

“A former Professor of mine had long since proposed I take up a tutoring position at the end of my sophomore year, being that I was his *best* student, and I had put it off until this—my Junior year began, because I was still acclimating to my own workload and schedule. Harry and I crossed paths recently and the issue of his struggling in Chemistry and Arithmetic was brought up. Thereafter, I decided to take advantage of the offered tutoring position in order to facilitate my own rigorous study habits, while also helping a *promising* new underclassman.”

“I assure you—my motives are both *selfish* and *pure*. I have a need for keeping certain older lessons fresh in mind for my own advanced classes, and tutoring is a rewarding method of studying while imparting necessary knowledge to others also.”

Harry looked at his mom, feeling majorly relieved at the dwindling hostility he could sense from her. Tom’s explanations were reasonable and succinct, if not altogether misleading.

Harry was impressed and nervous.

He wasn’t daft. He knew what was happening right now would dictate the tone of the rest of his school year, whether Tom would be allowed the excuse to keep in close contact with him, and if in fact his mother would turn a blind eye to his associating with an older student so obviously out of his peer group.

Harry busied himself making his own tea, adding three sugars and a dollop of milk, before nervously settling with the teacup cradled in his lap—remaining otherwise untouched.

“You seem to be rather *altruistic*. I’m not certain why this feels out of place to me, as we’ve only just met...” Lily trailed off, staring pensively at Tom, and she tilted her head to the side as she sipping slowly from her tea.

“An academically inclined, *put together* young man such as yourself—surely has quite the social circle of friends. I fail to comprehend just why you would be so…accommodating…as to invest so much time with my Harry and his studies. Even if it allows you to, ah—study more effectively?”

Tom’s resulting smile was disarming, but slick along the edges.

“I’ll admit to a certain developed *boredom* with the curriculum when offered as is. Adding the diversion of tutoring Harry to my plate allows me to explore other avenues of less tedious studying to supplement my—not inconsiderable—skills, keeping everything sharp while not sabotaging myself with too much droning repetition.”

Lily raised an eyebrow and practically scoffed, “I’m sure you could manage to *motivate* yourself without the pressure of influencing upon my Harry.”

Tom’s chest rumbled with sudden vocalized amusement, and he considered Lily through narrowed, shining eyes—as a scientist would some disgustingly microscopic, virulent specimen.

“You’ve caught me out. I’m afraid I do enjoy Harry’s company on a *friendly* basis as well. And which of us humane individuals would leave a *friend* to flounder unaided in the cesspool that is High School obligations?”

Lily drained the last of her tea from her cup and noisily replaced it on the tray atop the coffee table.

“Isn’t Harry a bit *young* to be so *friendly* with you? I can’t imagine you have much in common.”

Harry swallowed a rather large gulp of tea and bristled in marked affront at his mother, finally piping up with, “You’re talking as though I’m an elementary student! We’re not *that* far apart age-wise, I would appreciate some acknowledgement of my maturity.”

Lily’s stare was mildly patronizing and wholly skeptical as she eyed her son. “You are far below legal age, and will remain that way for another four years yet.”

Harry’s eye twitched, “Three years! I’ll be fifteen in two months and you know it.”

Lily frowned, and released a long suffering sigh as she pinched the bridge of her nose and warily considered Tom once more. She was only slightly mollified but nowhere near convinced of his…intentions.

“Be that as it may—if anything were to happen, Tom would be the one in trouble.”

Harry’s face flushed darkly at the (all too valid) insinuations his mother was making, and he opened his mouth to defend his (dubious…*very dubious*) honor.

But Tom chose that time to break in with a lightly cleared throat, successfully cutting off Harry’s ineffectually building tirade, “Mrs. Potter, I assure you…I have no *villainous* designs upon Harry. I am merely assisting him on a one-to-one basis and fostering a fresh friendship. I do wish you would *trust me*.”

Lily’s eye twitched and she crossed her arms skittishly across her chest, as Tom presented a rather innocently wounded façade.

It was very convincing. But Lily wasn’t convinced. At all.

Still—she had no real basis for this continued aversion (as of yet) besides her own *feelings*, and even she could understand that those were inadmissible in any court of applicable law.

Tom hadn’t done anything she could rightfully pin him for. He *appeared* harmless, even though he raised all her hackles. But Lily wasn’t used to dealing with situations such as this, and therefore, decided to play the doubtful benefit card, for now.

Her next statement was pulled from her like teeth, as she said shortly, looking directly at Tom Riddle (the *smart* bastard), “Very well. I leave Harry in your capable hands.”

Tom smiled warmly, taking Lily aback, and she nearly would have relaxed if not for the (slight, ever so *slight*) undertone of sarcasm she heard in his smarmy voice, “I thank you

profusely, Mrs. Potter. Harry will blossom under my guidance."

Lily's arms tightened across her chest, and she nodded in stiff acknowledgement, pressing her lips thinly together.

"Wonderful!" Harry's voice sliced right through the coagulating tension, and he quickly drained his cup and replaced it with a noisy clatter on the tray, before tossing out a cheerfully chirped, "If you'll excuse us now, Tom is supposed to be helping me with homework this evening. We'll be in my room if you need us!"

And before Lily could emphatically object, because *closed doors* and *her baby* and *that bastard*—! Harry was on his feet, replacing Tom's half drained cup on the tray himself and tugging the unresisting, triumphant older teen quickly off the couch and up the stairs by the arm, trailing *very* close behind him.

Lily's arms had dropped to her sides, and her hands were stressfully clenched into fists, as anything reasonable to halt the *catastrophe* happening got lodged in her throat. She stared in mutating horror after the two disappeared boys.

Hearing a door shut distantly upstairs, she slumped helplessly in her seat as her soul literally seemed to leak from her ears, ringing with white noise.

She'd been bested in her own house. She'd been played on her own turf. She'd been dismissed and ignored by her own *child*.

And *yes dammit!—h*e was a child. Her child. *Her baby*.

Upstairs—behind a closed door, with a *visibly* upstanding, infallibly polite, serial killer channeling *creeper*.

Lily shuddered violently and spurred into immediate motion, quickly heading to the kitchen to prepare a few very quick study snacks, for any plausible excuse to barge behind that door.

Because *hell no* was she letting them be completely alone, undisturbed, under her very roof.

Dammit all—where the flip was that ten minute cookie recipe?!

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Harry's chest heaved with exertion from having practically raced up the stairs, and Tom—the arse—was positively snorting with poorly suppressed laughter as the boy shut and purposefully locked the door for good measure to his bedroom.

"S-shut up you idiot! She's bound to barge in here any minute now. I just know it."

Tom's face was alight with mischief, and he pointedly stared down at Harry's hand still tightly gripped around his lower arm. "I suppose that means we should be good and get to work as diligent students. No? Or would you prefer to keep manhandling me?"

Harry started and looked from Tom's gleaming eyes to his grip on the older teen's arm, coloring in mortification before dropping the appendage as if he'd been burnt.

"Don't be so shy. I enjoy a bit of occasional rough play."

Harry stepped quickly away and ignored the tall bastard taking up space in his bedroom—which suddenly seemed too small and quaint—to the best of his ability. He busied himself with opening his backpack and withdrawing his school books and utensils in order to get started on the dreaded Arithmetic work.

Tom took up his only desk chair and Harry was forced to spread his things out on the bed.

He sat down cross-legged with a huff as Tom situated himself right beside Harry's bed to better glance over the problems Harry had been assigned for the evening, without outright crawling onto the bed beside the boy.

Even though Harry was seated a foot away from Tom, leaning over his notes and textbook, he was painfully conscious of Tom being nearby and practically breathing on his neck.

Tom was tall sitting down too, and he rightly loomed, his shadow falling over Harry and causing a dimness to overtake Harry's careful writing upon the paper.

"Wait. Right there—you need to carry that and then multiply. Very good." Harry blushed lightly as Tom watched over him, patiently interjecting whenever Harry was about to make an error during his many long handed calculations.

"You're not horrible. You just move too fast. Slow down and pay attention to every step. There's a good boy."

Harry knew there was something wrong with him when he felt a stiffing in his nether regions at Tom's use of *good boy*. Jeez…he was turning into more and more of a pervert.

On Tom's part, he smirked—secretly observing every miniscule twitch in the concentrated, frowny expression on Harry's adorably pink tinged face, as the boy diligently worked, and broadcasted every stray naughty thought in the widening of his eyes, the biting of his lower lip, and the subtle rearranging of his legs to accommodate a developing hard on he did not want to draw attention to.

His boy was so sweet. Tom couldn't help but *tease* during every correction.

"Ah—look again, precious. That's not a two, it's a seven. You've forgotten to square the remainder."

Harry erased, corrected, and erased some more. By the time he finished the last problem, Harry was feeling accomplished and more than a little frustrated.

“Err…Tom…” Harry’s voice took on a breathy quality as he dropped his pencil, licked his lips, and turned on the bed to face Tom directly. Tom tilted his head and leaned forward until he was so far into Harry’s personal space, he might as well have climbed onto the bed.

Tom let his boy be the one to make the first move as he remained still, hovering inches away from Harry’s nose and breathing every breath expelled from Harry’s parted lips, which were vaguely trembling with anticipation.

“Is there something you wanted…*Harry*?” A slow smile crept along the seam of Tom’s lips as Harry flushed and glanced from Tom to the locked door of his room and back again.

“…you know what I want...” Harry spoke in barely above a whisper, practically sulking at this point, with Tom being so stubbornly still and not doing anything but hovering…*so close*, and yet so stupidly far away.

Tom’s eyes flashed—waiting, challenging, daring Harry to bridge the gap. His boy was on his knees now, kneeling on the bed before Tom still seated in that chair and leaning so provocatively forward without giving another inch.

A strangled sound crossed between a sigh and a groan exited Harry’s throat as his boy finally grabbed Tom by the shoulders and smashed their lips together.

Tom’s response was immediate, and Harry was practically dragged off the bed and into Tom’s lap as the older boy finally took control of the clumsily executed, hungry kiss.

Harry wrapped his arms around Tom’s neck and felt his lungs beginning to burn as Tom’s mouth opened, and their tongues twined together like so many of the vines covering his balcony pillars.

It was *urgent*, it was *deep*, it was *hot*, and it was so *very wet*. Harry gasped through the kiss as he abruptly landed fully astride Tom’s waiting lap, rocking and moaning feverishly with his eyes closed against the sensation of their clothed erections sliding wonderfully together.

Tom’s hands were travelling up beneath Harry’s shirt, fingers rubbing circles into his lower back and dipping repeatedly into his navel.

“Haah…haaa…Toooom….” Harry was mindful of their location and keeping as quiet as possible as Tom began sucking fire red kisses down the side of his neck, starting from right below his delicate ear lobes. Not quite leaving hickeys behind, but definitely sensitizing each bite of flesh he tasted with his talented tongue.

Just as Harry was about to suggest they lose the shirts and maybe the damn pants too, he heard the warning sound of footsteps on the stairs.

Tom seemed to hear it too, for he stopped suddenly and unceremoniously dumped Harry back onto the bed amongst his strewn school books and papers. Rearranging himself in a particularly neat and stoic fashion, and raising a brow for Harry to scramble and do the same in the nick of time, right before the locked knob on Harry’s bedroom door was jiggled, and a series of loud knocks vibrated the frame.

“Coming—one sec!”

Harry frantically straightened his clothes, and smoothed his perpetually wild hair with a shaky hand, praying his face wasn’t altogether too red as he leapt from the bed and made his way to the unlock the door, facing his irate mother who had a brow raised to her hairline and was holding a tray with a plate of chocolate chip cookies and two half full, wide mouthed glasses of milk.

Harry smiled winningly at her and struggled to surreptitiously control his pounding heartbeat as she spoke.

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“I thought you boys could use some refreshments. I know you’ve been working for nearly an hour. You must be famished. It’s almost dinnertime.”

Harry grit his teeth as she none too subtly tried to peer past him into the room, nudging the door with her foot when Harry made it impossible for her to see past his body or widen the entrance.

From her vantage point, Tom was out of sight in his chair by the bed, and Lily was near frantic in her efforts to pinpoint his location.

“Thank you, mom! But you didn’t have to trouble yourself—we’re not kindergartners you know.” Harry knew his smile was starting to look constipated, but his mother was being ridiculous. He couldn’t remember the last time she’d brought cookies to his room—before dinner especially.

He usually had to sneak that from the kitchen if he wanted unhealthy snackage like that.

She was being so obvious it was physically painful. “I’ll just take that off your hands then.” Harry tried to relieve his mother of her burden without relinquishing his block of the door, but Lily was having none of it.

“Nonsense—I couldn’t possibly let you and your guest go without some form of refreshment. It’d be utterly remiss. Budge over—I don’t want you to spill the milk all over your lovely carpet.”

Harry cringed and got ready to put up a fight, when from behind, a hand well above his own pulled the door back all the way on it’s hinges to reveal Tom—not a hair out of place, smiling serenely down at him and his mother.

“I thought I smelled something sweet. Mrs. Potter, you baked us cookies. I’m anxious to try them. They look delicious.”

Harry's eye twitched—and Lily looked Tom up and down critically, with a certain undisguised tension on her otherwise pleasant face until she finally handed Harry the tray by near shoving it into his chest.

"I'll be back for the tray in a little while. Do leave the door *unlocked* so I can get in without disturbing your studies."

Harry sighed heavily, "Yes mother. Will do."

Lily nodded in satisfaction and finally walked back down the stairs, leaving Tom and Harry staring after her retreating figure. The former utterly amused and smirking, and the latter patently irritated and embarrassed, holding a tray of milk and cookies in a white knuckled grip.

Tom reached down and snatched up a cookie over Harry's shoulder, biting down with gusto and declaring around a mouthful, "Not bad. I should like to know her recipe."

Harry grumbled crossly and backed into the room, kicking the door shut with his foot and crossing the floor to deposit the tray of goodies atop his clear desk. "Do you even cook?"

Tom finished off his cookie and licked his fingers, playing coy as he said, "Of course. I'm still a student after all, and not so wealthy as to get take out every night while keeping up with all my bills and utilities."

Harry balked and stared wonderingly up at Tom. "You pay for everything yourself? How? Do you have some kind of job?"

Tom stepped closer until he had Harry crowded against the desk, and he caged Harry there with outstretched arms, and hands planted on the desk on either side of the boy's body.

Harry swallowed thickly and went a bit cross eyed as Tom bend down until their noses touched. He could smell the chocolate chips on Tom's breath and wondered idly what he'd taste like.

Tom's tongue plus chocolate equals…*yummm*….

Harry blushed darkly and Tom kissed the tip of his nose with a knowing glint in his hazel eyes. "I am an investor. I manage the growth of a portion of my inheritance through the stock market and the rest I funnel through many different *lucrative* avenues."

"Huh…sounds complex…"

Tom's eyes were dancing with mirth, and Harry's breath caught distractedly as he got lost staring into them. *Gorgeous.*

"It's a pity we're not all alone…I want to make you *scream* again, but I couldn't possibly now..."

Harry knew he was pouting horribly, but he couldn't find it in himself to prevent it. "We can go to your place…tomorrow. She'd miss me tonight. I doubt I'd be able to get away for

long."

Tom hummed softly, thinking—before his face lit up in the unholiest of lights and he crooned, "I have a better idea…"

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That evening, Harry and Tom spent the majority of their remaining time making out heavily, and straining their ears for those telltale steps on the stairs—indicators of the next untimely interruption come through the door.

True to form, Lily came by nearly every fifteen to twenty minutes with some excuse or another to check on their progress (or lack thereof).

By the time Harry was saying goodbye to Tom at the front door, with his mother no longer feeling the need to hover, as the bane of her existence was being expelled—Harry was more than frustrated and staring at Tom with blown pupils and a warmly flushed face.

Tom kissed him chastely on the cheek and whispered hotly into his ear, "Don't forget to leave the window open."

Harry bit his bottom lip and jumped with a soft squeak as Tom surreptitiously squeezed his backside and grinned broadly with a chuckle. Winking as his boy stared after him all the way down the driveway and to his car.

With a last lingering look and wistful sigh as Tom's car slinked swiftly down the setting sun lit road, honking the horn once with a screech of tires, Harry shut the front door and leaned his back upon it.

He was rather anxious to get to bed—like now, because midnight couldn't come fast enough.

But there was still the matter of dinner and whatever private interrogation his mother deemed fit to bestow him with for springing a *surprise* like Tom Riddle upon her without forewarning.

"Dinner in five, make sure you wash your hands dear!"

Harry rolled his eyes hard and pinched the bridge of his nose as his mother's voice echoed exuberantly through the house from the kitchen. She could at least *try* not to sound so happy during his abject misery.

"Yes mother, I'm coming!"

He could do this. Harry slapped a smile onto his face, making it as natural as possible as he marched into the kitchen to wash his hands and help his mother along by setting the table for two.

He reserved another plate for his Dad for whenever the man came home, and shook his head in some unwilling amusement as Lily practically bounced around the kitchen between the stove and the cabinets. Her energy being applied full force to adding the final touches on their meal, and looking altogether lighter and happier than she'd been the whole evening.

Harry could almost feel bad for upsetting her so…but *dammit*…he *liked* Tom--as in *really liked*. And Lily was his mother, and he loved her dearly.

But Tom—Tom was…*Tom.* And Harry *wanted*…Harry *needed*…Harry wasn't about to give it up. Not for anything…not even her, bless it.

It was with firm resolve that Harry buckled down to eat dinner with his mother while waiting anxiously for the evening to be over and night to finally fall, with him safely behind his bedroom door, which he would be locking again.

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Dinner hadn't been nearly as bad as Harry had anticipated. Against all sense, Lily had actually avoided bringing up the topic of Tom Riddle in any shape or fashion at all with Harry one-on-one.

While Harry was pleased with her sudden discretion, it was also disconcerting and mildly alarming. He could practically smell some kind of storm building beneath the surface, waiting for just the right moment to bring down the house.

Honestly…the first time he'd gotten involved with someone, and his mother was wholly against even the notion. He'd bet good money that if Tom was his own age, maybe a classmate, he probably would have gotten a warmer welcome.

As it stood, even without complete confirmation, his mother had labelled Tom as some kind of predator out to desecrate her son's virtue.

Alright—to be fair, she was basically on fucking point. But she didn't *know* that, and Harry wasn't about to clarify the matter. It simply galled him that she (obviously) didn't trust his judgement even a little with his associates.

He was a teenager, getting older by the day, and she was still hell bent on treating him with kid gloves.

Harry sighed deeply as he stepped out of the shower and toweled himself dry. He glanced at the bathroom clock and sulked, it was only half past eight. His mother wouldn't be asleep until around nine.

And Tom said he'd be back at midnight—meaning four whole stupid hours of waiting.

Harry groaned in dismay and stared at himself in the fogged up mirror. He was glad he'd transitioned to contacts a couple of years back, as wearing those big geeky glasses did his features no actual favors and only hid his prettiest asset.

Those emerald green eyes, brighter than even his mother from whom he'd inherited them.

He didn't think himself unattractive, but in his humble estimation, Tom was the very picture that defined handsome. Sharp jawline, symmetrically appointed nose, fine lips and elegant brows over the most gorgeous set of hazel eyes, that looked slightly ruby red when the light hit *just right*.

Harry's eyes took on a glazed quality as he envisioned Tom in his head, and he reached down to gently stroke his swelling cock.

He was remembering Tom's mouth wrapped and moving around him…all *hot*, and *soft*, and *wet*…so *very wet inside*...and when Tom took him all the way down…

Harry gasped and took himself fully in hand, leaning against the wall and staring at himself in the clearing mirror, semi-grateful for his contact lens free blurred vision, so he couldn't quite make out all the finer lines and details of what he was doing to himself while thinking about *Tom—god, Tom*...

Harry's eyes slipped shut as water droplets slowly slid from his damp hair, down his forehead to his chin, dripping on the floor.

The towel hung uselessly around his shoulders, leaving his body fully naked otherwise.

And Harry, feeling utterly keyed up, shut his eyes and allowed his imagination to carry him away…back to Tom.

It was the quickest he'd ever worked himself over, and he was almost ashamed to have cum so very hard on his own to nothing but an image. Tom would surely laugh at him, Harry knew.

That smile though…he kind of wanted to see it.

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The clock struck midnight and Harry made sure the only light remaining on in his room was his bedside lamp, which didn't give a bright enough glow to alert anyone looking at cracks in the door from the hallway.

He knew his mother had long since turned in, and the house was super quiet.

He could hardly breathe over his heart beating rapidly in his chest from the anticipation. Tom had said midnight. Harry had made sure he left the large window wide open to the small

balcony, and a cool wind blew through the gauzy curtains he'd drawn back so as not to miss Tom's arrival.

Harry glanced at the digital clock on his bedside.

It showed 12:01AM.

Suddenly, very suddenly…a quiet, sinisterly elongated shadow stretched across the floor from the balcony, and Harry's eyes widened slowly as he turned away from the clock to see Tom Riddle step over the threshold, ducking through the window and standing up again just as bold as you would please—all broad shouldered, six feet and climbing of him.

Tom closed the window behind himself, blocking the night breeze.

"Hello *Harry*." His voice was practically a purr, and Harry stared upwards, completely entranced as Tom toed off his shoes and socks, dropped his pants, stripped off his t-shirt and joined him wearing nothing but boxers in the bed —under the covers, no invitation required.

"Aren't you going to tell me good night?" Tom murmured, maneuvering his near fully nude body beneath the covers until he had Harry warmly pinned against him, front to front, in a very familiar, intimate position.

"Good night, Tom…" Harry breathed, smiling with soft affection. "Good night, *darling*…I believe you're a little over dressed…" Tom's voice rumbled in his chest, and Harry's smile stretched to a broad, crafty grin as he cheekily replied, "But I wanted you to *unwrap* me."

Tom's eyes were shadowed in the miniscule light emitted from the bedside lamp, and his hands began crawling purposefully underneath Harry's long sleeved cotton pajama shirt, popping buttons loose along the way until it peeled from Harry's chest to reveal the boy's naked chest.

Harry sat up a bit to take his arms out, and Tom tossed the pajama shirt from the bed as Harry collapsed against the pillows, arching against Tom's chest and briefly aligning their bodies.

Tom's cock was a hard bulge beneath his boxers, and Harry could keenly feel it through the thin fabric of his pajama pants, hiding his own manhood awakening and bared beneath.

"Are you *gifting* yourself to me, then?" Tom asked this in a voice thickened by arousal, and Harry gasped softly as Tom pressed their clothed members together and repeatedly gyrated his hips, taking advantage of some truly wonderful friction.

"Of course…haa…I'm yours…nnghaa…Tom…aah…" Harry continued to pant as Tom moved against him, and it was becoming all too warm beneath the covers obscuring their bodies.

"In that case…" Tom trailed off, ceasing the motion of his lower body against Harry's and sliding sinuously downwards along the length of Harry, until his boy could no longer see his head beneath the concealing covers, tenting around his streamlined figure.

Harry felt a strong tug on the waist of his thin pajama pants, and he lifted his hips and moaned softly as he was freed to the warm air, and Tom further worked the pants all the way down his legs and off his ankles beneath the covers, reappearing in short order at his midsection with the covers draped over his back and once again hovering over Harry's entirely naked body.

Tom's chest was heaving slightly, and Harry felt gratified to note the not insignificant hardness remaining pressed against his lower leg.

"I've unwrapped you. Now I want to *taste*. Try not to scream…bite your pillow. I want this to *last*."

Before Harry could say a word, Tom had disappeared from view again, and Harry felt a set of large hands take hold of and separate his thighs, spreading his legs widely apart, and Tom's breath ghosted the tip of his partial erection mere seconds before Harry felt himself slide rapidly *down*, *down*, *down* into that *hotwetsoft* cavern, which was Tom's mouth.

Harry turned his head all the way to the side into his pillow and bit down *hard*.

Clenching his hands in the sheets for lack of available Tom to grab, and stifling all the constant noises coming unbidden from his throat with every strong *suck* Tom bestowed upon his engorged member.

He could hear the muffled *obscene slurp* and *huff* of Tom's breath through his nose, as the older teen thoroughly worked him down *over* and *over*, *again* and *again*.

Until Harry could feel the sweat slicking his skin, running down his spread thighs into the sheets below his lower back.

Tom's hands held him steady and open, preventing the bucking of his hips to get any closer to that edge he was skating with every quickening *draw* of Tom's mouth around his dick.

Harry's pillow was soaked through in part from his saliva, and his chest heaved up and down. He knew he was losing oxygen and was fairly close to passing out from the heat and stimulus at this point, but Tom *would not quit*.

Beneath those sheets, Tom had Harry all the way down his throat, overloading his olfactory senses with heady musk and strengthening his arousal by tenfold as he felt his fingers dampening with the sweat from Harry's thighs, gripped firmly and held all the way open for his unhindered access.

His boy was *divine*.

Tom moaned breathlessly as Harry began to trickle thickly down the base of his tongue, directly into his gaping throat.

He could taste his boy dissolving from the inside out, and Harry…*sweet Harry*…was going to give him *everything*.

Tom redoubled his already fantastic efforts to send Harry careening from that precipice, ignoring his slightly aching jaw as he could feel Harry's muted breaths speed up through the physical contractions in his belly, and the further arching of his spine.

Harry's manhood gave a warning pulse within Tom's mouth, and Tom sucked *hard* and *clamped down* around his boy as he at last felt that *ecstatic release* of rivulets of *cum* pouring into his gluttonous gullet.

With a final lingering lick, from the base of Harry's dick, all the way to the deflated mushroom tip, Tom allowed the spent member to slip from his mouth as he emerged from beneath the covers to face his blissed out boy with an utterly pleased look on his handsome, plushy lipped face.

Harry continued to pant softly, coming off his high, as he unclenched his hands in the sheets and released his too wet pillow from between his overly stressed teeth.

Tom's body had a sheen of sweat layered all over it from staying underneath the covers between Harry's thighs for so long, and Harry felt the other's warm skin sliding against his own as he struggled to normalize his breathing and heartrate.

Tom gingerly kissed Harry's slightly open, softly panting mouth, imparting the lingering taste of his boy's essence upon his boy, and smirking sexily with mussed hair sticking artfully to his forehead, nape, and neck—as Harry smiled coyly up at him and urged him near with a gentle hand to the back of his neck.

Harry gasped suddenly as a forgotten hardness nudged against him from below, and he stared at Tom so close to his face now, in patent disbelieving pity.

"You always, *always* take care of me first…I want to do something for you."

Tom tilted his head to the side, huffing an affectionate laugh before throwing the covers away from their too hot bodies and asking, "Do you want to…ah…*unwrap* me too? Or should I save you the trouble?"

Tom's voice was a deeply heated, raspy thing, and Harry blushed at the sound of it, thinking of exactly *why* it sounded that way—from the *abuse* of Tom's throat.

"I want to do it. *Please let me*…" Harry's voice was sweet and shy, even as he sat up in bed, and urged Tom backwards against the pillows until their positions were reversed.

"Go ahead…*Harry*…it won't bite." Tom sounded patently charmed, but also dreadfully amused as Harry gazed down at his clothed cock straining against his black boxers, tented around an obvious *painfully hard* bulge.

Harry gently chewed his bottom lip, and without preamble, reached out with both hands and tugged on Tom's boxers, which stuck slightly to his skin as Harry peeled them carefully away from the very *substantial*, large member beneath.

Tom sighed deeply in relief for the freedom to his lower half, and he swallowed a surprised gasp as Harry practically dove between his legs and curiously licked a swift wet stripe up the underside of his dick.

“Haah…*Harry*…” Tom’s voice was hoarse, but full of wonder and desire as Harry attempted to do for him what he’d only just done for his boy.

“Careful, you’ll hurt yourself…” Tom spoke gently and ran his fingers through Harry’s hair as the boy opened his mouth wide with lips sealed over his teeth, and tried earnestly to take Tom down as far as possible, but gagged and nearly choked himself in short order.

“Just the tip for now,” Tom affectionately instructed, holding ever so still while Harry worked his way back up until only the swollen mushroom head remained upon his tongue between his lips, leaking saliva from the corners.

“Use your hands for the rest and just *suck, Harry*. Like a popsicle…*aaah*…that’s it…such a *good boy* for me...”

Tom’s eyes were heavily lidded in his pleasure, but he didn’t allow them to shut, because he wanted to *see* his boy take him like a budding *champ*.

Harry was nothing if not enthusiastic.

Even though his mouth wasn’t nearly as *skilled* as Tom’s own, and he had to make up for being unable to take the whole of Tom down his throat with stroking his delicate fingers up and down the remainder of Tom’s veined shaft, Tom thought Harry was an utter *marvel*—and he could imagine *nothing better* being done in service to him by *anyone else*.

He was Harry’s *first*—the *only one* who’d been in his boy’s *mouth*, on his boy’s *tongue*.

Those thoughts were the headiest of aphrodisiacs to Tom, and he released a deep, guttural, borderline growl from within his chest as his cock gave a warning twitch and Harry’s eyes widened, watering at the corners as his mouth stretched wider and suckled persistently at the leaking head of Tom’s cock.

Tom’s breaths came heavier and heavier, and he attempted to tug Harry’s mouth away from him with a hand threaded through Harry’s perpetually messy locks.

But contrarily, his boy hunkered down—and to Tom’s disbelief and utter *gratification*—Harry continued to *suck on him*, mouth remaining stubbornly attached to Tom’s head and spilling the streams of thick seed coating his tongue, attempting to travel down the back of his delicate throat.

It was *messy*. It was *hot*. It was *filthy*.

Harry’s nose wrinkled as Tom finally ceased ejaculation, and he cringed a bit and carefully swallowed all he could of the older boy’s essence.

“Guh…Tom…”

Harry started to complain and whimper for the *taste*, but as he laid watery eyes on Tom's thoroughly *sated* expression, looking upon him with such *fascination* and *obsessive want*…he only flushed deeply and allowed Tom to pull him up and in with a strong hand coaxing on the back of his neck, until Harry's forehead was pressed against his own, and Tom was languidly kissing and licking his seed off Harry's chin, the sides of his face, and out of the warm crevices of Harry's sweet mouth.

"You're mine, Harry. All *mine*." Tom said this with determined certainty as he pulled back from Harry's lips, tasting himself and Harry mixed upon his tongue, and making sure his boy knew then and there that there was *no going back* for them.

"Yours—all yours…Tom…"

And Harry knew that was a *promise*.

He also knew Tom would hold him to it *forever*…just like he knew the sun would rise in five hours.

It was merely a fact of existence.

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Harry woke blearily to see Tom redressing at half past two in the morning, and he opened his mouth to say something, anything…but only managed an ineffectual weak groan.

It was enough to alert Tom to his stirring, and Harry smiled sleepily as Tom came back over to the bed and kissed his forehead and then his lips, soundly.

"I'll see you at Hogwarts. Go back to sleep, *my Harry*."

"But—…." Harry broke off on a wide yawn, and wondered when the covers had gotten back up on the bed over him. Tom had tucked him in. He could still taste the other on his tongue.

"Shhh…" Tom stroked his fingers tenderly through Harry's hair, and he spoke softly as the boy's eyes began struggling to stay open, "We'll have time for talk later. Now rest."

And just like that, Harry was out.

Tom clicked the bedside lamp off, and the room fell into a fuller darkness with only the moon shining through the window to break it up.

As easily as he'd climbed the banister up to the balcony, Tom was back down it, after having again shut the window behind himself. And he traipsed easily across the front lawn of the darkened house, making his way swiftly to his parked vehicle hidden behind thick bushes a block away.

As he slid behind the wheel and drove off, he only just missed James Potter pulling into the driveway after yet another long night at work to support his family.

Heading up the stairs, James expected to see his son's door slightly ajar as per usual, and he found it odd that the door was shut tight.

Testing the knob, he frowned to realize it was locked, denying him even a glimpse of his son in slumber.

"I suppose he's of that age now. Hmm…they grow up so fast."

With a wistful sigh, James moseyed along and got busy on his late routine of showering, eating a very late, light dinner, and climbing into bed with his dear wife.

It was a tiring, but fulfilling lifestyle. He couldn't wish for anything more.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

And I thought the last chapter was long.🙄 Aah…such is the burden of the muses. I hope everyone has enjoyed this recent –Violation- to the fullest. 😘

Jeez…I almost feel like I've fried a few brain cells this midnight rendezvous. 😱😵

So much action in one place. I think it came out okay…but please let me know your opinions. 😁

I'd ramble more, but I'm still reviving those brain cells at this time and therefore, have very little energy left for witticisms. 👻

This is still a –loosely plotted- fic, so any and all wishes and suggestions will be noted and taken into consideration.

I can't promise I'll use any and everything you manage to come up with, but if it causes a spark, you can be sure to see the blaze during a future –Violation-.

Signing off~ 🌺🐍○

6th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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6th Violation

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Harry woke to the shrill of his alarm clock blaring on the nightstand—7'oclock on the dot.

He rolled over onto his stomach and groaned into his pillow as he reached out and slapped the thing silent. Morning already…great…Harry blinked blearily and backtracked. It was morning already—great!

He popped upright faster than would be advised, and he gripped his head as the vertigo hit him with a vengeance. The covers slipped down to his lap, revealing his upper body, and Harry shivered and flushed at the reminder of why he'd slept naked last night.

"I've unwrapped you. Now I want to taste. Try not to scream…bite your pillow. I want this to last."

The ghost of Tom's voice echoed through Harry's ears, and his heart skipped a beat as the significance of what he'd done hit him—like whoa…

He'd snuck Tom into the house, into his bed, and let the other have his whole way with Harry…and in return, he'd took Tom in his mouth and made him come…he'd made him come and he'd swallowed it and Tom had looked so…so…so…

"Guh…" Harry couldn't help the low, breathy moan that escaped his throat for all his reminiscing. He felt a definite stirring to life happening between his legs, and it was all he could do not to fall back on his pillow and waste the morning away chasing climax.

He had to get up. Not that way—but out of bed, right now. He'd miss the bus!

Harry valiantly threw the covers away from his half mast, lower half, and he pressed the heel of his palm down over his groin and implemented the least sexy thoughts in his arsenal.

Chemical equations, quadratic functions, algebraic formulation, plus or minus, negative or positive, the atom is the basis of all matter, two parts hydrogen plus one part oxygen equals water, electron configuration, periodic table….aaaand it's down for the count.

Wonderful.

Huh.

“I always knew those notes would come in handy for something besides a sleep aid.” Harry’s mouth twitched as his problem summarily deflated beneath the onslaught of academia.

And the award for best mental downer goes to—

Knock~ knock!

“Honey, are you up in there? You’ve half an hour before the bus gets here. Put a speed dial on it!”

Harry hastily jumped into action at the pounding against his door, and he called out to his Mother beyond the barrier, “Getting dressed!”

All thoughts of Tom and the night before were carefully smothered beneath his haste to be ready for school. He collected his discarded pajamas from the floor beside his bed, folded them neatly and shoved them into his dresser drawer, before quickly straightening the sheets on his bed and making it up to be presentable again.

What followed this was him bouncing starkers between his closet and drawers, retrieving his already pressed uniform from a hanger and throwing on his underclothes and it in rapid succession.

He’d never gotten dressed so fast before. It was a new record.

Harry popped over to the bathroom to relieve himself; he then quickly brushed his teeth and perpetually unruly hair. Fumbling to refresh his contacts, he nearly poked his eyes out and winced at his reflection in the mirror.

“Sometimes I miss glasses…,”he grumbled halfheartedly before racing back to his room, toeing his shoes on, grabbing his stuffed backpack up and skipping down the stairs two at a time.

“Sleep well dear?” Lily raised an eyebrow at her out of breath son as he floated through the air off the last two stairs, and she stepped over to him, fixing his crooked tie with all the timeless affection of an invested parent, before he replied, “Yes Mom, it just took a few minutes to get oriented.”

“All the signs of a good night’s rest—you’re very healthy.” Lily smiled, satisfied with his neat appearance, and smoothed a hand gently through his tumbled locks, as if that may help them to lie down any.

“Do remember to try and make a few *friends your age* today. Maybe set up a weekend date with some classmates. I’ve yet to see you with any of the neighboring kids.”

Harry sighed heavily at the mild rebuke, and he refrained from mentioning Tom Riddle explicitly—because really, he wasn’t what his mother would ever consider *friend* material.

Harry was aware of this, very much so.

“I will make the effort. But I don’t promise results.” Harry pouted for the elated kiss his mother pressed upon his cheek, and he made his way out the front door of the house, waving without looking back as his mother called after him, “Don’t skip breakfast! Eat something healthy at school!”

Due to his turned back, Harry missed the sullen way Lily’s face fell once he was halfway down the drive, and Harry made a beeline for the stop sign down and across the street where the bus pulled up only seconds after he reached it.

A few other students were already there ahead of him, and he allowed them to hop onto the bus before him as he glanced back in the direction of his house.

He couldn’t see his mother anymore in the doorway.

He hoped she’d eventually get over her vendetta against Tom—else there would be definite problems in the near future. Not to mention his already planned weekend commitments to the aforementioned older teen.

Harry took his seat on the bus towards the middle and figured he probably did need to find some actual friends to hang around with, at least for show.

When push came to shove, he could use them as a scapegoat for his weekend absences if nothing else. This was his life now, plans and more plans—excellent.

He wondered, as the world flew by in a blur outside the bus window, what was Tom doing right now, and if the other boy was thinking of him any.

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It had been a while since Tom had lingered around Hogwarts’ bus lot. Being that he drove to school and had driven ever since he’d gotten his full license at sixteen.

That morning he was leaning against the wall in the shadows of the lot waiting for Harry’s bus to arrive, aiming to catch a glimpse of his boy first thing and intercept him before classes began. If he timed it right, they could get a half hour before homeroom, provided Harry grabbed a takeaway something from the dining hall and did not stop to sightsee.

In fact…Tom left the lot to pay a quick visit to the aforementioned hall, bagging a banana, strawberry milk bottle, wrapped grilled cheese and a few napkins for Harry’s sake, and then heading back outside to anticipate his arrival.

It didn’t take long. Harry’s bus arrived at approximately 8:20AM.

Tom’s eyes landed on his boy climbing off the bus and he impatiently tapped his foot as Harry drifted down the walkway amongst yawning and chittering students, not noticing Tom

until he was right upon him, and jumping as the elder teen melted right out of the shadows into his path.

“Good morning, Harry. You’re looking well.” Tom’s grin was salacious as he eyed Harry up and down with obvious intent.

Harry blushed and returned a flustered, “Tom! I didn’t see you—hey, err…good morning. Thank you. You look good too.” Tom’s eyes danced with amusement, and he urged Harry into step beside him with a hand pressed to the boy’s lower back as he spoke.

“I took the liberty of grabbing you breakfast so we could spend some time before the first bell. Join me upstairs?”

Harry opened his mouth, and shut it again at the meaningful eyebrow Tom raised, looking pointedly down at him—practically daring argument. “…sure…do I get to know what I’m eating?”

“Grilled cheese, strawberry milk, and a banana—for practice…” Tom licked his lips and smirked as that last one tweaked Harry on the nose, and he steered his boy swiftly through the school halls and up the first flight of stairs with all the grace of a blind guide.

For Harry wasn’t looking where he was going anymore as he spluttered up at Tom’s handsomely wicked profile.

“Of all the—m-maybe I don’t like bananas! And what practice?!” Harry knew he was hissing a loud fit, but there weren’t any other students travelling their way yet, being that the majority were either just arriving or eating in the dining hall. So he was less careful about his indignity.

“I thought you wanted to *please* me, Harry. Just like I *please* you.” Tom’s voice was low and patently suggestive as they continued ascending the stairs all the way to the 7th floor.

Harry’s face glowed permanently red by this point, and Tom thought he looked fetching—much like a sweet cherry begging to be bitten.

They finally reached *The Secret Chamber*, and Harry grumbled under his breath as Tom withdrew the key and pulled him inside, closing and locking the door in short order.

Tom turned the light switch up, from dim to bright enough that Harry didn’t have to squint to make out any shapes.

Tom wandered over to the couch, depositing Harry’s breakfast bag on the coffee table and gracefully reclining, indicating Harry sit wherever he pleased and dig in. As Harry dropped his backpack on the floor and hovered, instead of immediately sitting down, Tom leaned forward and said, “If you want to sit in my lap, I won’t object. In fact—I insist.”

Tom leaned back and pat his leg invitingly, wondering if Harry would get over his reticence and actually take him up.

Harry was nothing if not opportunistically bold when the moments came.

True to form—his boy fidgeted and swallowed visibly, before inhaling shakily and perching himself gingerly on Tom's lap. Tom immediately snaked his arms around Harry's middle and pressed a warm kiss to the nape of Harry's neck.

Harry leaned forward to grab the breakfast bag, and he moaned softly as Tom's body shifted beneath to accommodate his motion, aligning Tom's crotch with his arse and nearly causing Harry to drop the bag he'd only just grabbed due to the developing bulge he could feel *nudging* at him.

Harry opened the bag and leaned his full weight against Tom's chest, smiling as he felt it rise and fall in time with his own. Thankfully, Tom was actually content to simply hold Harry and allow the boy to take his time munching on all Tom had gathered for him.

Harry had started with the sandwich, and mid-bite, he screwed the cap off the milk and took a swig.

"Mmm…," Harry swallowed and craned his neck to stare up at Tom, "How'd you know I like strawberry? Also, this sandwich isn't bad. Didn't you want anything?"

Tom chuckled and tightened his arms minutely around Harry's waist, snuggling them more comfortably together, "I rarely eat on the morning side. I find it doesn't agree with me before mental exercises."

Harry chewed his bottom lip and took another bite from his rapidly disappearing sandwich. "That's odd…you're not really grown yet. Shouldn't you get more nourishment?"

Tom's voice was a sultry rumble in his chest, "What *nourishes* me would take longer than the minutes we have left to *fully devour*."

Harry's chewing slowed down markedly as he considered what Tom had said, and after a beat, he began to choke on his mouthful for the insinuations being made.

Tom slapped Harry's back firmly and urged Harry to drink the strawberry milk to clear his airways.

"Tom! *Cough*—damn…you—*cough*—trying to kill me?" Harry wheezed, and he drained the milk and beat his chest, breathing hard as his body relaxed at last and he no longer felt like he was being strangled.

"I apologize if I startled you. It was only the truth. You nourish me far more than any simple snack, and I'd sooner have you sliding down my throat than anything else."

Tom's voice was so serious that Harry felt stupidly flattered, even as he admitted the ludicrousness of such a belief.

Harry wrapped up the last of the sandwich and dropped it back into the bag alongside the empty milk bottle, wordlessly procuring the banana and deciding to give Tom the show he so obviously wanted.

In for a penny—

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Tom was questioning the wisdom of giving Harry that banana.

Initially, he was half-teasing about the practice—because really, it was cliché…no matter how effective. How was he to assume Harry, his darling boy, would take all of his words so directly to heart and attempt to actually utilize the phallic fruit he'd been so quick to hand him for such devious purposes.

If there was a word for Tom's frustration at this point, it would be *distraught*.

There were less than 15 minutes left before the bell was set to ring, and Harry had gotten him all keyed up with the *innocent fellating* of that *damnable* fruit whilst sitting in his lap—bottom brushing against Tom's swelling hard-on repeatedly, and paying no mind to the hardness being purposefully ground into his cleft as he leveled his focus on the banana.

Harry carefully held the banana with both hands—widening his mouth and pushing it deeper until it bumped the back of his throat, before sliding it out to the tip along his tongue and languidly repeating the process again and again, with fervor.

Tom had been right about it being practice. He was improving his gag reflex. On every pass of the sweet, soft fruit over his palate, Harry thought about Tom's more substantial girth filling his mouth, and he redoubled his efforts to do a good job sucking it properly.

The banana lacked the weight of Tom's dick, but it did easily simulate the notion of something *long* and *fleshy* being introduced to his mouth and throat. He had to treat it delicately so as not to accidentally mush it.

Harry could feel a naughty smirk tugging at the stretched corner of his mouth, and he moved his arse purposely against Tom's lap, wiggling in such way that he knew Tom was growing hot and bothered beneath him.

It was evident in the tightening of those arms around him and the quickening rise and fall of Tom's chest at his back.

He half expected Tom to snatch away the banana at any moment, demanding Harry put his mouth to far better use, even as they were being timed by the morning bell.

At the sound of a harshly released exhalation and a particularly adamant thrusting of Tom's crotch against his arse, Harry moaned (rather lewdly) and finally bit down on the banana, effectively castrating it at the halfway point in his mouth.

He could feel Tom settling down beneath him at last, and he chewed his mouthful of sweet fruit and stared up at Tom with partially dilated emerald orbs, open wide and curious to see the full effect his *practice* had had.

"*Harry…*" Tom groused, glaring mildly at his boy as Harry blinked and swallowed, before chomping down the last of the banana and dropping the hull into the bag with the remains of the breakfast Tom had so graciously provided him. Harry used one of the napkins to wipe his mouth of any lingering residue, and he wadded it up with all the trash in the bag.

"Tom?"

Harry's voice was altogether too sweet. Tom constricted his arms, locking Harry tightly to his body, and he spoke with a muffled voice into the underside of his boy's jaw as he licked a wet trail up Harry's neck and sucked a softly burning red hickey into the peach skin.

"Be thankful I am a scholar and have a reputation to maintain. Otherwise, you would be playing truant for the remainder of your Hogwarts tenure."

Harry laughed and playfully tilted his neck this way and that, attempting to dislodge the parasite intent upon leaving a claiming mark on his fresh flesh.

"You started this. Should've grabbed an—*aah...hah*—apple."

"Don't make me fuck you." Tom menacingly nipped Harry with his teeth and reluctantly let his impish boy up as the first bell rang loud and clear through the school.

"Promises, promises…alas, we haven't the time." Harry's voice was practically a sing-song, and he snatched his school bag up off the floor and made a break for the door as Tom narrowed his eyes in affront, and mock lunged at the mischievous creature he'd unleashed.

As the door slammed after Harry's departure, Tom groaned and ran a hand through his perfect hair, temporarily mussing the ink black, loosely curling locks, and grinning slyly as they fell back into place.

It wasn't altogether required that he make homeroom, but his Professor did prefer he at least show his face for roll call before skulking off to do independent study in whatever nook he decided to inhabit for the duration of his studies.

It was simple courtesy.

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Tom excused himself from homeroom directly after roll call, begging off the unnecessary week's review session and stating his need to visit Professor Slughorn on the 2nd floor about an important matter pertaining to his academic obligations.

He was intercepted on the stairs halfway to his destination by the resident art teacher, carrying an armload of supplies she would certainly drop if he didn't intervene. "Goodness me—Mr. Riddle! Thank you ever so kindly. Fancy running into you here."

Tom smiled serenely down at Professor Trelawney, who was known as the teacher with the emptiest credit class at Hogwarts, being that her class was so creatively unspecific and you'd have to be half dead and severely handicapped to get anything less than an A—for any effort, whatsoever.

Tom recalled having her his freshman year, and although he wasn't much for the application of creative arts, he didn't fail to charm her with his feigned enthusiasm for her subject and his especially esoteric arts projects.

She never could understand just why he discontinued the course after the mandatory first year, since she thought he had so much untapped creative potential.

This had been said more than once with a wistful sigh, until Tom merely humored her with a humble smile and allowed her to wax on without any actual input on his behalf.

She wasn't intolerable, but Tom had far more interesting things to devote his time to outside of the required curriculum's coursework—especially now.

Tom followed her with his portion of the load down to the end of the 3rd floor hallway, where her eccentrically decorated classroom door stood apart, a beacon to any marginally artistically inclined student at Hogwarts—or the less inclined lazy students looking for an easy A.

Tom could at least appreciate her eye for aesthetically interesting designs, not altogether mirrored by her hippie-esque wardrobe of ankle length skirts, sheer colorful scarves and bangles and baubles of all kinds hanging from her hair, ears, and shirt respectively.

Also…those glasses did no favors and made her eyes look comically over magnified.

"And we've arrived. You can bring those inside and put them in the supply room on the top shelf. That's a dear." Trelawney floated over to her desk and deposited implements from her arms here and there upon its surface, before traveling to the wall of windows and placing an odd figurine on each sill beside growing flowers and leafy vined potted plants.

Tom did as he was bid, and returned from the supply room empty handed to see her standing in front of a student's easel with a contemplative smile on her face.

Half curious—Tom went to stand beside her and see what had caught her attention so readily.

His eyes landed on a singularly entrancing sight. "…that is an interesting piece."

"Yes, I thought so too and that is what I said to him." Trelawney's eyes travelled here and there over the issued canvas, and Tom couldn't help but ask, "Whose work is this?"

"A new student from my freshman class, such a darling, troubled dear. I never hear him speak much; he just does the work and keeps to himself. We only just started expressions. This is his first finished piece."

Tom felt something tug within his chest, and he murmured, "This student…would it happen to be *Harry Potter*?"

Trelawney looked from the piece to Tom, both eyebrows raised in surprise. “Why yes, it was. Mr. Potter is rather good at improvising on the spot, and when allowed, this is what he came up with. I don’t think he thought much of it at the time, but he did seem to enjoy the process.”

“Fascinating…truly fascinating.”

The painting was of an albino lion, stretched out lazily, asleep on its’ stomach with a large, beautifully shining onyx scaled anaconda sized snake slithering up to coil around and around its body in a sinister, strangely intimate embrace.

Tom wasn’t sure if the snake was supposed to be killing the lion, but somehow…he doubted it. The lion looked as peaceful as anything, and the attention to detail was remarkable.

The snake’s head was turned partially so its serpentine, ruby red eyes glared out from the canvas, and its mouth was open wide, baring vicious fangs to the viewer.

Without knowing quite why, Tom smiled—and he mentally reserved the image in his mind to ask Harry about later. His boy was talented. Lions and snakes…it was very whimsical. He quite enjoyed learning of Harry’s hidden depths.

He wondered what else was buried beneath the surface.

After saying his polite goodbyes to Professor Trelawney, who insisted he swing by for visits more often—saying Tom was always welcome in her class, even if only for relieving stress after so much academic pressure, Tom generously accepted her invite and promised to keep it in mind for any unforeseen future points.

“Just out of curiosity, what period do you have Harry?”

Tom’s voice was neutral, but his ears were keen as Trelawney responded off hand, “He comes during the 3rd block.”

Tom nodded, committing that tidbit of information to his mental Harry file, and finally exiting the room in pursuit of his original destination. Homeroom was nearly over—Professor Slughorn would be expecting Tom any minute.

He did say first thing.

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“Always punctual, my boy. I do wish you all the best in your work with Mr. Potter.”

Tom formally accepted the all-important copied lesson plans and a pad of parental slips from Professor Slughorn. “Thank you, sir. I will do my utmost to ensure his future successes.”

And with a polite nod, he left the man’s classroom.

Now it was off to prepare for the classes he actually must attend. He'd left the majority of his school books stored away in *The Secret Chamber* along with his school bag, because he tended to finish the majority of his assignments during school hours, rather than take any unnecessary work home.

He had ten minutes before the 2nd period bell, and he'd be able to make it with time to spare to Professor Snape's AP-Organic Chemistry class. They weren't in the lab today, so he was anticipating a quiz, as per the usual course.

And that particular teacher was among the few who didn't put Tom on any kind of pedestal, therefore, Tom was required to keep on his toes in that class.

It didn't help that AP-Organics wasn't an easy subject. It posed a reasonable challenge, even to his dexterous mind.

But of course, Tom still made it his business to excel in the class—and his Professor, for all his stoicism, did respect his work ethic. Just don't let Tom not show up for any class without being on his death bed, or otherwise severely incapacitated.

Academic wet dream or not, Professor Snape would make his time in class a veritable nightmare in retaliation for the slight.

This was known.

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Harry had a notion as he sat in Art class behind a fresh easel, listening to Professor Trelawney go on about finding your inner center and expressing your heart in the most vivid way possible on the canvas medium.

He'd never really had any overt experience with Art as a subject in his previous school, but he did doodle consistently decent pictures of all manner of things in the margins of his textbooks, much to the verbalized horror of Hermione—bless her bookworm soul, when she'd seen it and berated Harry about defacing important texts—right before commenting on how very decent the offending doodles were.

It wasn't something he took seriously in any sense, but it did soothe him, putting pencil to paper and drawing line upon line until he coaxed an image onto a medium.

It had been a while since he'd indulged this particular hobby though, and as out of practice as he was, he was rather surprised that his artwork came out as well done as it did in Professor Trelawney's class. Especially seeing as he was working with acrylic paint in tandem with provided charcoal pencils more than just doodling with No.2 lead.

He was actually quite adept at creating Art.

And yes—he enjoyed the process.

Huh…go figure.

“You may now begin your next assignment. I want you to create something that represents something very special to you. It could be a thing, concept, or even a person for those of you inclined to portraits. The harder it is to express, the more worthy it will be of rendering on canvas.”

Trelawney drifted through the room from easel to easel, smiling as her students each began choosing their implements with concentrated expressions.

She paused behind Harry as he stared blankly at the white canvas without moving an inch.

“Take your time…it doesn’t have to be immediate. Search your soul for what is most important at this time in your life. Dig deep and draw it out…there are no wrong answers.”

Trelawney brushed his shoulder gently and moved on.

Harry contemplated the canvas in silence, wheels turning slowly over a developing concept in his mind. The airy voice of the girl next to him interrupted his thought process and brought him back to the present with a jolt.

“Your aura is fluctuating most beautifully…I would like to paint it for this project. Would that be alright?”

Harry stared at his neighboring classmate and raised an eyebrow, not only for her appearance, but for the fact he was being outright addressed. “Err…come again?”

A dreamy smile pulled at her glossy pink lips, and the morning sunlight streaming through the windows behind them glimmered on the surface of her overlarge, yet somehow eccentrically suitable radish shaped earrings.

Her hair was long and dirty blonde with platinum highlights, interspersed with braids woven around colorful ribbons that added to the overall beatific effect of her. Her eyes reminded him of quicksilver, and they shone like moonlight.

“Your aura—the colors comprising your soul, they fluctuate wonderfully. I haven’t quite seen anything like it before. I should very much like to render it this project.”

Harry still wasn’t too certain what she was on about, but it sounded harmless—therefore, he replied with a sheepish smile, “Whatever suits you. I don’t mind.”

She seemed to glow in satisfaction for his response before turning to face her canvas with a calmly determined expression. “I’m Luna by the way. Luna Lovegood.”

Harry tilted his head and glanced sideways at her, to find her staring back once again.

A slight, happy flush warmed his cheeks, and he pleasantly returned, “Harry…Harry Potter—it’s good to meet you.”

“Likewise, Harry. I’m sure we’ll be good friends.”

Harry knew he was grinning stupidly at this point, but he couldn’t stop the elation filling his chest, making the world seem that much brighter. “I’d like that very much, Luna.”

And so, they began to work in companionable silence on their separate works.

With his focus drawn back to the canvas, Harry’s mind flitted easily back to his chosen subject matter, and he set about sketching Tom’s face in profile…carefully rendering each fine line with all the elegance such handsomeness demanded.

He hoped he could get it right.

Maybe he should have Tom sit for him later on as he sketched a more accurate rough draft. It could only help.

Harry’s thoughts faded into the background as Tom came slowly to life on the canvas before him. His exuberant grin for Luna had faded into something smaller, more tender and poignant with every stroke of charcoal against the canvas.

By the time he made it to the eyes, Harry could no longer look away, so deep was his concentration.

The inevitable ringing of the bell brought Harry out of his self-induced trance some time later, and he blinked and covered his canvas with a protective cloth. He only had Art on Monday and Friday, so he’d be able to finish touching it up on Monday, adding those ever important splashes of color to the portrait.

It didn’t even occur to him that Tom was a rather well-known personage, and therefore would be recognized once Harry completed his assignment.

He was only concerned with following his heart, which instinctively beat loud for Tom.

Harry exited the Art room with a courteous goodbye to Professor Trelawney, and he started as Luna Lovegood came up beside him, latching onto his arm with casual indifference, causing him to readjust his backpack on both his shoulders.

“What’s your next period Harry?” Luna asked, following him nonetheless as he made his way down the hall to his next class on the same floor.

“English Lit. 101, with Professor Flitwick,” Harry replied, smiling as Luna chirped, “We’re going the same way. How fortuitous.”

“Isn’t it? How come I haven’t seen you around since the beginning of school?” Harry was very curious because there was no way he could’ve missed seeing someone like her in any of his classes.

“I’ve been traveling with my father to exotic animal reserves all over Europe since the beginning of this past summer. We only made it back to town this week. Today’s my first day back at school.”

Harry nodded—they were nearly of a height, with Luna being a couple inches shorter than Harry, and he looked down into her guileless eyes as they made it to Professor Flitwick's door.

"Makes sense. I've traveled around a bit as well. Have you always lived near Hogwarts?"

Luna smiled serenely, "Oh yes…I went to Hogwarts Elementary and Middle school. It was quite an experience. Children are very odd."

Harry laughed softly as they entered the classroom and both sat next to each other in desks near the back of the class.

"You speak as though you are so much older."

Luna's eyes sparkled with humor as she readily admitted, "I'm one of the eldest in our year. I'll be sixteen in February—on the day right before Valentines."

Harry was gaping in mild disbelief. "You're almost as old as Tom…how come you're a freshman?"

Luna smiled easily, "Late start in kindergarten. Mommy didn't want to let go and Daddy humored her too long."

Harry shook his head, "It must've been awkward starting out late." Luna laughed, an affectionate tinkle, "Oh no, I didn't mind. Gave me more time to catch faeries in the back yard, it did. They are ever so temperamental."

Harry blinked, not able to tell if she was being serious or not, and finally he just sighed good naturedly and said, "I'm sure they are."

Professor Flitwick entered the room and cleared his throat. He was a pleasant looking, dwarflike fellow, and Harry did enjoy his class quite a bit—even if he tended to stay in the background and just quietly complete his assignments.

He was fairly confident in English. And Literature was a subject he held some fondness for. Maybe not to Hermione's level, but he enjoyed certain classics.

"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." Professor Flitwick's voice carried over the class with a particular intonation. "A quote from Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. Who would like to expound upon its meaning?"

Luna raised her hand languidly, as if to catch some floating particle in the air. "Ms. Lovegood, how wonderful to see you again. I trust your travels were enlightening?"

"Naturally, Professor…but it is good to be home again." Luna folded her hands together atop the desk as Professor Flitwick beamed, positively delighted by her response, "Too right, too right. What do you make of this quote? What meaning is Shakespeare trying to impart to his audience?"

“In matters of the heart, some love is straightforward and without complication. However, there are those tricky loves which spring not from normalcy but deviation from the norm. Also known as fate or facilitated providence.”

The Professor nodded, voicing his agreement with Luna’s concise sentiments, and a lively discussion about the efficacy of plot devices stemming from both Cupid’s arrows and Cupid’s traps, respectively, was started up amongst the class.

Harry took notes and enjoyed listening to the genuinely expressive discourse.

He wasn’t shy…per se…but he was slowly assimilating into Hogwarts, and now, with a new interesting friend that wouldn’t immediately give his mother an aneurysm.

“Do you live anywhere near Godric Street?” Harry whispered to Luna under his breath, and swallowed against his growing excitement as she answered to the affirmative. “I’m just the next street over, second house on the right. You can’t miss it. It’s fairly eccentric.”

“Fantastic. Err…would it be too soon to invite you for dinner?”

Luna’s resulting smile could fuel a small city all by itself. Harry felt rather stupid for the way his own mouth couldn’t seem to stop grinning either. *What was he, a grade schooler?*

“Dinner sounds lovely. What time should I be there?”

Harry hummed softly and weighed his options, “I suppose six-ish would be good. Mom is usually finished cooking by seven, but I’m sure she won’t mind you hanging about. She’ll definitely like you.”

Luna sighed airily and tilted her head with a smile, twirling a colorful braid around her index finger. “I’m sure we’ll get along smashingly.”

And that was that. Harry had an engagement with a girl in his grade. This should satisfy all of his mother’s criteria for finding a friend, and it was painless really.

Huh.

He wondered if Tom would like Luna.

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There was a disturbance in the force.

Tom narrowed his eyes and scanned the packed dining hall he had walked into during that stretch of time between 11:45AM and 12:30PM—allotted at the 4th block for juniors and some freshmen classes to break for lunch.

He couldn't pinpoint the source of his instinctive tensing, but it was here…somewhere.

Tom grabbed a tray and went to the self-serve bar, on edge as he filled his plate with some kind of zesty salad mixture, pita crackers, and a chilled bottle of guava juice.

Turning away from the bar, his eyes gravitated to the red tie freshmen seated largely on the right side of the room in various clusters. An unwarranted flash of colors invaded his peripherals, and he at last pinpointed the nature of the disturbance.

It was Harry—his boy, uncharacteristically gesticulating with lots of unnecessary hand movements to some—*vividly decorated girl,* who was staring at him unblinkingly and chewing idly on a carrot, with far too much fondness shining in her silvery eyes.

What. The. Fuck?

Tom's left eyebrow had crept to his hairline, disbelieving what his eyes were relaying to his brain—and an agitated tick developed in his tightly clenched jaw.

Wait one damn minute. Who and what the hell was this?

His feet carried him automatically to a corner table with an unobstructed view of the two cozy young people, and Tom felt an ugly, knotted, gnarled and *twisted thing* unfurling rapidly in his abdomen—further souring his murdered appetite.

Outwardly, he was still as ice on a winter lake. Eyes sharp and deadly, trained like a sniper rifle on the target of his kindling madness.

Harry…Harry…*Harry*.

"He's mine." Tom barely heard the words fall from his lips as he vengefully untwisted the cap on his guava juice and took a long, slow drag—never for a second allowing his eyes to navigate from Harry and *that girl* socializing across the way.

He felt like he should recognize her. His brain was firing off synapses in violent succession to put a name to that face.

Lora…Linda…Loony—Luna! He remembered. It was a vague recollection, but there. He'd heard about her in passing through stories and idiotic anecdotes of children in all their growing pains and accountings of their peer centric, inadvertently cruel behaviors.

Many times in Hogwarts Middle School especially, Luna *Lovegood*—he recalled the fullness of her name—had been the subject of ridiculous pranks by students she paid little mind to, but always seemed to get duped by in one way or another.

Eventually such behavior died down due to her own lack of offended response and taking in stride every discrepancy involving the misplacement of her personal items and other effects throughout the school. Her missing things always popped up in the strangest of places, provoking pitiful laughter amongst her mentally deficient peers.

Tom could remember feeling mildly disgusted but unsurprised by the randomness of tales involving her misadventures which traipsed their way through his otherwise apathetic ears.

He was two grades above her, even though they were close age-wise, and he'd had no actual dealings with the girl besides being privy to the irritating gossip surrounding her.

It was enough to make him grit his teeth and bite down hard on a pita chip.

It was good that none of his direct classmates were in circulation at this point, because Tom's poker face had developed many disturbing cracks along the surface of his generally impenetrable mask.

And Harry was laughing again. *What could possibly be so amusing? Harry hadn't laughed like that around him.*

That disgusting mass curling in his abdomen grew claws and began scratching at his stomach lining, provoking bile to travel up his esophagus, burning at his throat.

This was intolerable.

Before making the conscious decision, Tom was out of his seat, dumping his untouched salad and the remaining pita chips and guava juice in the trash like so much terrible waste.

He couldn't have possibly eaten any of it in his present state. Also…Harry hadn't noticed him once.

There was a definite pang in his chest region, and Tom exited the dining hall with an expression of distaste and bitterness sharpening knives against his vocal chords.

It was ridiculous. It was painful. It was utterly *intolerable* for him to be feeling this way.

Harry…Harry…*Harry Potter*...Luna.

Wretched girl—vile creature…he would sooner snap her neck than allow another scene like the one he'd just witnessed to occur in front of his eyes.

His boy was being led astray…by a miniature siren playing at sugary innocence, whispering sweet nothings in his delicate ears.

All that unnecessary laughter…those giggles…that lack of distance—*when the hell—and how…?*

Tom would get to the base of this and rip it out by the roots.

He would see that planted sentiment burnt to ash and scatter it to the winds off a high ledge overlooking toxic waste.

It was with such warm and fuzzy thoughts that Tom began to plot for the eventuality of monopolizing Harry during 5th and 6th period for their first official tutoring sessions. Beyond teaching his boy, he was pretty much done with his classes for the day—Friday's study block

came 6th period, and AP-English at 5th didn't require his presence. He and Professor Gillian Moore had an accord about his assignments and so long as he was around for tests, she was fine with his absences.

Tom was an excellent student. His teachers had no need to worry that he was getting up to anything nefarious during his freed up time. Of course, he was only enriching his mind in ways mere classroom drudgery couldn't afford him.

Presently—he needed to pay Professor Vector a visit to get her lesson plans, before this lunch period ended and she began her next class.

So much to get done…so few sharp objects.

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After lunch, Harry and Luna parted ways, still buzzing with laughter over anecdotes of Harry's other friends—Hermione and Neville, whom he'd been too long separated from.

Luna was a good listener and enjoyed the way Harry became livelier when discussing the exploits of his closest former compatriots.

Although she had the niggling sensation of being sent hostile vibes, she studiously ignored the poison being directed at her person and instead gave Harry her full attention. He was a friend she had made herself without the stigma of her younger years being attached to their meeting.

It was immeasurably relieving to have such a clean slate to build upon with someone.

Luna would let no ominous chills interrupt her bonding with her new friend. Harry was such a peach. It was no surprise there was likely a jealous bug hovering in the background, wanting to sting her.

Luna took all of this in stride and merely fingered her lucky braids and trusted in her hidden amulets to ward off any untoward disasters.

She was as safe as safe could be, this she knew without a doubt.

Daddy always did say Mommy was watching over her from Pandora's Box in the sky, ready to unleash hell and destruction upon any who would dare threaten her darling Lunar Moon.

And Luna believed in that, undoubtedly. It was how she remained upbeat and cheerful even after her Mother's passing during 5th grade.

No grumpy Gus would frighten her away from making a connection.

Now way—no how.

She was covered and fully assured.

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Harry was having a wonderful day.

The sun was out, the sky was clear, the weather was breezy, the birds were singing, and he'd made a new friend. He'd also invited said friend to dinner that evening.

Oh dear…he hoped his mother wouldn't be too frazzled. It wasn't another Tom. Which could only save the house from spontaneous combustion.

Just the notion of multiple Toms made Harry grin in amusement and school his features upon reaching the door to Professor Slughorn's 5th block class, from which he'd been largely excused to be tutored by an enthusiastic Tom Riddle.

"Mr. Potter, what a surprise. I didn't expect to see you this period."

Professor Slughorn greeted him coming in the door with a raised eyebrow. Harry shrugged beneath the weight of his backpack, and said sheepishly, "We haven't agreed on a meeting place today…I figured I'd wait until he showed up or something."

Harry could only assume Tom would set up in *The Secret Chamber*, but he didn't want to be overly presumptuous.

After all, the older boy did have supposedly unparalleled access to the school. And they did have to actually study at some point.

Still hovering near the doorway, Harry had his back turned when a familiar hand landed on his shoulder. "Good afternoon, Professor." Tom had impeccable timing and Professor Slughorn smiled for his entrance.

"Afternoon, Tom. I reckon you're here for your charge. Do have patience with him and take it slow. The next quiz won't be for two weeks, as per the lesson plan. You've plenty time to drill the foundations."

Tom's smile was razor sharp, and he squeezed Harry's shoulder, stepping up behind the boy until there was very little space between them.

"I will take that under advisement, sir. Harry will be well prepared by the time you give your next assessment."

Professor Slughorn nodded, satisfied. "Very well, off you go now. I look forward to seeing this progress."

Harry gave an aborted wave to Professor Slughorn, unable to get out another word of goodbye before Tom was hauling him out of the room and into the hallway again.

Predictably, they made for the stairs. Tom's arm was around his shoulders, and Harry winced for the tightness of Tom's hand gripping him.

"Err…everything alright? You seem different…"

Harry bit his lip for the understatement, Tom was radiating a kind of palpable dissatisfaction in the way he stared straight ahead, keeping hold of Harry, but not looking at the boy directly at any point. It was off putting, when Harry was so used to those hazel eyes sparking as they devoured him from head to toe.

"How observant of you—tell me, has anything noteworthy happened today?"

Tom was still not looking at him, but Harry knew the sound of a leading question when he heard one. He just wasn't sure where this was going.

"Not particularly…I don't think so. Why? Did I miss something?"

Tom's eyes flashed, and Harry swallowed audibly as they paused at the top of the 4th floor staircase, and Tom pinned him with a *look.* "Are you certain nothing has happened? Think, Harry. Have you made any new…*attachments* lately?"

Harry did not like the way Tom said that word—like you would *cockroach* if you saw one crawl out of your ice cream bowl.

His brain struggled to make the connection from that word to Tom, and suddenly a light flickered on. Uncertainly he mentioned, "…well…there is this girl, Luna. We became friends today. Apparently she was out of town before and didn't start the school year on time…which is why we'd never met until today…"

Tom went very still, and he turned away from Harry, pulling the boy along with him down a hidden side corridor, near the gymnasium but not quite there.

Harry yelped as he was practically thrown into an unfamiliar room, with three vacant, curtained off white sheeted beds lined against a wall.

"The old infirmary. Nurse Pomphrey moved to a larger one closer to the major sports field last year. This one is abandoned except in emergencies." Tom said all this while loosening his tie and stalking forward into Harry's space, until he had the boy backed against the side of the nearest bed, obscured partially behind a curtain.

"W-what are you—Ah!" Harry fell backwards and hit the mattress in shock as Tom gave his chest a firm push. The older teen was on him instantly, pinning his arms to the bed with both hands on his wrists, hovering with one leg bent at the knee against the mattress and the other stretched out planting his foot on the floor still.

"You've tried my patience. I should punish you for this…*Harry*…" Tom's voice was a dangerously low, rumbling tone, hissing sibilantly around his name—and Harry dry

swallowed as his stomach filled with heady arousal and anticipatory butterflies…fluttering madly, eager to be destroyed by the bonfire licking and biting visible hickies in patterns down his throat.

Tom's teeth raked over his Adam's apple, as though threatening to rip Harry's neck open, and Harry moaned for the tongue which followed, roughly lapping at the skin.

"Nnghaaa….Tom…aah…" Harry struggled ineffectually against Tom's hands pinning him down, and he inhaled sharply as Tom's grip tightened, right before an almost violent suction was applied to the base of his throat. Harry knew without seeing it that there'd be a visible mark.

After what felt like an age of Tom leaving angry red marks on Harry's neck and throat at varying intervals, Harry released a breathless sigh, and Tom raised up to critically inspect his handiwork.

Tom's grip on his wrists loosened enough for Harry to dislodge the older boy from his person, and he was left leveraging himself against the bed instead of near crushing Harry's bones with his tight fingers.

"What possessed you…haa…to do this?!" Harry's gasped with flushed cheeks, and his eyes were shining manically, demanding answers, as Tom stared impassively down at him—temporarily mollified by the obvious marking of his territory.

"You were laughing. All wrapped up in *her*...when you never should have not noticed…I was *there."* Tom's cold anger and frustration was apparent in the flaring of his nostrils and the narrowing of his red tinged, hazel eyes.

He was stunning in his turbulence. Harry couldn't help but be awed, even as he slowly deciphered Tom's words and applied them to his sudden comradery with Luna.

"You were in the dining hall…weren't you?" Harry spoke slowly, deliberately, and took the clenching in Tom's jaw as an affirmative—even as his heart leapt in his chest for the absurdity of Tom's visceral reaction.

"…my mother urged me to make friends with some classmates. Luna was there. She was easy to talk to. I enjoyed her company."

Harry tried to avert his eyes as the malice he saw glinting in Tom's own made him shiver and feel unaccountably nervous, as though he'd committed some terrible sin in his admissions.

Tom's fingers gripped his chin and forced him to maintain eye contact with the older teen, and Harry's lips parted in apprehensive wonder as Tom spoke, dead serious and severe.

"I do not care. She is not suitable. Find someone less irksome to *please* your mother. There are many students in your class. Roll the dice and pick one."

Harry frowned, exasperated by the demand. "You talk as though I'm at a supermarket with friends stacked on the shelves to be picked at will. I'm not sociable as all that."

Tom tilted his head, considering, before he responded, “I can help. Pick someone less troublesome out for you. I am familiar with a great many faces in Hogwarts.”

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed, wincing as Tom tightened his grip on Harry’s chin, warningly, “That’s not how you make friends. Also, I’ve already invited her to dinner this evening.”

“Cancel.”

Tom’s order was instant, and colder than the Artic.

Harry narrowed his eyes, two emeralds shining through slits framed by ebony lashes. “No. That would be horribly rude. I told you. I enjoyed her company. I like her.”

Harry didn’t think Tom would hurt him, but he wouldn’t deny the lance of fear he felt when Tom ceased hovering and lunged—until their lips were clashing in a violent kiss, made rougher by the nip of Tom’s teeth to his lips, forcing them open on a gasp and facilitating the forceful entrance of Tom’s tongue into his mouth, *moving*, *panting*, *struggling* to keep up.

Harry supposed this was what jealousy looked like up close and personal.

It wasn’t nearly as cute as the stories made it out.

It was furious, and *scorching*, and impossible to get away from. He couldn’t breathe…he couldn’t think. His hands clawed urgently at Tom’s chest even as Tom ignored his pawing and continued trying to integrate into Harry’s body by means of plundering his tender mouth.

Finally, when Harry was seeing spots from oxygen deprivation, Tom drew away from his lips on a harsh, wet gasp.

Both their chests were heaving, and their lips were swollen and alternately bitten from the unexpected, violent onslaught.

“Haaa….haa…haaa…hah…you can’t just—force me…nghaa…to throw away…Luna…”

“She’s bad for you. You cannot have her.”

Harry groaned and frowned, utterly dismayed, “That…haa…is not your decision to make, Tom.”

“I should be enough. I am enough.”

“My mother wants me to be more social. She isn’t fond of…*us*….”

Harry could have laughed for the understatement of the year, but he didn’t really want to antagonize Tom further for no good reason.

“Luna is not your replacement.”

Tom’s snort was derisive. “Of course not. Even still—you cannot have her.”

Harry reached up and ran gentle fingers through Tom's perfect hair—bringing the taller, older, more volatile teen closer with a tug, until their foreheads were pressed together.

"Tom…*listen*. I want to be able to spend lots of time with you. Having Luna makes weekend absences more plausible, and my mother will not object to Luna the way she does to you."

Harry smiled teasingly as Tom stared at him, unblinking.

"Also, I have a feeling you and Luna might actually hit it off…if you attempt to be any kind of civil with her. She's really nice…"

Tom raised a disbelieving eyebrow. Harry laughed softly and pecked him on the lips.

"Come on. Give her a shot. My mom would know if I brought someone I didn't like home, and she'd question it. With Luna, I don't have to pretend. It's always better when I'm not trying to act."

Tom didn't like it. He didn't accept it.

But his boy was earnest…and stupidly reasonable.

"…I don't like her. I don't want her near you."

There was the whole crux of things. Harry sighed, "Can you honestly say you'd like *anyone* in particular with me instead?"

Tom paused, blinked, and seriously thought that over.

The obvious answer was no. Hell no. He didn't share…ever.

What came out of Tom's mouth instead of the bald truth was a rather petulant, "I could find someone more suitable. I'm sure."

Harry's eyes shone with affectionate humor. "Sure you could. I have every faith in that. Even so, I'm sticking with Luna. Unless she turns psycho."

The unspoken–*like you*—went sailing above their heads into the ventilation system, completely unacknowledged.

"Now…am I ever going to do any actual studying, or will you doom me to be stupid forever?"

Tom rolled his eyes and slid back out of Harry's space, standing to tower over his boy with a resigned look as he redid and tightened his uniform tie.

"We'll study on the 7th floor. Better ambiance and tables."

Harry sat up from the bed and allowed Tom to pull him to his feet. He touched his neck, remembering the hickies and said, "I can't go home like this."

Tom smirked, “I’ll lend you my scarf. It’s windy enough.”

Harry frowned, “That does nothing for me in school. Wearing a scarf indoors would be dumb.”

Tom arched a sly brow. “Why would I give you marks at school if I didn’t want you to show them off here?” Harry colored and hissed crossly under his breath, dodging around Tom to rifle through the nurse’s cabinets in search of bandages.

When he found some he groaned in relief.

“You arse…help me wrap up.”

Tom crossed his arms and tilted his head, regarding Harry with triumphant amusement. “I’m sure you can manage that on your own, since you’re so set on covering up.”

Harry glared. “It would look suspicious if I came out of a tutoring session with marks all over my neck and a teacher just happened to see.”

Tom shrugged. “They’d have no proof—only speculation. You could’ve been mauled in the restroom.”

Harry’s eyebrow twitched and he pocketed the bandages with an irritated huff. He internally vowed to visit the restroom to apply them in the mirror at the first opportunity, since Tom wanted to be a smug bastard.

“I knew you’d see it my way. Come along darling, we have Chemistry and Arithmetic drills to do.”

Harry pouted, but followed Tom out of the old infirmary without another word, turning his collar up self-consciously and being thankful that 5th period was still in progress, meaning, few if any straggling students were about to see the duo.

Apparently, he’d be wearing a turtle neck to dinner.

Awesome. Really fantastic.

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Once Harry and Tom were settled at a cleared table in *The Secret Chamber*, Tom made good on his offer to teach. Harry was shocked that he was actually a competent tutor.

He somehow figured Tom would be more impatient. But Tom knew his stuff, and he knew how to break it all down.

If Harry ignored the wandering eyes and cocky smirks aimed at his still exposed neck, he could settle snugly into the mindset of a diligent student…who just happened to be being felt up periodically under the table by his tutor.

Huh.

Gentle rub. Verbal correction. *Squeeze*. G*rope*.

“Very good Harry—now, what are the Noble Gases on the periodic table, and why are they so called?”

Somewhere between Harry answering wrong and Tom telling him, “Noble Gases are the least *reactive* chemical elements.” Tom’s hand had migrated up his shirt and tweaked his nipple, earning a soft gasp from Harry as Tom practically purred.

“That’s it. They are largely *nonreactive*. Very unlike you…”

Harry’s hand trembled around his pencil whilst the fact sunk in, and he dropped the thing altogether when Tom began whispering heatedly into his ear, lips grazing the shell on every word, “Repeat after me—Helium…Neon…Argon…Krypton…Xenon...Radon…*Oganesson*.”

Tom paused between every element, waiting as Harry murmured each in turn, and his hands roamed up and down Harry’s chest, grazing his nipples and dipping into his navel on every pass, encouraging Harry to continue repeating the elements until he had them solidly engraved into his psyche with every physical accompanying touch.

“Excellent. Such an *intelligent* boy…” Tom kissed Harry’s neck and continued imparting Chemistry facts.

By the time they made it to Halogens (‘It means –*salt producing*—Harry, you’re sweating. Perhaps we should remove this shirt.’), Harry was panting hard, sitting half clothed and disheveled in Tom’s lap at the table with Tom’s hand loosening his belt after having parted the folds of his offending button down shirt.

Harry gasped and moaned as Tom shoved his right hand down Harry’s pants and beneath his underwear, wrapping loosely around his leaking hard-on and stroking slowly as he said, “Repeat after me—these are the *Halogens*—Fluorine…Chlorine…Bromine…Iodine…Astatine…Tennessine. See how they rhyme? Like scientific poetry…”

Between every Halogen, Tom gave Harry’s member a long stroke, squeezing just tight enough to bring his boy to the edge and hold him there, before allowing Harry to fall back down until the next Halogen slipped through his quivering lips after Tom’s prompting verbalization.

Harry’s breath hitched and he stuttered, “T-ten-nessine…ooh…aah…haa…NGHAA!”

Tom thumbed the head of his member and stroked faster, murmuring with contrasting serenity into Harry’s red ear, “Again. The Noble Gasses are?”

Effortlessly, on the cusp of ecstasy—Harry rattled them off. Stumbling right along, associating every drawn out pull to his hot flesh with a corresponding Gas.

By the time he made it to the last of the Noble group on his own, Harry was shouting his release on the elongated word, "Ooooganesson…aaHnnn!"

Tom grinned viciously and continued to *stroke*, as Harry's hips jerked into his slippery hand, and his boy's head dropped back against his shoulder as Harry shuddered through his climax.

Tom's hand slowed down until it was ghosting along Harry's flaccid length and spreading stickiness from the base to the tip as Harry struggled to catch his breath.

Harry's shirt hung apart, and his chest rose and fell with every breath, exhibiting his dusky, peaked nipples for Tom's greedy eyes and leaving the older teen licking his lips with pride as he finally withdrew his messy hand from between Harry's widely splayed legs.

"I dare say, you won't soon forget the Noble Gasses or the Halogens. Well done, darling. Now it's time for Arithmetic."

Harry moaned helplessly and whimpered as Tom pressed two damp, fragrant fingers against his parted lips.

"Go ahead. Suck them like that *banana*." Tom grinned wolfishly as his boy sighed and gave in to do just that, and he moaned throatily and shifted his crotch to firmly rub against Harry's cleft, as Harry laved and suckled at his fingers, grimacing only slightly for the taste of his own spilled seed on Tom's long digits.

Huh.

This tutoring thing wasn't half bad.

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xXOXx

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By the time the tutoring session was over, 6th period had ended and students were streaming throughout the halls heading home for the weekend.

Harry had indeed bound his neck to hide the hickies, even though Tom did give him a dark green, soft scarf before they parted ways with promises of late night calls and Saturday visits on their lips.

The subject of Luna wasn't broached again, and Harry tactfully didn't bring her up.

Tom seemed content to ignore his new association for the time being. And for that, Harry was grateful. He honestly did like Luna. He hoped she wouldn't mind helping divert his mother's ire from Tom.

The less he had to bring up spending time with the older teen, the better his chances of not being hindered in the future.

If he got a decent new friend out of the subterfuge, then fantastic.

Speaking of new friend…Luna was waving at him with a dreamy smile waiting by the lined up buses.

Harry adjusted Tom's scarf around his neck and made his way over to her, smiling widely. "You're looking mighty chipper. Had a good rest of the day?"

Luna nodded and curiously eyed his scarf, "That is a very nice color. It complements your eyes."

"Thanks…it was a gift." Harry blushed and carried on, "Which bus do you ride? I'm on 27."

Luna replied, "I generally take 18, but I seem to have missed it already." Harry cringed sympathetically and grabbed her hand. "Well, you could ride my bus since you do live nearby. I'm sure my mother wouldn't mind you coming by earlier and staying for dinner. We can relax a bit before then too…assuming your parents are okay with you not coming straight home…?"

Harry trailed off—unsure, before relaxing as Luna squeezed his hand and dragged him off to bus 27, saying softly, "Dad won't mind. He's always wanted me to have a social calendar. I can call him from your house."

Harry climbed onto the bus with her pulling him all the way to the back, settling down at the window and smoothing her uniform skirt as Harry got comfortable.

Luna looked at him, and her eyes widened on the exposed bandages around his neck as the scarf slipped down.

"Did you hurt yourself, Harry?" Harry blinked and glanced down, hurriedly readjusting the scarf and stammering out, "N-no, nothing like that. I just got a few…enthusiastic marks…I didn't want to advertise."

Luna hummed, and tilted her head in uncanny comprehension.

"I hear peppermint-based toothpaste is good for hickeys. You rub it on as soon as possible, leave it until the tingling stops, and then wipe it off with a warm cloth."

Harry blushed bright, cherry red. "H-how did you—", Luna gave him a gently humoring smile, "High schoolers and enthusiastic marks equals love bites. You're very cute. Of course you'd have a lover."

Harry squirmed in his seat and clenched his hands in his lap.

"Lover…I guess that's what he'd be…huh?"

Luna playfully nudged him with her shoulder. “Don’t say it like you’re confused. If he’s leaving visible marks, it means he wants to plant his flag. You’re his moon.”

Harry laughed softly, “Are you supposed to try and cage the moon? I feel more like a pet…”

“And what’s wrong with that? People love pets…they’re comforting and sweet and utterly dependent upon their masters for happiness.” Luna’s voice was light and curious, “Does he make you happy?”

Harry slumped against the back of the seat, staring directly into Luna’s eyes, “Yes…very much. But I think I frustrate him, without even meaning to. And my mom doesn’t like him.”

“It’s good that you have someone. Why doesn’t your mother approve? Doesn’t she like you happy?”

Harry flinched at the innocent query, “Of course, she wants the best for me…it’s just…kind of a sudden development. And he’s older…”

Luna grinned slowly, “Statistics show older men are more patient with young paramours—also more territorial and insecure.”

“Insecure? Tom?” Harry couldn’t suppress an incredulous laugh, but his face fell at the dawning intuition which lit Luna’s eyes. “Tom…Riddle?”

Harry swallowed thickly. “Is there another Tom?” Luna shook her head, and released a low sigh. “No, there really isn’t. He is…quite outwardly reputable.”

Harry flushed, “You had to say outwardly…” Luna’s eyes sparkled with something like mischief. “He has been spotlighted for a long time. Many people know of him, but few know him.”

“From a distance, I’ve always thought he seemed…lonely. When he smiles, it’s like he’s making fun of the world. He never looks genuine. Only tolerant.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose, surprised at her assessment. “But the teachers think he’s the best. They love him. He seems so charming.”

Luna smiled, patiently explaining, “There is a difference between charm and honesty. A person can be charming, but fake.”

Harry winced. “He’s not fake—more like manipulative and really smart. He misdirects, but he doesn’t lie.”

Luna rubbed Harry’s back soothingly, removing the inadvertent sting from her words, “He may be real to you. But that doesn’t make him more than a construct to everyone else.”

“Perfection is untouchable because we crave it. And to hold it, is to be deceived.” Luna’s voice never changed as she drove the knife in, and Harry wanted to defend Tom, but his throat wasn’t cooperating around the lump lodged in it.

“He’s not perfect…” Harry finally managed, “I know he’s not really perfect. But I don’t want him to be. I like him…imperfect.” Harry was thinking about Tom in all his jealousy, and possessiveness. He was remembering the way he pinned him and dared Harry to turn away.

He was hanging onto the way Tom looked at him like he was the only thing left in the universe.

It wasn’t healthy. No. He knew this…and he could understand why Tom would try and keep him from making friends that would take any of Harry’s attention away from himself.

He wanted Harry to be just as obsessed with Tom as Tom so obviously was with Harry.

What Tom didn’t seem to get…was that everything Harry did lately, revolved around him.

Even his rapid friendship with Luna, for all that he liked her…was sort of hinging on the notion of using their association to see more of Tom beneath his mother’s nose.

Huh.

Did that make him a bad person?

“It’s alright Harry. We all need someone who may not be perfect, but is still *perfect for us*. I’ll be rooting for you two. And yes…I’ll help any way you need me to.”

Harry blinked and felt suddenly very unworthy of Luna’s kindness. “…Luna…thank you… that is…I mean…”

Luna shushed him with a finger to his mouth, and she smiled at him like always, “I’m more dependable than you might think. Let me help you. And we’ll be the best of friends for it.”

Harry nodded finally and smiled gratefully beneath her finger.

The bus stopped, and Harry grabbed her hand, tugging her off behind him and leading her to his house.

No more words needed to be said.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

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End Violation

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Chapter End Notes

I should be banging my head against the wall for the length of this chapter, because apparently I have no self-restraint. 😐

I love Luna dearly, but Tom is definitely not a fan. 😩😩 The most I can really say is, we needed to get a lot of plot device in before any more truly juicy encounters.

So, here's to more potential drama brought on by the addition of characters! 😄

Rejoice. Please. Or I might cry.🥺

If there is anything you really enjoyed 🤎 in this chapter, feel free to tell me all about it. And if there is anything you're gunning for in the future, leave a sticky note in the comments below. 👇

My muses are always hungry, and no matter how driven this fic seems, it is still what I consider –loosely plotted- on the whole.

Stay Safe in Reality

~ Signing Off ~ 🌺🐍○

7th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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7th Violation

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The only equivalent of bringing Luna Lovegood *home-to-mama*, was stepping into the Twilight Zone.

It was surreal and majorly whiplashing, the way his mother responded to Luna as opposed to her intuitive aversion to all things Tom—Harry thought, best case scenario, she would be adopting the girl as his surrogate sister by the end of her visit. Or worst case scenario, planning their arranged marriage…because those were actual hearts in her eyes and *why the hell* was she breaking out baby albums on the couch?

It was a tossup.

"Mom…I smell burning…" Harry muttered weakly after almost a good hour of his mother gushing and enthusiastically regaling Luna with the most embarrassing stories from his childhood, captured live and in color to be immortalized in the thick photo album she was so happy to have an excuse to showcase.

Lily didn't seem to hear him, so enraptured was she in her tales, but Luna—thank god, sniffed, and said in an airy voice, "I do believe our dinner is dying, Mrs. Harry's Mother."

Harry knew Luna was getting kicks out of not using an actual surname for his mom, and he shook his head in fond exasperation as Lily gave a startled gasp and practically bounded into the kitchen, muttering colorful curse equivalents and leaving the photo album open on the couch next to Luna, as Harry massaged the bridge of his nose.

"You were a very cute baby. I really like this one." Luna pointed to a photo of baby Harry covered in confetti with a colorful party hat strapped on and one hand deeply buried in the side of his second year old rainbow birthday cake, with a yellow canary as the centerpiece.

Harry snorted in amusement and leaned forward on the opposite loveseat to get a better view of the picture Luna was so charmed by.

He vaguely remembered that party, like a faded dream he knew he'd had, but couldn't recall the finer details of.

It was funny to think he was ever so small…and that baby was essentially dead now, metamorphosed into the hormonally charged teenager he had become.

Ah, so that was the loss of innocence—or ignorance, and bliss. So much faded bliss.

He rather thought he was guilty or should be or would be or was... But there was a definite gap between his *like* for Tom, and any *actual guilt* about concealing the full nature of their relationship—it could hardly be called anything else—from his mother.

He supposed he did feel the tiniest bit uncomfortable about all the sneaking, but it was too necessary at this point. So he could deal.

"It's good you were able to change before your mom saw those bites. I'm sure that toothpaste remedy will clear it all up if you do it again before bed and in the morning."

Luna's smile was soothing as much as it was conspiratorial. It was like having a partner in crime. Harry figured he shouldn't be so relieved by the notion.

"I still can't believe I made it upstairs before she noticed. Thanks again for distracting her at the door."

Luna shrugged loosely and flipped to another page in the album, smiling gently down at suds covered baby Harry playing in the tub, splashing water all over the bathroom floor.

"Don't mention it. Your mother is a sweetheart, and I like talking to her."

Harry's eyebrow twitched, and he laughed awkwardly. "Sweetheart?—Pffft …she's got claws, but yeah…you would think that, since you've yet to tread on her tail..."

"I've always been good with felines, especially the sensitive, prickly ones." Luna wrinkled her nose and grinned at Harry with mischief lighting up her eyes. "All you have to do is request, and I'll be ready with the catnip every time."

Harry bit his lip and covered his mouth to smother an undignified snorting guffaw. "I'll definitely be taking you up on that."

Luna mock saluted and looked over his shoulder with a pleasant smile for Lily returning from the kitchen, apparently hassled but largely relieved. "The casserole wasn't ruined, thank heaven. Just a mite bit charred around the edges. Everything else is still cooking."

Harry shook his head and relaxed into the loveseat, automatically adjusting the collar of his lightweight, sleeveless navy blue turtle neck. Lily sat back down next to Luna, and picked up a running tangent on the next captured moment in time.

Harry was content to let her enjoy Luna's company for the ensuing minutes without interruption, as his thoughts began drifting in the inevitable direction.

Tom...he was supposed to call him tonight. Harry wondered if he checked in earlier, would Tom pick up?

Chewing his lip with a conflicted expression, Harry looked from Lily and Luna, and then to the stairs before deciding—*Screw it.* "I'll be back in a bit, you two carry on."

Lily briefly glanced up and waved Harry off as he muttered excuses, saying offhand, “Dinner will be ready in half an hour or so. Don’t be long.”

Luna tossed him a wink on the sly, before tapping Lily on the shoulder and pointing at another picture, prompting the woman to go into depth of detail on the absolute mess baby Harry was caught making.

“…you wouldn’t believe how long that stain took to get out! I would’ve cried if he hadn’t been so adorable…told James not to…cranberry juice…”

The voices of Lily and Luna faded into the distance as Harry swiftly ascended the stairs, making a beeline for his bedroom.

Once safely behind his locked door, Harry grabbed his cordless phone and opened the line. Hitting redial, he nervously settled cross legged, sans shoes in the middle of his bed as the phone rang and rang.

Ring….ring….riiiing….riiiing~

Click.

“To what do I owe the early pleasure?”

Harry blushed hard as Tom’s voice drawled through the receiver into his ear.

Geez…

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xXOXx

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When Tom parted with Harry after extracting promises for later contact, and having wrapped his long, dark green scarf snugly around the boy’s loosely bandaged neck—smirking smugly all the while, he paid another impromptu visit to the front office—with his goal this time being reconnaissance on the enemy.

Concealed within the *supposedly private* records room, paging through Luna’s file and availing himself of her schedule, Tom was irritated as all hell to find Harry and the little *chit* shared not only one but *two* consecutive classes together. The second of which was hosted at the longest 4th period block, carrying over into lunch—at prime socializing time.

Being ever thorough, he then looked up the Lovegood address and was even more incensed. She was only a street over from Harry’s house—literally a brisk five minutes or less walk away.

Promptly replacing her file, visibly disgruntled, Tom barely resisted the welling urge to roughly slam the cabinet drawer. He left the room on a dwindling fuse, just barely greeting an

inappropriately simpering *call-me-Bellatrix* on the way out of the office—sorely lacking his usual charm and finesse.

Apparently the Principal had left earlier that evening for some board conference or another. No matter. He had what he needed. It was just a shame to think he was above neighborhood arson…by a negligible margin, but still—*above.*

It wouldn't do to cause large scale property damage at this point in his school career, with even the slightest chance of it being traced back to him. No matter how he *longed* to burn the Lovegood house to the ground and force them from the immediate locale.

Priorities…priorities…

Harry must've thought he'd let it go. After all, he hadn't mentioned Luna after their time in the infirmary or at any point during their delightfully productive tutoring session.

But Tom didn't forget. He never forgot. He was merely…biding his time, gathering Intel—determining the best way to go about a proper disposal.

"Luna is not your replacement."

Scoff. The very thought echoing in Harry's voice made him scowl. Tom could never be replaced. He wouldn't allow it.

"Tom…listen. I want to be able to spend lots of time with you. Having Luna makes weekend absences more plausible, and my mother will not object to Luna the way she does to you."

He saw the logic. Of course he did. And it was sound on all foundations but one. *Luna.* Harry had said *he liked her*.

It was plain and obvious the boy wasn't lying. That idiotic scene in the dining hall was proof enough, even without the added ease and familiarity displayed between the two.

She was dangerous. Tom knew. He just *knew*.

It wasn't altogether rational…it really wasn't. But when his instincts spoke to him, he listened.

And no amount of sugary words and naïve notions of *platonic friendship* were enough to placate the thing in his gut clamoring to get out and commit a satisfying act of premeditated murder.

It had been this way for forever, he knew—when it came to Tom and what belonged to him, he was inflexible. He didn't give an inch. No one would venture a mile, ever…because he wouldn't *allow it.*

That's what was wrong with so many people. They didn't guard their possessions. They merely assumed that after making a claim, a thing would be theirs without any due diligence.

They got lax. They got complacent. They got sloppy. They got *robbed.*

It didn't matter if Harry wasn't good at making friends and his mother was (rightfully) wary of Tom to the point of foisting the boy off on the first harmless looking face that showed up at her door.

He had offered to give the boy a more reasonable option for subterfuge—anyone but *that girl*. But his boy…his darling boy, had refused to see reason. So belligerent and compelling was Harry in arguing to keep Luna, the interloper he'd known for barely a *day* before allowing her into his space.

This may have been par the normal course for Harry's trusting nature, but Tom couldn't tolerate anyone having the *possible* right to even a *fraction* of his own liberties with the boy.

And with this being the case—*well*…Tom just quietly slinked into the grass to *plot* and *prepare*…gearing up for the perfect opportunity to strike.

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xXOXx

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Entering his apartment that evening, feeling much calmer in his own well-regulated space, Tom deposited his car keys on a hook behind the door, shrugged out of his uniform and took a quick hot shower—afterwards, dressing down in loose drawstring pants and an oversized soft T-shirt, which hung comfortably from his broad shoulders, skimming just below his thighs.

Slipping on house shoes and going into the kitchen, he took a clean red apple from a pile in the transparent fridge drawer and washed a full bunch of black grapes, which he then dumped together into a sizeable ceramic bowl.

Tom also nabbed a few napkins and a pack of whole wheat crackers from the pantry before heading directly into his office, within the converted second bedroom of the apartment.

He utilized the space to house his desktop computer and sensitive files along with certain backups for important documents he had the originals of stored safely elsewhere…in event of any unforeseen disturbances to his lifestyle.

Settling in a comfy, soft leather cushioned high-backed rolling chair, behind his sturdy desk —at the computer, Tom munched on his snackage and fired up the processor.

Logging into his professional accounts one by one, he cleared the detritus from his inboxes before going through investment proposals one by one and sending out orders through his network of partners for the further movement of funds from his accounts.

For the next hour he was a calculating machine.

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xXOXx

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Sighing deeply in satisfaction and rolling a crick out of his neck, Tom shut the door to his office and dumped the apple core, grape stems, dirty napkins and empty cracker packaging into the kitchen trash before washing out his emptied bowl and leaving it to drain.

It had been enough to tide him through the tedium of office work, but now, Tom had an actual hankering for something substantial.

He glanced at the digital stove clock. 5:20PM.

Forty minutes before his boy was scheduled to be around *that girl* again. His nostrils flared on an aggravated exhale.

It was a good thing he was exercising self-restraint right now…a very *damn* good thing.

Tom impassively opened the freezer above the fridge and scanned its contents. Frozen mixed vegetables, salmon fillets, whole kernel corn, four cheese pizza.

"Stir fry and pizza. 20 minutes tops." Tom nodded and began preparing his meal.

He had time and hunger to kill before his next dose of Harry.

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xXOXx

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Tom was sitting with napkins, a silver fork, cool plastic water bottle, and a plateful of dinner, eating on the couch as he idly flipped through channels on his big screen TV. He settled on the *Discovery Channel* and bit a mouthful off a hot slice of pizza.

His cell phone was lying on the couch beside him, for just in case. Although he only used that line for very select personal calls, so he didn't expect it to go off without prompting before later that night.

Well after Harry was supposed to be *otherwise engaged*.

Tom was in the middle of pushing thoughts of Harry's distasteful engagements aside in favor of stabbing a forkful of veggie stir fry, when his cell began to ring, vibrating noisily on the cushion.

For a while he just chewed and stared with a raised eyebrow. Flipping it open at last, Tom glimpsed the caller ID and swallowing, felt his mouth spread into a feral grin. He muted the TV.

Click.

"To what do I owe the early pleasure?"

Tom made sure to pitch his vocals *just so*, knowing what it did when he spoke that way. He could feel his boy blushing through the receiver. The stumble in Harry's voice was gratifying.

"H-hey, Tom. I was just thinking about you…so I decided to call…"

Tom tilted his head and chewed a bite of stir fry. Swallowing before he replied.

"Missing me, were you? I would have assumed you'd be too busy to think of me with your *guest* arriving."

Tom knew there was acidity on his tongue as he indirectly referred to *Luna*. But he wasn't about to let Harry go on thinking he was unperturbed.

Harry released a breathy laugh, full of nerves, and Tom bit into his pizza again.

"Err…yeah. I wish you could be here…it's just Luna and Mom really are getting along and I felt like a third wheel at this point."

Tom frowned. He glanced at the time on the phone. 5:55PM.

"You're talking as though they've had time to get well acquainted already. Didn't you say your playdate was at 6'oclock?"

That laugh again. Tom stilled mid-bite, feeling his suspicion rousing for unpleasant news.

"Luna actually wound up coming over straight off the bus. We rode mine together because she missed hers. She's been here since around four."

Tom's whirling thoughts came to a screeching halt. *What?*

Harry rambled on, as the silence grew progressively thicker and thicker.

"Mom met us at the door and basically rolled out the red carpet. Between introductions and baby stories I got kinda pushed aside. At which point I decided to leave them to it and call you. I hope that was alright…I mean…I know you've probably got better things to do than chat with me in the evening, especially since you just got out of school a while ago and—"

"Harry. Breathe."

Tom abruptly cut off Harry's lengthy spiel, and he took his own advice and began breathing deeply in and out, counting between exhales. 1…2…3…well... 4…5…6…*shite*...

At least they weren't *currently* schmoozing *alone* in Harry's room together. For that…*that* would have been calamitous.

Having Lily running interference, however indirectly—preventing further exclusive bonding time from happening between the two made Tom feel the urge to applaud and send the woman a large bouquet—quite possibly laced with some highly potent *knock-out drug*, so he could slip Harry from underneath her nose for at least a full day or so to reaffirm his being a top priority.

“Considering you’re talking to me now, I’m assuming you’ve not eaten yet.”

Tom speared some more stir fry and ignored the developing ulcer in his stomach. His boy would see him hospitalized…then breaking out to eliminate the obstinately prominent source of all his mounting stress.

“Not yet. Mom said thirty minutes from when I called…soooo….about twenty minutes left… give or take a few extra.”

Tom hummed in acknowledgement and swallowed his food. He then untwisted the cap from his water and took a swig.

“What can I do for you in twenty minutes over the phone…?”

Tom mused quietly aloud, smirking with narrowed eyes as he set his nearly cleared plate to the side in favor of giving Harry his undivided attention.

“Do for me…what are you getting at?”

“Are you on the bed? If not, get there and lay back against your pillows.”

Tom waited patiently until Harry stopped grumbling and he no longer heard any movement on the line.

“Are you seriously doing what I think you are?”

Harry’s voice was mild and a little breathless—*excitable*. Tom licked his lips and reclined.

“Close your eyes. I want your hands free. What are you wearing?”

Harry snickered softly and Tom heard a bit of motion as his boy apparently readjusted the phone.

“Sleeveless turtleneck, school pants, underwear, socks…”

Tom arched a brow, and his voice took on a compelling purr. “Why so overdressed? You must be hot…*darling*…roll your shirt up to your neck. Feel your chest for me…don’t be shy…are your nipples hard?”

Harry’s breath came in soft pants in his ear and Tom relaxed further against the couch, casually spreading his legs.

“Only a little…it’s cool in here…”

“Lick your thumbs Harry, and circle your nipples until they peak. I can’t suck them for you now, so we have to make do. Pinch them. Roll them. Remember my *tongue*…my *teeth*…”

“Tom…nngh…not enough…”

“Do what feels right. Let your hands wander, up and down…skimming lower and lower… won’t you undo your pants? I want to see you…you must look *delicious*…”

“Haa…haa…ah…I’m kind of wet and stiff…already…”

Tom chuckled, picturing Harry on the bed, touching himself to Tom’s voice with his shirt up and pants undone…so innocently lewd. It was a pretty picture. *He wanted to see...*

“Why don’t you *touch it*? *Stroke* it for me—tell me how you want it…*Harry*…”

Tom’s voice roughened on Harry’s name and he palmed his own cock over his pants—unwilling to release the building tension.

Harry’s breath hitched, and Tom imagined him reaching into his pants and wrapping his fingers eagerly around his damp cock. He could sense the *squeeze*, practically taste it sliding upon his tongue like the night before.

“Tighter…haah…wetter…nghaaa….faster Tom…please…”

“Enjoy it, *Harry*…let yourself feel every inch…tighten your grip—finger the slit…that’s it… *fuck into your hand* for me.”

Tom could hear Harry building up to a crest, his breath acting as the indicator…growing harsher and harsher with every exhale. Tom could just make out the distant rub of skin on skin, the soft creaking of the mattress, a light rustling of cloth…repeated *squelching*…*aah*… he adjusted his lower half and pressured his own crotch with the heel of his hand.

“Are you there?”

“Haah…aah…hah…nghaa…aahh…Tom…almost…almooost….”

“You want me to do it for you…*I know*. You want my mouth milking you dry…sucking *hard*…as you bury your fingers in my hair and *pull*, *yanking* from the scalp as you waste your essence *down and down* my throat...”

Harry’s voice took on a choked off, high pitch as he cried out in sudden *release*, and Tom would have loved to see his boy so utterly overcome. It was a sight that never got old.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Muffled words.

“Be right down! I’m coming!”

Tom’s lips quirked in languid satisfaction as Harry attempted to regulate his breathing, and he drawled, “So glad to be of service. Think of me, and do call right after you’re fed, watered, and put away.”

“Yeah…okay…I’ll—haa...ah—do that. Tom...”

“I’ll be waiting. No hand holding with *the girl*. I’ll be cross.”

The cheeky fondness of Harry’s smile radiated all throughout his voice over the phone. *“I’ll be good. Promise.”*

“I will fuck you.” Tom’s idle words were a dark, foreshadowing reverberation through the line, and Harry was definitely flushing that cherry red hue that lit him all the way up.

“Guh…I gotta go…bye, Tom!”

Hurried click.

~Dial Tone.

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xXOXx

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Harry washed his hands and splashed cold water on his face in the bathroom across the hall, and he stared into the mirror above the sink and gently tugged down the high collar of the turtleneck.

He had removed the bandages and applied that toothpaste before he’d pulled the shirt on. Funnily enough, the marks did look as though they’d substantially faded. Now instead of borderline red and purplish, they were rose pink with blue-gray outlining veins.

Tom had done quite a number on him.

Harry fingered the largest bruise at the base of his throat, and he was fascinated…almost hypnotized by the vivid blossom that said…*MINE*… all caps.

He hadn’t really thought of himself in an overly sexualized way before Hogwarts and Tom, and he was near shocked by his own actions in being so readily open to Tom, Tom, and more *Tom.*

It was like a switch he never knew he had flipped on, and Harry’s monochrome world was illuminated in saturated shades of varying states of pleasure and want…*so much want*.

He didn’t think he’d called Tom for anything like what had happened over the phone, but in the back of his mind, he couldn’t say he hadn’t been hoping for something…*anything*… similar.

Tom just did things to him. He made Harry want to egg him on…mentioning Luna and holding his breath for the inevitable reaction. Harry knew he could’ve lied about her arrival… if only to preserve Tom’s peace.

But he had told the truth and nothing but. And afterwards, he nervously *reveled*…

Tom couldn't see the way Harry bit his lip in anticipation over the phone. He couldn't know Harry was missing him, *craving him* to the point of kindly ditching Luna to occupy his mother downstairs, all for just the temporary sound of Tom's voice in his ear.

He was that caught up. Had it really only been three days now? He could scarcely any longer recount his time spent without Tom fogging up his brain. The muddled days bleeding one into the other before he was aware that Tom existed…they were a myth.

It was heady…the rush he got when Tom spoke to him, said his name…looked at him—*just looked, w*hen they could see each other.

He didn't know what Tom was getting out of all of this, and he vaguely dreaded the niggling notion that he was some kind of…*plaything*…until Tom grew tired of him after getting everything exactly as he wanted it.

They'd already done so much. And yet, had not gone all the way…

Harry sighed and rolled the neck of his shirt back up all the way, making sure his clothes were well adjusted and his hair looked no messier than usual.

His mother had knocked on the door and told him in no uncertain terms to get back downstairs for dinner and not to keep Luna waiting.

Harry had said his goodbyes to Tom and rushed to make himself presentable again, visiting the bathroom for a brief mirror check and summarily heading downstairs to the quaint dining room adjacent to the kitchen.

He smiled apologetically as his mother gestured to his seat, and Luna's eyes shone happily at him as he settled across from her at the table.

"Ah…did you ever call your dad?" Harry could've slapped himself as he'd forgotten to remind the girl to do so during the whirlwind which was Lily welcoming her into the fold.

"Of course, Harry. I did so just before dinner. I can call him again once we're through to pick me up…" Luna trailed off questioningly as Lily shook her head and interjected.

"Nonsense dear, Harry can walk you home. It won't be quite dark yet and you do live nearby. I'm sure you two could use some more private time. I'm not unaware that I've been monopolizing you."

"An after dinner stroll would be lovely…if Harry doesn't mind."

Luna peered inquiringly at Harry and Harry smiled warmly back at her, "No problem, I'd love to see your *eccentric* house, as you put it."

"Daddy may try and stall you, so be sure to let him know you need to come back home directly. He can be very enthusiastic around new people."

Harry chuckled briefly, glancing meaningfully at Lily and trading mirrored amusement with Luna.

Lily clapped her hands and entreated them to dig in. Harry and Luna did so gladly and spent the remainder of dinner in companionable silence, enjoying Lily's home cooking and refilling their plates with seconds of the still oddly delicious, mildly charred casserole dish.

Huh.

Not bad. Not bad at all.

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xXOXx

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After dinner was finished, Luna helped clear the table and Harry went to assist with the dishes before being shooed out the door by his mother to walk Luna home before the sun had fully set.

"So…this evening was a success. Thank you for coming over. Mom was happy."

Luna casually linked their arms together as they walked leisurely down the street. "You're welcome, Harry. I'm glad you saw fit to include me in a family affair. Your mother…she's lovely."

Harry detected a slightly wistful note following Luna's last statement, and he glanced down at her questioningly—slowing his steps a bit.

"You've told me about your Dad, but what about your mother? Does she live apart from you?"

Luna stared up at Harry, coming to a complete stop at the end of the road and saying softly, "She passed away when I was in Elementary. It's just Dad and me now."

Harry's eyes went downcast in apology. "I'm sorry for your loss…truly. She must've been wonderful."

Luna's face lit with a serene smile, and she began walking again, tugging Harry down the block to the next street over. It was a few moments before she spoke again.

"She was beautiful and very creative—a children's book illustrator. I loved to watch her work. She died from a tumor they couldn't remove in time. I was in 5th grade when I got the news. Daddy was devastated…"

Harry nodded and laced their fingers together, squeezing her hand comfortingly.

"Daddy does his best to be there for me, but after she died, he buried himself in his work. For a while it was like he forgot I existed. It wasn't until the end of 7th grade that he really came back to himself."

"Is he much better now?" Harry's voice was small, hesitant.

“Oh yes. We’re close as you could imagine. He always says Mommy is looking down on us both, and me—she called her Lunar Moon, and made such vows as to forever watch over me before her passing…”

They’d stopped walking again, and Luna pointed to the color splashed house they’d stopped directly in front of. It looked like an abstract painting in 3D.

“Here we are. This was my mother’s last artful contribution which Daddy and I have since added to and further brightened with ornamentation and lights.”

“It’s quite something…” Harry whistled softly, and he didn’t know what to focus on first. So many blended hues, it was hypnotically lovely, and there were fairy lights dispersed all throughout the yard, hanging from posts and poles lining the sunshine yellow cobblestone walkway.

“Follow the yellow brick road.” Luna laughed and sang airily, relinquishing her hold on Harry’s arm to skip merrily down the cobbles to the pastel painted front porch.

Luna reached in her skirt pocket and retrieved a key, turning it in the door—she called out over the threshold, “Daddy, I’m home!”

Harry stepped into the house behind her and smiled for the eclectic interior. It was very fitting. He heard footsteps to the left, and an average height, bespectacled, middle aged man with shoulder length sandy blonde hair, and a goatee rounded the corner.

“Welcome back Lovebug, and this must be Harry.”

The man stretched a hand out to Harry with a warm smile, and Harry accepted it, squeezing the larger palm briefly and letting go. “It’s so nice to meet you Mr. Lovegood. Luna has told me good things.”

Luna’s father chuckled and said, “Do call me Xeno. I get enough of Mr. Lovegood at work.”

Luna chimed in and warned politely, “Harry’s not able to stay long Daddy. You’ll have to excuse him.”

Xeno pouted at that, face falling markedly. Harry only laughed and said, “My mother is expecting me back presently, Mr. Xeno. I wouldn’t be averse to visiting on another day at a decent hour though.”

“My home is yours. Any friend of Luna’s is always welcome to drop by. Don’t play the stranger.”

Harry nodded and made his way back out the door, waving at the duo from halfway down the cobbled path as they stared after him with matching smiles.

He could see the resemblance. But Luna must’ve gotten her eyes from her mother, as her fathers’ were a clear ocean blue.

Harry's trek home against the backdrop of the setting sun was uneventful, and before long he was inside again.

Before he'd said his good nights to his mother and begged off for the evening, Lily pulled Harry into a tight hug and told him how very proud she was of him for spreading his wings and that Luna was a darling girl and she was happy he had someone *his age* to hang around.

She was very content to push the memory of Tom Riddle aside like a bad dream, and Harry just smiled thinly and let her have her relief. All the while counting off the seconds until he could politely get up to his room behind a locked door with his phone and call up said parental nightmare inducing boogeyman.

Aah…good times, good times.

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xXOXx

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Upon completing his nightly ablutions and taking out his contacts, giving his eyes a much needed rest, Harry slipped into his comfy pajamas from the night before, and turned off the overhead light in his bedroom.

Sliding under the covers with his cordless phone cradled against his ear, Harry glanced at the digital clock as he hit redial and settled in. It was 10:00PM.

Ring….riiiing…ri—Click~

"Tell me something I want to hear."

Harry bit his lip against a spreading grin. "That is a very broad category. Let me think…"

"Don't hurt yourself. Answer me this—is the house sleeping and are you completely alone?"

Harry huffed and rolled his eyes. "I would assume so and yes, your overbearing majesty."

"If I kidnap you tonight, what are the chances of you being missed?"

Harry sucked in a breath and reluctantly admitted, "Not sure…Dad could come home early or late tonight, and he could check in on me. Fridays are always up in the air. I'll definitely be expected for breakfast…"

Harry heard Tom heave a long sigh, and he could only imagine the irritation on his face. The way those eyes would be narrowed and that little furrow would appear between his brows as his jaw ticked.

He could practically hear the cogs turning in Tom's head through the receiver.

"Breakfast commitments aside, how early can you excuse yourself from the house and for how long?"

Harry hummed thoughtfully. "I could get away around nine and be back by dinner without having the cops called, if I coordinate with Luna…perhaps…"

There was a loaded silence on the line, Harry swallowed a knowing smirk and continued, "Mom did say how very pleased she was I'd made a friend. If I cite having Luna show me around the town for the day, I'm sure she wouldn't blink twice. And if I just so happen to only spend an hour or so with Luna and then run into you elsewhere for the remainder of the day, she'll be none the wiser. I'm sure Luna will be happy to cover for me once I explain."

"…that…is quite a lot of faith you're placing in that girl. I don't see the problem with giving me the entire day instead. If she'll be so accommodating as to cover for you at all, then why subtract even an hour from our fleeting time?"

Harry shook his head. "While I can see your logic, it would be unfair of me not to spend any time at all with Luna and still expect her to cover for my absence the whole day. I told you, I do actually like her—"

Harry nearly bit his tongue as his mouth snapped shut at the sound of a vehement hissing coming from Tom. Almost as though the older teen were cursing fluently in some sibilant language Harry was not privy to, but it sounded violent.

He idly wondered if he should dial back on the Luna-speak before Tom decided to wring his neck through the phone.

"You are doing this on purpose. And you are playing with fire. I suggest you cease and desist…immediately."

Harry stared up at the blurry ceiling and squeezed the phone reflexively. He didn't even try to pretend he didn't know what Tom was on about. After a few drawn out seconds of silence, Tom apparently decided Harry was contrite and began to drawl out a more equitable arrangement for their next meeting.

"Too much deception too fast has a tendency to backfire. These things must be done as full frontally as possible. You will tell your mother you will be spending the day reviewing your tutoring lessons at Flourish and Blotts, the town bookstore and library open from eight to twelve on Saturdays for students only. Say I recommended it for supplementary reference materials and you want to see what's there."

"And if I don't know where that is…?"

"I will dictate directions which you will take down. Don't worry. You won't get lost. It's in walking distance and quite easy to find."

"Okay…but that only covers until closing time at twelve…"

"*Patience…by then you will have run into a fellow student and decided to spend the rest of the day exploring the town at large with them. You will assure her you'll be home before sunset and will go for lunch in town after you're through studying. You can call her with this news from a pay phone in Flourish and Blotts."*

Harry raised an eyebrow, impressed and a little suspicious.

"And this *fellow student* would be who…?"

Tom's voice was practically a purr. *"Three guesses…and the first two don't count."*

Harry laughed softly and turned his cheek against his pillow, "You think she won't figure it out? That's not subtle at all."

Condescension leaked through the phone and saturated Harry's ears, "*By the time she's raised any objections, you'll be jaunting through the town far out of reach of her leash. On my word, I'll have you home in time. I'll even walk you to the door."*

Harry snorted. "And give my mom a heart attack and aneurysm all in one evening—how thoughtful of you."

"I am an upstanding citizen only concerned with the wellbeing of future generations of struggling Hogwarts alumni in desperate need of guidance."

"I should stick with Luna. At least she's safe, sane, and consensual. "

Tom chuckled darkly and Harry felt a shiver course through his body as Tom drawled in a voice filled with liquid heat, *"The only consent I subscribe to is yours, which I have gotten again…and again…and again, many times over. It would be insane to deny yourself the thing you need trying to placate people who don't understand…could never understand."*

Harry sucked in a sharp breath as Tom adamantly concluded, *"There is no safer place for you than in my arms. The storms out there would sooner see you shredded apart than wound so tightly together…until I unravel you from the outside in."*

"You devised a convincing argument…but my mother…" Harry trailed off as Tom cut in, *"... would sooner see you lonesome and dejected on the arm of a wholly unsuitable partner, unable to arouse even a fraction of the passions you are due."*

"…you're gonna get me grounded for life…" Harry sighed, lips tugging into a capitulating smile, because he really couldn't argue with that.

Tom…Tom…Tom…went the mantra his heart pounded like the most fervent of prayers against his chest, pleading for damnation with no hope of redemption.

"As if I'd leave you to rot in hell—do have some faith. I'll have you sprung and returned with none the wiser before first light every night you're incarcerated."

Harry couldn't suppress the giddiness building in his chest, and it came out in a laugh fluttering lighter than butterflies on the lips of budding flowers in the spring. "My hero…"

From the sound of Tom's voice, Harry could tell he was grinning in some unholy amusement.

"A demotion? Pity…I much preferred, 'My God'. "

Harry knew he had to look pretty stupid with the amount of blood he felt rushing to his cheeks, and the defensive snark was instinctive at this point, "If you're God, then I truly must be damned."

"Very true…and yet, being ever so magnanimous, I will forgive your blasphemy upon the spreading of your soul on the altar of my hearth."

"…and should I refuse…?" Harry coyly ventured, to which Tom sharply replied, *"I will crucify you myself. And eternally you will be doomed."*

"So—not much choice then." Harry hummed, smirking as Tom snorted. *"Free will is but a healthy delusion."*

"Where'd you sell that greeting card?"

"Scrapped it, actually—people are too sensitive. I keep it in storage for special occasions, such as the further corruption of the rosy worldview of innocents. Like you."

Harry huffed, rolling onto his stomach and pressing the phone closer to his ear in the dark.

"Should I be worried you're giving me an unjust halo?"

"Only if you think a halo will somehow prevent me from ravishing you at the earliest opportunity."

"Angels have fallen for less." Harry quipped.

Tom was doubtlessly smirking; Harry could hear it flavoring every word, *"So you admit it. You've fallen for me. I should be so blessed."*

"Haah…whatever keeps that ego of yours floating above the clouds."

Tom only released a breathy laugh and succinctly quoted, *"You are the wind beneath my wings, dearest Harry."*

Harry dropped his forehead against his pillows and struggled to normalize the smile spreading his lips so wide his face was sore.

"You're so corny it hurts…"

"Only for you." Tom purred unrepentantly.

Rolling over again onto his back, Harry closed his eyes and took a calming breath before whispering, "Hey…Tom?"

"Yessss…?"

“What are you wearing?”

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xXOXx

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That night—Harry learned how to use his imagination. And he went to sleep sticky and sated, near buzzing with the lullaby of Tom vocalizing his long distance pleasure to the sound of Harry whispering dirty promises for Tom’s ears only…still circulating in his head.

Tom himself marinated in the verbal exchange and allowed slumber to tow him gradually under in the aftermath of his achieved release, with soothing thoughts of putting into action every minutely described detail of copulation which had spilled so readily forth from the lips of his *singularly precious*, young siren.

He was having a delightful influence upon his boy…because *that mouth* was something to be praised.

The day couldn’t dawn fast enough.

Mother Nature herself seemed to be crowing for the consummation of their divine union.

Patience…is only the *hardest* virtue…a fact this was—to which Tom would forever attest.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I do not know why this chapter was so hard to get out.😫😲

I mean…the ending sequence flowed beautifully, but all that stuffing in the middle…I felt like gouging out…repeatedly. 🤕😖

Ugh…I love Luna dearly, and she has a very special place in my heart, but for whatever reason…(-shifty eyed look at- #TheMightyTom)…I think Tom was cursing her entire segment into nonexistence. 😯😩😱

I do hope nobody was too let down with the lack of actual dialogue written between Lily and Luna. I tried. Honest.☹ Their scene just lent itself better in my head to a figuratively silent movie on fast forward, with lots of outside impressions and mental commentary. 😄

I could cry for the brain cells I drained trying to move this chapter along.😭 But hey! At least we got phone action! 😄

#WhatIsLife – #LiterallyDying

If I haven't completely bombed this series for you lovely fans, than please do feel free to put me out of my misery. If ever there was a need for positive reinforcement and reassurance, now would be that time.🥺

Any and all feedback would be appreciated. Still very #LooselyPlotted – meaning inspiration is still a thing. A very important thing I need.😊🖤💙💚💗🙏

Random Note: Just finished watching a rather lovely 2017 film -Finding Your Feet-, starring the reincarnated #HUMAN Dolores Umbridge and Peter Pettigrew. And I did love it. So much. Therefore, shameless advertising right here. It did leave me with a smile, that it did.

~Over and Out ~

Until the next Violation~ 🌺🐍○

8th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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8th Violation

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The next morning at breakfast—well before Harry was up and whilst Lily was still in the preparation phases, James Potter wandered down the stairs yawning with a question on his lips.

"Lily darling, has our Harry made any new friends lately?"

Lily glanced up from frying pancakes as James entered the kitchen, and she smiled brightly when he poured his customary cup of coffee and stepped into her space for a perfunctory peck on the lips.

As his question registered, she raised an eyebrow, "Why yes, he most certainly did. I was going to tell you about her this morning in fact. Funny you should mention it…"

James shrugged and a bemused smile stretched his lips. "A…girl…you say?"

"Her name is Luna. Luna Lovegood. And she is the sweetest thing. I think they make a right fantastic pair."

James muttered a bit under his breath, seemingly conflicted about something, before saying, "And is that the only friend he's made lately? No one else of the…less female persuasion perhaps…?" James trailed off leadingly, and Lily frowned.

"Well…there was a boy."

A few beats passed. Lily returned her attention to the pancakes and James squinted his eyes behind his glasses, raising a brow as she did not elaborate, and clearing his throat before saying, "That it? Just some random boy?"

Lily's sigh was heavy laden with exasperation. "Oh I don't know, yes, maybe…whatever… Apparently he's tutoring Harry. I doubt they're any kind of proper friends."

James hummed and his next words were rather delicate, "I came home around midnight and I heard Harry on the phone…mind you I didn't hear everything too clearly…but ah...hn…"

Lily plated the pancakes and started to set the table, frowning a bit as she echoed James' words, "On the phone…you heard Harry—at midnight?"

James laughed and it was more than a little strained. "I tell you, young people nowadays… err…I suppose he is of an age…"

"James." Lily's eye narrowed, "Stop that. Whatever you're trying to say don't beat around the bush about it."

James took a deep, fortifying breath, and then said quickly, words jumbling in his haste to get it out, "I think…IheardHarryhavingphonesexlastnight...rather graphically…"

Lily blinked—slowly deciphering her husband's speech.

James turned his attention to nursing his coffee. He took a drag and stared up at the ceiling.

"…what?"

"You heard me."

"…" Lily was speechless for a good few seconds before venturing, awkwardly, "…maybe… you heard wrong?"

James coughed and took another long drink from his coffee, cheeks reddening in spots riding high. "He said…and I quote…*I want you to fuck me so bad I can taste your cock in my throat…*"

Lily choked on air. James' glare was disgruntled. "I was mortified to think of interrupting him…as he seemed to be rather…busy…at the time…"

"So you what, hovered outside the door listening to your son getting off to some guy over the phone?! James!" Lily's words came fast, and her voice was almost a screech as she said his name. James winced and he threw his hands up in the universal *what the hell else was I supposed to do* gesture, utterly failing to calm down his combusting wife.

"This is not—we cannot—this has to be stopped." Lily ground out through tightly clenched teeth.

"Darling…Lily dear…perhaps it's a phase? I mean, lots of kids experiment at Harry's age… maybe we just let it run its course. What's a little talk? I mean really…haha…"

Lily's incinerating glare could have murdered a brick.

"Don't be daft, James. This is neither a laughing matter nor any kind of natural phase!"

James cleared his throat and said in a placating manner, "Come now, you are overreacting a tad... We don't even know who Harry was talking to. It might've even been the girl."

Lily scowled. Even James couldn't believe his own bullshit. "I don't suppose you heard a *name* mentioned during your useless late night voyeurism?"

James flinched and muttered, “I didn’t stick around long enough to…ah…catch one…”

Lily’s eye twitched and her mouth turned down grimly at a corner, “…I have an idea.”

What followed this was a rather colored description of Tom’s house call and of Tom himself. Much in the manner one would go about painting a picture for a criminal sketch artist. Many details were woefully exaggerated.

By the time Lily got through telling James all the (largely overblown) basics, they were both of an accord, ready to ship Harry to a convent.

It was to these two *in the know* parents, which Harry came down the stairs to meet a few minutes later that morning, dressed smart casually for a day out on the town, saying his chipper salutations.

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Harry rolled over to the sound of his phone ringing in his ear, and he groggily clicked the line open with muted surprise.

He had apparently fallen asleep with it still on his pillow, and he had the imprint on his cheek to prove it.

“…’lo?”

“Rise and shine. I trust you had sweet dreams…”

Harry’s drowsiness cleared away and he flushed deeply as he came to rapid awareness. “T-Tom!”

“The only. Be a dear and get out a pen and paper, I have directions to give you and we’re wasting daylight.”

Harry glanced at the clock as he jumped out of bed and hastened to do what Tom bid, snatching a pencil off his desk and grabbing a random piece of paper.

“Ready.”

Harry carefully scribbled out Tom’s instructions and reread them aloud at the older teen’s prompting once he’d finished.

They were short—very concise, and Harry felt he’d have no problem finding the place.

“I’ll find you when you get there. Don’t worry.”

“What if I can’t make it for some reason…?” Harry bit his lip and teasingly cautioned, because this was becoming too easy and with his luck he just knew something was bound to hitch up the process.

“I will find you.” Was Tom’s firm, succinct reply, to which Harry blushed and huffed softly, “His highness is very confident in himself…”

“We should get you a cell phone. This landline is most inconvenient…”

Harry snorted, “As if. With what money do you propose I buy something so needlessly expensive?”

“Don’t insult me. Of course I would pay for it. And you’d best keep it hidden and only use it for us.”

Harry raised an eyebrow, “You would spend that kind of money just to talk to me whenever?”

“Who do you think I am?”

Harry could hear the arrogance in Tom’s voice, and he smiled fondly, “Alright then. Fine… but only since you’re buying.”

“As if you had any option but acceptance. You’ll have it before the day ends.”

Harry ran a hand through his hair and glanced at the clock again, “It’s a quarter past eight, I need to get dressed and down to breakfast.”

“I’ll expect you at -Flourish and Blotts- no later than ten o’clock. If you do not show and don’t call, do expect a home visit.”

Harry cringed and began making his bed with the phone cradled between his neck and shoulder. “If that happens, then I’m probably being detained. In which case, you may want to avoid the front door.”

“Watch for me from your window. And have it open.”

“Of course…but that’s only if I can’t make it.” Harry smiled and put the finishing touches on the bed, giving the pillow a last fluff.

“I’ll be waiting.”

Harry said goodbye and hung up the phone. He went about his morning routine with a noticeable spring in his step.

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“Morning Mom, Dad!”

Harry swanned into the kitchen, happy and barely glancing at his parents as he washed his hands and went to the table, already set and fragrant with pancakes and fluffy scrambled eggs.

His parents were disturbingly silent, and Harry looked at them both in askance as he sat down to be pinned with matching sets of serious eyes.

One set a bit more apprehensive than the other, and the other almost severe. Two guesses which was who.

“Good morning, Harry. Did you sleep well?”

That was Lily’s neutral greeting. Harry blinked and looked to his father for guidance as he slowly poured some syrup over his pancakes and cut into one. Spearing a bite onto his fork before replying, “Yeah…like a baby.”

James went a little red in the face and cleared his throat repeatedly, as though something had lodged, even though he hadn’t touched his plate yet.

Conversely, Lily sliced into her own pancakes and pierced Harry with a look that could only preclude some sort of fight…if only Harry knew what he was supposed to be fighting for.

“Son…Harry. Your mother and I have some things we need to talk to you about…”

James trailed off uneasily, as though not sure how to begin. He glanced at Lily and then again at Harry.

Lily sighed heavily and laid her utensils down on her plate, regarding Harry with a piercing gaze. “Who were you on the phone with at midnight last night?”

Harry’s eyes widened and his lips parted slightly. No sound was forthcoming.

“Your father heard you. Don’t say it was no one.”

Harry could feel the heat creeping up his neck and his heart began to hammer against his chest. *Your father heard you.* This echoed in his head over and over as the implications of that simple statement hit him like a knee in the gut.

“…erm…it was just a friend…”

Harry bit his lip and stared down at his plate, busying himself with dividing his pancakes into little squares to avoid the pressure of his mother’s stare.

It was James who spoke up next. “What I heard from you last night…could hardly be counted as…ah…*friendly* chat. I don’t mean to pry…but your language was rather…*coarse*…”

Harry's face flooded with color and he dropped his fork to his plate. Well, that answered the question of what exactly his father had heard. Even though there honestly hadn't been a question of it at all…but he had hoped…however futilely….

"Harry." Lily's voice was flatter than his pancakes. Harry snapped.

"I do have a right to some privacy! It's not like I was plotting to overthrow the government or anything illegal. It was just a bit of fun! Stress relief!"

Harry flinched and reflexively leaned back in his chair as Lily's hand hit the table. She was livid.

"Don't you *dare* give me that! Not illegal? You're fourteen! What on earth were you doing on the phone talking like—like, like some…!"

Harry's eyes narrowed and he frowned deeply in affront. James piped up in defense of Lily's outburst and more rationally began, "We're not accusing you. You must understand that we worry about your state. To be saying such things with a *stranger* on the phone no less…it is a matter of great concern to us as your parents."

"You are too *young*." Lily groused, seeming to deflate on herself. "You've never had issues like this until we moved here. It has to be the company you keep. I cannot condone your descent into this *depravity*."

Harry felt frustration growing in his chest, and his throat tightened around a foreign lump as he said hoarsely, "…if I had been talking to a girl, would your reaction be the same?"

"That has *nothing* to do with this." Lily was prompt to heatedly insist, her eyes pleading with Harry to see some common sense. "You should not be having the type of conversations your father heard you having. Not only was it inappropriate but it was far too late for you to be still up on the phone!"

"You say that like I have a bedtime! I'm about to be fifteen!"

Lily scowled fiercely. "That is not grown! You are still a *child* living under this roof!"

Harry leaned away from the table and defensively crossed his arms. "I don't know why you're suddenly so interested in my personal life, I've never given you cause to worry. Just because Dad happened to *eavesdrop* at an inopportune moment in the *middle of the night*, I'm suddenly being treated like a kindergartener again—Incapable of making my own decisions!"

"I did not eavesdrop, Harry. You were loud enough to hear in the hallway. I just happened to be next to the door at the time…" James trailed off, muttering his last words.

"Do not try and pin this on your father! You should not have been up at that hour, most definitely not on the phone!" Lily was irate, and breakfast was getting colder and colder as Harry put forth his own ineffectual defenses against the forceful might of his mother and less volatile father combined.

“The last I checked, that was my *private line*. I was having a *private moment*. Just because it was a little late, doesn’t mean I am not entitled to my privacy!”

“This isn’t about your privacy. Son…we need to know you’re not doing something you shouldn’t be. Or inviting things you don’t know about to your doorstep.” James’ voice was uncharacteristically solemn.

Harry stared at his father beseechingly, “So what—am I supposed to resign myself to having every move monitored, to having my friends screened and being unable to express myself in the sanctity of my own home?”

James released a helpless sigh. “You cannot seriously expect us to let this be. We’re your parents. It’s our job to keep you safe.”

“What do you mean safe? I’m not in any danger! You can’t force me to suppress my needs and roll over and play *infant* every time you decide I’m too young to grow up!”

Lily groaned and pinched the bridge of her nose against a coming headache, “This is not a matter up for debate. You are not grown. You are living in our house, and you will abide by some ground rules henceforth.”

James glanced from his wife to his son and back again, before saying, “I concur. Ground rules are necessary for your future benefit.”

Harry sighed, long and weary. “…great…what are these rules?”

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xXOXx

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The rules laid out went basically as follows:

1. No private phone calls after nine o’clock on the weekends, and eight o’clock on school nights.
2. Lights out at ten on school nights, and no later than eleven on weekends.
3. Any tutoring sessions at home will be held downstairs, in the living room.
4. No locking your bedroom door.

It was 9:45AM by the time breakfast concluded, with Harry reeling over the imposed ground rules and scarfing down the remaining cold eggs and lukewarm pancakes, in an effort to at least make it out of the house in time to meet Tom.

After swallowing the last bite of his pancakes and draining his glass of orange juice, Harry wiped his mouth and begrudgingly asked, “If it’s alright with you guys, could I go into town? There’s this good study spot for students open from nine to twelve that I was told has a lot of decent materials that could help me with my classes.”

James cleared his throat and nodded his head. “That sounds responsible. I don’t see a problem.”

Lily drank from her own glass of apple juice and questioned, “Do you need a ride?”

Harry shook his head and scooted away from the table. “No thank you. I think I’ll walk. It’s rather close by. I could use some fresh air.”

“What is the name of the place?” Lily asked.

“*Flourish and Blotts*. It also functions as a bookstore.” Harry’s reply was rather uninspired, but James smiled anyway and offered a few bills. “In case you want to buy anything while you’re out. It should be enough for snacks or a cheap book or two.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Harry took the money and slunk out of the dining room in a subdued state, wrenching the front door open and walking hurriedly in the direction specified on the paper he unfolded from his pocket.

Damn. *Fucking damn.*

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xXOXx

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Tom was sitting at a table off to the side by a window, surrounded by literary merchandise on strategically placed half shelves, with a clear view of the front door to *Flourish and Blotts*—watching for Harry.

It was ten minutes till and he expected Harry there on the dot and no later. His instructions had been flawless, and he wasn’t worried about Harry getting lost.

He idly fingered the opaque bag lying on the table before him with the cell phone he’d gone and purchased ahead that morning and made sure was in working order, programmed with his number on speed dial for Harry’s exclusive usage. The thought of being able to reach his boy whenever and wherever was appealing on all fronts, and Tom knew he hadn’t made a move too soon in getting Harry the hook up.

He expected cell phones would eventually be universal, and was anticipating an exponential influx of income based on the stocks he’s bought in a few prominent cell providers just getting off the ground.

His *father* was rather conservative and not nearly as active in increasing the ‘family coffers’, as Tom was in managing the consistent growth of his own partial slice of inheritance, and therefore was basically sitting on nest eggs and only looking to retire comfortably—the lackluster fool.

He would gladly have helped the man to death’s door if he weren’t still of some use as a rubber stamp on certain projects Tom was forced to be *creatively involved* in due to his *not*

fully legal status.

Many of his father's own close associates had started looking directly to Tom in the background for the final word on things in the works connected with the Riddle name, bypassing his father altogether on a professional basis. And Tom was very pleased with those particular developments.

It wouldn't be long before he'd achieved a full takeover and shuffled his father out of the limelight completely and back into the cobweb and roach infested closet where he belonged…far from polite society's demands.

It was laughable how his *father* bent over to keep his son happy so long as he saw himself being kept afloat with little to no strenuous efforts on his own behalf.

Tom could wonder where he got his own ingenuity. It couldn't be from that side of the gene pool.

Mayhap his talent skipped a generation. Anything was plausible.

The door to -*Flourish and Blotts*- swung open with the tinkling of a bell, and Tom phased out of his thoughts to focus his attention on the image of his boy arriving at last.

A glance at the clock overhead told him all he needed to know. He unfolded from his seat with effortless elegance, grabbing the bag off the table as he made to intercept Harry.

"Right on time." He murmured.

How pleasant.

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xXOXx

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Harry stepped over the threshold into -*Flourish and Blotts*-, looking around curiously with weary, but appreciative eyes.

It was a very nice set up on an open floor plan with a second upper level reached by wide stairs, largely obscured by beaded curtains and taller library typical bookshelves.

The bottom floor was obviously the store portion, he could see the register on the front counter, and he supposed the upper level must be for the library. On any other day he would have been thrilled to have arrived, but with the morning's events, he was less than pumped.

"Hello Harry, so pleased you could make it."

Harry turned to the left to behold a sleek, but not overly formal dressed, smirking Tom. He sighed and said with sardonic smile, "You and me both. I was afraid I wouldn't."

Tom raised a curious brow and steered Harry away from the entrance by the waist, leading them both up the stairs with a leisurely gait.

“You have my attention. Has there been some trouble?”

They reached the top of the stairs, and Harry rolled his eyes irritably as Tom appropriated a table out of the way shielded by bookshelves on either side, providing a private nook for them to settle into with security, side by side in artfully structured, armless cushioned chairs.

“You could say that…” Harry was reluctant to relive the morning’s events, but he prepared to force out the details as Tom draped and arm over his shoulder and melded Harry to his side, discarding the innocuous bag on the table and carding patient fingers through Harry’s hair as he said, “Do tell.”

“Apparently Dad overheard me on the phone last night…and he told Mom this morning… and as you can probably imagine, shit hit the fan and I caught all the shrapnel.”

Tom’s hand stilled mid-motion, long fingers tangled within Harry’s unruly locks, as the older teen soaked in the unfortunate explanation of predictable events.

“…I see. It is indeed a wonder you were allowed out of the house,
then.”

Harry snorted, leaning the full weight of his body against Tom’s side as Tom’s hand resumed petting him up.

“I’ll say. I’ve also been saddled with a number of restrictions effective as of today.”

Tom’s lips thinned in displeasure, and Harry sharply inhaled a breath as Tom stopped messing with his hair and abruptly took hold of his head by the back and chin, tilting it upwards to face him at the perfect angle for a kiss, should Tom bridge the scant gap between them.

Harry stared into those gleaming hazel eyes and felt himself conversely tensing and relaxing all at once at the depth of emotion he found barely concealed within.

“Tell me of your chains…so that I may subvert them.” Tom’s voice was a deep command, soothing, and melodic as he spoke. And heat saturated Harry’s cheeks as he instinctively shuddered and blinked slowly before reciting the four rules verbatim.

Upon cessation of the recitation, Harry sighed breathlessly, and Tom’s lips automatically melded to his own. The kiss was unhurried, and meaningful.

Tom swallowed every needful, provocative noise issued from Harry’s throat, slowly overwhelming and devouring his boy as Harry’s eyes slipped shut. Tom’s hand on his chin relocated to urge Harry impossibly closer by the waist, whilst his other hand firmly anchored Harry in place, sifting possessively through the hair falling in tufts above Harry’s nape.

At this stage, Harry knew how best to meet Tom…and his tongue was not inactive nor hesitant in the least to *brush* and *slide* along Tom’s own craftily insinuated, *long wet muscle*

as it sinuously mapped and prodded what felt like just every sensitive location within Harry's *soft*, *hot*, *cavernous* mouth.

Tom could taste the lingering sweetness of syrup and pancakes on Harry's tongue, and he moaned hungrily low in his diaphragm as he felt Harry's hands gripping at his shirt, bunching the fabric at his chest and shoulder blades.

Harry was practically on top of him now, angled in such way that his right leg was stretched out between Tom's own, hanging casually, and Harry was a mere step away from outright straddling Tom's thigh.

Tom could feel Harry's chest working fiercely for lack of essential oxygen, and he finally took pity on his boy and parted from Harry's lips, repurposing his tongue into his own mouth with a languid drag, and breathing hard into Harry's more fervid gasp, with heavily lidded eyes (because he had wanted to see his boy up close and personal, every heated pore as he *consumed* his fill).

Their lips were both swollen to a noticeable degree, and Tom naturally regulated his own breathing and ran his hand up and down Harry's back in long, calming strokes as Harry continued to pant like air was going out of style.

When Harry's breathing evened out with only the barest of hitches, Tom easily arranged their bodies so Harry was indeed in his lap, sitting on one strong thigh like an adorable child on a very naughty Santa's lap. Tom had never been so utterly charmed by a size discrepancy before…or maybe it was just his *appreciation* for all things *Harry* these days…

"This changes nothing. Neither you nor I will be deprived. Mark my word." Tom looked assured, and he affected a haughty air as he continued, "If they really think a few *inconvenient ordinances* will be enough to derail our relations in the slightest…your parents are foolishly optimistic."

Harry laughed softly, "I don't think they're…ah…fully aware of your tenacity as of yet…"

Tom's eyes glinted, radiating a dangerously dark amusement for Harry's rather gentle summation of his…*proclivities*. "And we shall endeavor not to alarm them. I would hate to be moved to truly lamentable measures in the event of their panicking and attempting to extract you from my gravity."

Harry hummed and rested his cheek within the juncture between Tom's neck and shoulder, nuzzling at the side of the older teen's flawless, ivory skinned neck. He wondered idly what Tom would do if he left a mark of his own upon Tom's body…in such a visible place.

Harry pressed his lips together—then licked them, mumbling distractedly as he contemplated that tempting stretch of skin, "I feel like I should be worried…and yet…I don't think I particularly care what you'll do…"

Tom chuckled, chest vibrating with the sound, and Harry blinked lazily as he watched Tom's Adam's apple bob around the young man's next insidious words, "This is why we fit. You're *mine* and you know it. It doesn't matter what they do, I will have you—*always*."

Harry came to a decision with that, and daringly—he licked his tongue out against Tom's skin, swiping a testing wet streak. He paused curiously as he felt Tom still beneath him, surprised at Harry.

Without need of further encouragement, Harry latched onto his chosen spot and *sucked* with purpose, worrying at the skin until Tom released a heady breath and tilted his neck, baring his throat even more to his boy.

Harry released Tom's skin with an audible *pop* and quietly admired his handiwork.

There blossomed where his lips had been, was a vivid red mark which spoke volumes in all languages.

MINE.

Tom's mouth stretched into an irrepressibly fond, but slick grin as he stared directly down into Harry's unrepentant, shining emerald eyes and warningly stated, "I'll have you take full responsibility for that."

Harry smiled up at him, and Tom openly admired the mischievous innocence it held.

"Can I pay in installments?"

Tom cocked an eyebrow. *Cheeky brat.* "I only accept lifetime guarantees."

Harry smirked, and it was decidedly less innocent. "Not sure I can afford that...will you take *me* as collateral?"

Tom grinned wolfishly, "With pleasure."

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xXOXx

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An hour before closing, after much heated preoccupation, Tom got around to presenting Harry with his gift.

"What's in the bag?" Harry squirmed on Tom's partially numb lap, and he opened the bag Tom had handed him after recovering from another enjoyable, long semi-public make-out session.

Tom didn't even flinch as Harry's movement sparked pins and needles along his stationary leg. He could ignore the discomfort for the proximity advantage he was getting having Harry perched and leaning against him.

"Your new collar. I hope you like it." Tom's voice took on a teasing lilt as Harry playfully scoffed and extracted the boxed up phone from the bag.

It was a recent model flip, black with silver accents, slim enough to fit unnoticed in Harry's pocket.

Harry opened it and tinkered with the buttons, smiling as the screen lit up and going immediately to the contacts list to find Tom's name programmed at the -Number One- slot.

"I took the liberty of putting it on silent, so when I call it will only flash a red light and vibrate."

Harry flipped the phone shut and impulsively pecked Tom on the cheek. "Thank you. I'll take good care of it."

Tom smirked, "You had better. Tell no one you have it."

"My lips are sealed." Harry grinned. "I should probably buy something so it looks like I had a good reason to be here. I've got a bit of cash—any recommendations, *professor*?"

Tom shifted and Harry took the hint to get up. He stood in front of Tom and watched as the taller boy stood to his full height and stretch his leg, shaking it a bit, as though it were asleep.

"Mock my title again and I will put you over my knee. But you'd like that—wouldn't you, *darling*?"

Harry stared up at Tom challengingly and remarked, "No more than you would. I know you're *dying* to spank me."

Tom crowded Harry against the table, leaning down with both arms stretched and planted on either side of Harry, still cradling the new phone in his hand.

Tom lifted an eyebrow and said in a husky tone, "If you know this, why do you remain upright? *Bend over*."

Harry's cheeks flushed darkly and he licked his lips, examining Tom's face hovering above his own through suspiciously narrowed eyes.

"You wouldn't do this now…we're in public…"

Tom made a show of glancing around the quiet area at the distinct lack of visible or audible bodies besides himself and Harry, concealed by the tall bookshelves in their own little world.

"Why, all I see is *you* and *me* and this *lovely* table. We're as private as private can get."

Tom's smile was catlike and Harry bit his lip against a reckless grin as he replaced the phone in the bag, set the bag on the table to the side, and turned until his back was to Tom. After a beat he glanced over his shoulder at the hovering teen, and said brazenly, "I can't bend over if you don't give me space."

Tom grinned sharply and slowly backed away—just far enough for Harry to stretch his upper body out over the table and spread his legs, angling his backside out towards Tom and pillowing his arms beneath his head.

Tom reached out and ran his hands up and down Harry's jean clad flanks, feeling his way up between the boy's thighs until he was cupping from the back the developing bulge of Harry's stirring cock.

"As much as I love your screams…I'm going to need to you keep *very quiet*…"

Harry sucked in a breath as the air shifted, and he distinctly felt the change in dynamic as Tom dropped to one knee behind him.

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Harry's teeth sank into his arm, and he suppressed a moan and startled gasp as Tom licked a warm, swiftly cooling trail from the back of his ball sack, all the way up the length of his exposed cleft to his tailbone.

When Tom had him bend over, he hadn't really expected to have his arse bared in short order and for Tom to set about marking the naked skin of his thighs and buttocks with hot kisses, wet sucks, and stinging bite marks.

In retrospect, he should have known this wouldn't be a chaste encounter.

Tom retraced the tracks of his tongue in reverse, going from Harry's tailbone now, and licking even deeper in between the boy's buttocks, which he spread open with his hands and thumbs on either globe, as he nosed his way against the musky heat of Harry's hanging scrotum.

Wasting no breath, Tom widely mouthed against Harry with a shameless tongue, and fondled between Harry's trembling legs, taking his cock in hand and stroking until he had Harry panting harshly and rocking into his hand and mouth alternatively, dripping wetter and wetter by the second.

Harry bit down harder into his arm and his thighs quivered and grew slick with sweat as Tom continued his ministrations, not letting up a bit.

The boy was close, and he could feel his climax approaching at a breakneck speed as Tom's grip passed over his cock repeatedly and Tom's tongue continued molesting him from the back.

Harry's heartrate jackknifed in his chest pressed hard against the table, and he gasped as Tom's tongue trailed up again and dived into his most sacred of locations, swirling around his perineum exposed by the thumb of Tom's left hand holding him open for maximum access as Tom multitasked with rimming him and stroking his manhood.

Harry couldn't fully contain the high pitched, muffled whine which escaped him as his body seized up, and Tom's tongue licked *deep* into him, wriggling within his fluttering sphincter as he *pulsed* and *throbbed*, spending himself in spurts all over Tom's awaiting hand.

Retracting his tongue with a guttural moan and last long swirling lick, Tom deftly squeezed his hand around Harry's limp cock and wiped the excess seed all along the damp skin of Harry's spread thighs.

Harry panted hard—coming down slow, and he trembled with pleasant aftershocks as Tom moved behind him, returning his underwear and pants to their proper locations from where he'd dropped them around Harry's ankles.

Harry twisted his head to the side against his arms and sucked in greedy wafts of cool air through his open mouth, blushing fiercely as Tom remarked in a hoarsened voice while blindly refastening Harry's belt, "A quarter till closing. We made good time."

"Ngh…Tom…" Harry huffed and puffed and attempted to leverage himself from the table, failing miserably as his arms refused to hold up the weight of his wrung out body.

"Shhhh…I've got you…" Harry groaned softly as Tom's arms wrapped around his chest, and he was suddenly upright again, pressed flush against Tom's front, feeling an unmistakable hardness being pressed into his lower back.

Tom kissed Harry's right temple and ran his *cleaner* hand affectionately through Harry's hair, just holding his boy for the moment, breathing deep, calming breaths Harry could feel in the steady rise and fall of Tom's chest behind him.

"…um…."

Harry's mind was curiously blank and he shut down further at the sound of Tom's breathy, short laugh.

"Well aren't you *delectable*…I already could eat you again..."

"*Guh*…I can't even…*god*…*Tom*…"

"There will come a day when I have all of you. Every last bit." Tom promised, and Harry just breathed and murmured, "I should probably go home…lest they ground me on sight…"

"I'll give you a ride."

Harry huffed and craned his neck to look, as Tom squeezed him closer with both arms around his waist and stared down at him with a placid expression.

"Promise…you won't come to the door?" Harry bit his lip and apologetically pleaded.

"Scouts honor. I will not scare your parents. I'll park out of sight."

Harry smiled and heaved a relieved sigh. He then turned his attention to the bag on the table and opened it up to take the phone back out, shoving it into his side pocket.

"…thanks…" He handed the emptied bag to Tom, blushing for the brushing of his pants against his still tingling, lower extremities.

Tom smirked, “Don’t mention it.”

Harry blushed and whispered, “You should probably go wash your hands…”

Tom’s lips spread open in a slow, devilish grin, and he released Harry as he took a long, perverse whiff of his still fragrant right hand palm and fingers. “I’ll be right back.”

Harry—only half mortified and more than a little desensitized, just stared after him as he exited their private nook and crossed the length of the room, disappearing through a door leading to the upstairs men’s room.

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xXOXx

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A few minutes later after being rejoined by the older teen—if Harry came down the stairs walking a bit funny and Tom looked every inch the smug predator that he was beside him, there was no one about to comment.

On the ground floor, Tom plucked two seemingly random for sale Chemistry and Arithmetic 101 contextual study aids from the merchandise shelves, and plopped them on the front counter before ringing the bell to signal for assistance from whoever was in the back on hand to work the register.

Harry automatically moved to offer the wad of bills his father had given him—but frowned in confusion as Tom casually waved him off, only to retrieve a slim wallet from his back pocket instead.

“My treat—I am your *professor*.” Tom’s lips quirked playfully, and his eyes flitted from Harry to the wallet in his hand as he located and whipped out a solid black card; handing it over to the genial old man now stood at the register.

“I trust you’ve both had a productive visit? I don’t see too many young people here on Saturdays anymore…I suppose books and study are to become a pastime…”

Tom smiled easily and punched in his pin on the keypad as the man—he was the manager, Harry noted this by the label pressed to his shirt—gave him back his card and bagged up the books. He then slid them along the counter back to Tom as the older teen graciously maintained, “Not just yet. Peaceful places like this will remain a refuge for the rational minority, if none else. Our visit has been lovely.”

Tom replaced his card within his wallet and hung the bagged books from the crook of his left arm.

“That is heartening to hear. You two take care and have a nice day.” The manager waved and Harry smiled and mimicked the gesture as Tom nodded politely and ushered him ahead, out the front door.

They stepped out into the mild weather of a brightly lit Saturday afternoon, and Harry squinted against the light. Being led half blindly, trailing Tom to his car, which was parked in the side lot attached to -*Flourish and Blotts*-.

The car beeped as Tom worked the key remote, and Harry blinked rapidly as his eyes finally adjusted to allow him a fully illuminated view of Tom grinning handsomely down at him, holding the passenger's side door open with an expectant air.

Harry laughed a bit and slid into the vehicle.

"I'm not a girl you know…"

Tom smirked and licked his lips, enjoying the flustered blush which flooded Harry's cheeks as he smoothly replied, "I do *know*, quite well. Do not assume my courtesy hinges upon some imagined femininity on your behalf."

"…well…that's fine then…"

Harry tried and failed at nonchalance as Tom's smirk morphed into something decidedly more perverse, "I happen to enjoy your…*masculinity*…right where it is."

There was no skirting around Tom's words as the older teen tilted his head and stared pointedly at Harry's crotch.

Harry's mouth worked ineffectually open and closed for lack of a coherent response, and Tom shut the door on his cherry red features before situating himself comfortably behind the steering wheel, securing his own door and fastening his seat belt.

"Buckle up, darling. We're being safe—no?"

Harry dragged the belt across his chest in an aborted move, and he valiantly ignored the butterflies kicking up a fuss in his stomach as he clicked it into place.

"We could grab a quick bite on the way back…if you want…" Harry's voice was low, almost tentative. *Precious*...

Tom turned his head and looked his boy up and down with a weighty, possessive gaze as he finally cranked the engine and the radio filtered through the car, crooning softly in the background on some alternative rock station Tom had left on from the morning ride.

"I do *want*. However, I assumed you were on a tight schedule…"

Harry grumbled and said, "I didn't specify that I would be back directly. The only place I actually told them I'd be going was -*Flourish and Blotts*-… It was only assumed I'd grab something while out at some point for lunch…as long as we don't dally too long or go out of the way I don't see a problem…"

Tom put the car in reverse and began smoothly backing out of the space, replying only once the car was fully righted again—ready to drive off.

“As if I’d turn down another date. I happen to know just the place. How do you feel about ice cream?”

Tom’s grin was infectious and Harry let himself be carried away on a wave of blissful glee as he cheekily answered, “Before dinner? You spoil me.”

Tom raised an eyebrow and drove up the residential street dividing the town shops categorically on either side.

Harry barely paid attention to the pedestrian scenery rolling by, content as he was to watch the play of lighthearted emotions on Tom’s fine featured profile.

“It’s in the job description.”

Harry laughed, “What’s that? I don’t recall hiring you.” Tom smirked, “*Au contraire*. I’ve been working for you since the day we met. And I think you’ll agree…I’m *very good* at what I do.”

“You’re alright. Nobody else applied so I guess you’re the default.” Harry bit his lip against a grin as Tom scoffed loudly in derision.

“It’s not merely default if I am the *best*.”

“So humble, your majesty.” Harry sarcastically teased. Tom rolled his eyes, and his mouth twitched drolly. “Such a disrespectful brat…I have half a mind to pull over and discipline you.”

“But what about ice cream?” Harry’s voice was childishly pitched—innocent to a fault, and Tom chuckled darkly. “Rude little boys don’t *deserve* ice cream. I can always give you something else to *occupy* your tongue.”

Harry covered his mouth with his hand, and said in a muffled, highly amused tone, “You wouldn’t want me to *starve*, now would you Tom?”

“I could taste the pancakes on your breath. You will survive.” Tom deadpanned, smirking as they pulled into the parking lot of -*Fortescue’s Cream and Cookie Parlor*- , a favored hangout hotspot for young people in the area, especially on the weekends.

True to form, there was a decent mix of clientele streaming in and out of the place, also seated in the window booths.

Harry’s eyes widened as he took in the whimsically decorated exterior, boasting an eye-catching logo sign, on the roof—of a large bowl of colorful ice cream scoops dashed with rainbow sprinkles bordered by a ring of cookies of all shapes and sizes.

The face of the parlor was painted in pastel stripes of pink, yellow, white, and pale mint green in alternating combinations.

The windows were frosted glass, imitating powdered sugar sprays of delicate swirls and misty tendrils curling around calligraphic words advertising the parlor’s commodities.

Harry was charmed, and he favored Tom with a genuinely happy, warm smile as they parked and Tom shut off the engine.

“Call me merciful. This happens to be a town highlight. It would be remiss of me to not introduce you to it.” Tom shrugged coolly, angling his head to look directly at Harry.

“Aww…you *do* love me!” Harry chirped brightly, quickly undoing his seatbelt, before he eagerly hopped out of the vehicle—missing the complicated play of emotions flashing on Tom’s oddly slack jawed, lightly flushed face.

Covering for the lapse, Tom cleared his throat and stepped out of the vehicle as well. Raising an eyebrow and smirking fondly as Harry bounced over to his side and grabbed his hand, boldly lacing their fingers together and tugging him towards the parlor entrance.

Tom allowed himself to be pulled, and he locked the car mid-motion, pocketing the key in short order.

Staring down his nose at the top of Harry’s head, Tom felt gentle warmth expanding in his chest. As Harry stepped through the automatic door, Tom drew up directly beside him, no longer being pulled and smoothly taking up the lead.

The sweet smell of cold, flavorful cream and baked sugar enveloped their senses; Tom watched in rapt fixation as Harry paused beyond the threshold—closing his eyes, and taking a deep breath…only to exhale with an audible whoosh.

His boy was elated. Tom considered it, for the moment, yet another job well done.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

Okay. So we finally hit a mile marker. 🤘

One question—who saw that morning encounter coming? I hadn't even really planned for that until it just happened. But we did need to hurry up and qualify the title. 😗

I started to double the length of this chapter to something reminiscent of that monster birthed on the -6th Violation-, but looking at that last scene, I felt we could safely cut it there for now…if only to not drain the juice too fast from this slice. 😘

I have to say—this chapter actually came super easy...I do wonder if I might've done a bit too much with that public scene…but… #TheThirstIsReal.😩😏

I couldn't get Tom to keep his mouth to himself.😁 It was like some kind of affirmation that he could still get to Harry no matter what Mom and Dad got in their heads to do. 😈

Also…desecrating a public library is almost a rite of passage. 👼

So cheers! 🥂

Any and all feedback is and will be forever loved 💖 and appreciated!

I did my best to edit as I wrote, but I'll admit to a bit of increased impatience after the midpoint, and so…if you find any glaring errors—pull my coat and don't throw too many rotten veggies. #IBeHuman 🙏😌

As always, feel free to drop a line of inspiration for any coveted future encounters. My muses are always greedy for crumbs. 💋

Stay Safe In Reality ~ Until the next Violation.

~🌺🐍○

9th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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9th Violation

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"Hmmm….."

"Come now, it's not that serious. Pick anything. They're all edible."

Tom's eyebrow twitched as Harry continued stubbornly contemplating the menu at the front counter. They'd been there for about seven minutes now.

"Why not get one of everything?" Was the *oh so helpful* advice of the bubbly service person behind the counter, who seemed to think it adorable that Harry—bless his conflicted soul, couldn't settle on a single item.

"Err…no thank you, I just…I'm not sure what I want…" Harry displayed his mounting distress in the tightening of his mouth and frustrated squint of his eyes at the listed amenities.

Tom rubbed his forehead and heaved an exasperated sigh. Feeling vaguely amused, but even more-so impatient to get away from the counter, he said mildly, "Darling, I would gladly buy you the whole menu but as we are pressed for time..."

"I've got it! That one—with two spoons and a large bowl please!"

Harry perked right up, practically sparkling at the cheerfully grinning uniformed lady as he finally selected a rather busy cookies and cream, strawberry iced, banana split duplex with sprinkles and two cherries on top.

"I hope you don't mind splitting the cost…I wouldn't feel right going home with a full pocket still. Also, I know it's kinda late to ask—but can we share?"

Tom blinked down at Harry, feeling rather nonplussed as his boy nervously scratched at his cheek and stared worriedly up at Tom…who still hadn't replied.

"You want to eat this…monstrosity…together?"

Tom's words came deliberately slow, almost stilted, as if he couldn't comprehend the simple fact of Harry wanting to share his food with him.

“Well yeah. I know I didn’t ask what flavor you wanted…but it was the biggest thing on the menu, and I thought you might enjoy at least some of it since there’s so much—but if you don’t want to you don’t have to humor me, I don’t mean to force…you…mmph?”

Harry’s mouth snapped shut as Tom pressed two firm fingers against his lips, effectively sealing them. His eyes widened in astonishment as he stared mutely up at Tom and was majorly floored by the sight of a telling light blush creeping its way across the bridge of Tom’s nose to tint the cheeks of his otherwise patently cool features.

“We can share. I would like that. Very much.”

As Tom’s fingers fell, Harry flashed him a radiant grin—heart fluttering wildly in his chest as his own cheeks flushed a darker shade of flattering red.

The counter lady returned to the register with a clear glass bowl full of their imminent purchase on a tray, which she set on the counter before them alongside two wrapped silver spoons.

Harry pulled out his wad of bills and handed over more than half the cost for the treat before Tom could stop him, glaring in affront as Harry only grinned and cheekily told the lady Tom would cover the change.

“Your definition and my definition of *splitting* must differ.” Tom muttered crossly at Harry as he dug deep into his pocket and fished out two quarters for the remaining paltry sum of the expense.

“Don’t pout. If I hadn’t done that, you’d try and pay for it all—again.” Harry took the receipt and wadded it into his left pocket with a last *thank you* and smile to the counter lady.

He then collected the tray and sought out a small raised circular table with two high stools near the window towards the far end of the establishment, which was the perfect size to facilitate them sitting across from each other without too much distance to comfortably share the cold treat.

Sitting the tray on the table, Harry hopped up onto the stool with his back to the entryway, and he swung his legs and laughed softly as Tom sighed long-sufferingly and easily took the seat in front of him, legs just barely brushing the floor still, even on the stool. Tom casually rested his forearms on the table and grabbing up a spoon, raised his a regal brow for Harry to do the same.

“Such a drama king…” Harry teased.

Tom rolled his eyes with a begrudging smirk, and scooped a portion of the ice cream from the bowl. “Quiet subject—the cream is melting.”

Harry un-wrapped his spoon and plucked a cream dipped cherry off the top of the confection, grinning impishly as he licked his tongue out to lave it clean before biting it from the stem, chewing slowly and moaning his delight as he held Tom’s narrowed gaze.

“Yes your majesty.” He spoke irreverently around the cherry, swallowing directly after.

Tom’s knee purposefully bumped against Harry’s beneath the table. Harry merely quirked his lips and commenced to devouring his side of the bowl with unabashed gusto.

All too aware of the way Tom’s eyes followed every move of his mouth as he *licked* and *sucked* and s*wallowed* every yummy bite of the treat before them.

Harry wasn’t nearly as ashamed as he felt he should’ve been that he’d nearly ate half the bowl by the time Tom had finished only a fourth of the portion.

It was hard to be sorry when Tom was staring at him so blatantly and sliding his own loaded spoon time and again in and out of his mouth, with all the pleasured languor of a sloth, even as his eyes shone and he tilted his head to prop idly against the back of his left hand.

Captivated and content as he was to simply observe Harry in his compellingly joyful splendor.

It was only because Harry was so aware of Tom’s eyes on him that he instantly noticed when their target switched to somewhere behind him, and frosted over with all the immediacy of a shuttered window in a snow storm as Tom tensed up, sitting ramrod straight—all ease dispelled.

“Fancy meeting you both here. It must be fate.”

Harry blinked in concern and jerkily looked away from Tom to over his shoulder where the voice had sounded, gaping as he was met with the serenely smiling face of one Luna Lovegood, in all her dreamy glory.

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Tom’s eyes were alert and positively glacial as he stared at the girl who had *presumed* to mosey over to the table behind his Harry and open her glossy lipped mouth.

His hand twitched spasmodically around the spoon he still held—clenching tightly in simmering displeasure as Harry whirled around to face the twit. He wished with everything in him that he wasn’t holding a blunt instrument.

“Luna! Wow…I didn’t expect to see you today. How goes it?”

The girl seemed to be (rudely) blithely overlooking Tom’s very obvious, seething presence in order to simper and fawn all over Harry like some unwanted limpet.

“Oh, everything is wonderful. I had Daddy drop me off here while he went to see a man about a rare Pomeranian cross breed recently brought to the town pet shop. He’ll be a while.”

“Sounds awesome…haha...” Harry laughed awkwardly—feeling the disastrous spike in Tom’s ire as the very air seemed to crackle around them, gaining an unmistakable oppressiveness.

“Hello Tom Riddle. It’s good to meet you.” Luna smiled placidly as she finally acknowledged the hardened exterior of the dangerously still predator sitting across from her adorable friend Harry.

“Lovegood.” Tom sounded as though he was chewing on nails. Harry threw a bewildered look from him to Luna and back to him again, frowning at the visual discrepancies. It was the difference between sunlight and shadows.

“Harry speaks very fondly of you. I think you make a lovely couple.” Luna said this warmly, sounding altogether at ease and very affectionate—not at all put off by Tom’s…well… everything.

Tom’s eyes narrowed to suspicious slits, and his grip loosened only marginally around the spoon. “Your endorsement is touching.” Harry cringed, lightly kicking Tom’s shin in reflexive rebuke under the table. Because Tom had said that in a voice drier than the desert—like it was anything but.

“Are you both spending the day together?” Luna addressed Harry while still smiling pleasantly, directly at Tom, seeming to not even notice or be swayed by the condensed waves of vitriol radiating from his imposing form.

“…not exactly…I’m actually going to be heading home soon.”

Luna blinked and frowned slightly at Harry’s less than enthusiastic tone as she looked away from Tom to him again, applying her full concern. “Oh? How come? Saturdays are perfect for date nights and such…shouldn’t you be indulging?”

Harry winced and mussed his hair in aggravation. “I would love that. But my parents… they’ll likely be cross if I stay away too long.”

“Hmmm…I think you need catnip. Be right back.” Luna half-bowed as she skipped off across the floor to lean over and speak with someone behind the front counter, who nodded, disappeared then reappeared and handed her something.

Harry stared after her curiously and raised an eyebrow as she walked back over to their table holding what he could now see was a bulky cordless phone, obviously borrowed from the parlor.

“What’s your house number?” Luna asked airily. Baffled—Harry rattled it off without much thought. Startling only when he realized Luna had punched in every digit and was holding the phone to her ear.

“Hello Mrs. Harry’s Mother. This is Luna.”

Harry's jaw dropped and he made an aborted move to snatch the phone, choking on a rising panic as Luna playfully danced out of his reach, pressing a warning finger to her lips and mouthing *'relax'*.

Tom's face was stonier than a mountain and he internally debated the wisdom of wringing the girl's scrawny neck in a public establishment. He wouldn't kill her all the way, just mostly—he ruminated. The rest would have to be private.

Damn little chit.

"I was just calling because I ran into Harry in town, and we wanted to hang out and catch an evening show. Only if it's alright with you of course. He tells me he's expected back..."

There was silence and Harry could vaguely hear his mother's indistinct voice buzzing on the phone.

"Oh, we'll probably be out until around eight thirtyish. My Dad can drop us off after if you're worried. Mhm…I'll be sure to tell him. You don't have to worry about dinner. We'll eat out."

Luna flashed Harry a mischievous wink as he just stared, heart in his throat, dumbfounded at her, "It's no trouble at all. Thank you so much. Don't worry about the tickets. It's my treat."

Luna said a happy goodbye and closed out the line with an easy smile for Harry and Tom both.

"That takes care of that. I hope you enjoy the rest of your day. See you at school, Harry. Bye Tom!"

Tom nodded after her with a very reluctant half wave and far less withering glare. He pursed his lips sourly, feeling chagrined as he was made to put plots of fulfilling his wrath on indefinite hold and reassess the girl's actual worth.

So…maybe he didn't *necessarily* have to dig a grave…yet.

Harry looked a bit dazed as Luna disappeared from view, taking with her a load of warranted tension which had accumulated in his chest throughout her impromptu phone call. Swallowing thickly, he dragged his eyes to rest unsurely on Tom, before picking up and slowly dipping his spoon into the remains of the melted cream and banana left in the dish on the tray.

"…so…I guess you're stuck with me."

Tom's eyes held his own—quietly calculating and gleaming with intent as he swiftly leaned forward, grabbed Harry by the chin, and crushed their lips together in a lingering, firm, open mouthed, *claiming* kiss.

Harry panted softly with wide eyes and licked his trembling lips, chasing the sweetness on both their breaths as they parted upon Tom's satisfied release. He just stared wordlessly as the older teen sat back again, chest heaving a bit but otherwise unruffled.

“For the time being—you may keep her.” Tom said, benevolently.

Harry’s resulting disbelieving smile rightly glowed, and it thawed the last of the ice from the older teen’s demeanor, warming him pleasantly through and through.

All was (momentarily) well.

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Alone together again back in the car, Harry was nervous and eager about having Tom to himself for essentially a whole day. As much as the prospect excited him…he also felt a bit daunted.

For all that they got physical—he still didn’t really know much about the guy. This could be his opportunity to learn a few things not attached only to school or the shape of their anatomies.

He licked his lips in the quiet, as Tom had yet to start the engine, and he looked over at the other and asked, “What do you want to do?”

Tom’s gaze was lingering…assessing…strange. “What I *want to do* and what *we should do*… are very different.”

Harry swallowed thickly and worked to shut down the thoughts creeping into his mind around the tantalizing implications of that. This couldn’t be all they did. I just couldn’t! Surely there was something—

“Would you like to help me with a project?” He blurted out, remembering suddenly his art assignment involving Tom’s portrait.

Tom blinked and tilted his head, “What kind of project?”

Harry smiled and said reassuringly, “Nothing complicated. Just for Art…I would very much like you to pose for me.”

Tom said nothing for a good while in reply as he cranked the engine. Harry worried his bottom lip. Finally, after pulling out of the parking lot Tom spoke again, “You’ll need supplies. I know a place. I will purchase what you require. No arguing.”

Harry beamed and said, “I’ll pay you back later. I don’t need much. Just some charcoal pencils and a sketch pad. If I had known we’d be here like this I’d have brought something with me…”

Tom rolled his eyes good naturedly, “Do that if it makes you feel better, but I will only accept a 10% return on the cost—nothing more.” Harry spluttered indignantly as Tom continued,

“Where would you like me to pose? We could go back to my place…or was there somewhere else you had in mind?”

Harry blushed for the mention of Tom’s place. And after an elongated pause, he decided, “I saw this park once when we first moved here. I don’t know the exact location, but it was pretty with a lake and benches…fairly secluded, small…I wouldn’t mind going back there…”

Tom hummed softly and pulled into another parking lot in front of a crafts store a few blocks down the street.

“There is only one park I know of fitting your description. It’s a twenty minute drive away from here. Closer to where I live than you would imagine.”

Tom smiled disarmingly, “Come—let’s get those supplies so we can be on our way again.”

Killing the engine, Tom got out of the car and had Harry’s door open before the boy had even unbuckled.

“You’re awful quick to let me draw you. You don’t even know if I’m any good…”

Tom’s eyes shone with muted mischief and amusement as Harry got out of the car and awkwardly folded his arms, hugging himself around the middle as he stared off to the side bashfully to avoid Tom’s direct line of sight whilst discussing his artistic prowess, or lack thereof.

“I know more of your skills than you might think. Come along. And have some confidence.”

Harry huffed lightly and shook his head with a small, fondly resigned, accepting smile as Tom draped an arm over his shoulders and guided him along into the store.

It didn’t take long at all for Harry to find what he needed, and he and Tom were out and back on the road within ten minutes.

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“How long have you lived here?”

This was Harry’s first line of personal questioning as they drove—music playing low in the background, a calming white noise they could largely ignore or allow to comfortably break up the silence.

Glancing at Harry briefly through the corner of his eye, Tom said evasively, “Long enough to know the place.”

Harry snorted with a gentle pout for the non-answer. “I was hoping for a time frame.”

“I attended Hogwarts at all levels, excepting the beginning of primary school. Does that answer your question?”

Harry hummed, mollified. “That’s a little better…so you were what…seven or eight when you started school here proper?”

“Approximately.” Harry blinked, taking in the slight tension in Tom’s shoulders even as the older teen’s face remained stoic and relaxed, paying attention to the road.

“That must’ve been nice. I didn’t really get the full school experience until sixth grade. Before that…I bounced around a lot.”

Tom looked sideways at Harry again, more interested in this line of conversation than his own personal history. “Oh? Tell me about it.”

Harry sighed and stared out the window at the passing scenery of street and shops and random houses.

“Dad…he has a demanding job. It moved us around a lot. He’s a kind of government consultant. Don’t ask me the details. A lot of it is pretty classified stuff…but away from that…Mom and I have been along for the ride ever since I can properly remember.”

Tom kept listening, attention rapt as Harry paged leisurely through his life’s story.

“At one point, I got left with my Mom’s sister and her horrid husband and son because Mom and Dad both had to work, and they couldn’t afford to have me watched extensively during the day by babysitters. That was when I was about five or six. It only lasted through kindergarten and some of first grade before they quit that arrangement. But I remember my Aunt Petunia…didn’t like me much. Something about my parents dropping their burdens in her lap whilst they gallivanted all over the place doing things that didn’t matter.”

“That was kind of funny, because Mom told me she did pay a decent amount to have me housed with Aunt Petunia, helping supplement even my Aunt’s own household bills, and it wasn’t like I had to be there over the holidays or even all the weekends, just mainly during the work week and whenever Mom or Dad had weekend overtime. They told me they’d been saving for a proper house so we could settle down somewhere nice when things eventually stabilized with Dad’s job.”

Tom hummed and remained otherwise quiet as Harry went on to ask, “What about you though? What are your parents like?”

Tom stared ahead, working his jaw, and he belatedly replied, “My mother died in childbirth. I’ve been in the custody of my father during my time at Hogwarts.”

“But you’re living alone now…are you not close?” Harry’s question was innocent, but loaded. Tom released a sigh. “We are symbiotic.”

Harry frowned. “...what does that mean?” Tom smiled wryly, keeping his eyes focused on the road. “He leaves me to my devices. I don’t destroy the family image. He lives comfortably. I

ignore the indignity of his continued existence."

"The arrangement is quite equitable."

Harry nodded slowly, staring ahead unseeingly at the dashboard. He felt inexplicably wretched for bringing up the strain in Tom's familial relationship, and he cleared his throat and attempted to make amends by swiftly changing the subject.

"I was sent away to a boarding school for my middle years. Before that and after my Aunt, we moved so often that I went to whatever school was closest for however many months out of the year we were in one place. I was at Griffin Academy though from 6th to 8th grade. There I met two of my closest friends. They became my family away from family while I was there year round…even though we were all pretty different from each other."

Harry's smile was tender as he reminisced on Neville and Hermione.

"I met Neville first. He was even quieter than me, but we hit it off in Nature Studies, which was a class conducted in the school greenhouse and gardens. He had a brilliant green thumb and could make anything grow. But he also had a habit of collecting dangerous species of plants on the side…including some known and lesser known plants used in drugs which were… not quite legal...haha."

Harry laughed shortly. Tom raised an eyebrow in askance, "Your parents allowed you to hang around someone that dubious? And they're still against me?"

Harry grinned and stared at Tom's disbelieving profile. "They never actually met Neville. I told you, he was at the boarding school. When I went home over the summer, I didn't really talk a lot about classmates, even though I did mention I had fun with friends."

"Back then, my parents weren't overly concerned with my social life, so long as I was happy and healthy every time they saw me."

"So you were already a delinquent before we met. That is somewhat reassuring." Tom was smirking now. Harry rolled his eyes.

"I would have you know, I had respectable associates too. Well…one in particular. Her name was Hermione."

Harry grinned widely as Tom gave him the suspicious side-eye, tamping down on his reflexive displeasure. "She loved books more than anything. And she was very intelligent."

"Wonder of wonders then why she hung out with you." Tom's voice was teasingly droll, but also genuinely probing as he went on the alert for any signs unnecessary emotional entanglements stemming from Harry's past. Harry only scoffed in playful agreement. "I know right?"

"But really…she was like me in that she was a transfer. And she was a year younger. She'd skipped a few grades you see." Harry laughed shortly and continued, "We literally had a run in when she was rushing to class and I came around the corner too fast not looking where I

was going. After she panicked about nearly killing me and irreparably injuring the stack of new school books she'd been carrying in her arms instead of in her bag like a normal person…we actually had a nice chat."

"She took a shine to me, being that we had practically the same schedule because of her placement in my grade, and the older girls and guys in our year made her unaccountably nervous and stiff. She told me I was like her older little brother. It was funny, but I didn't mind her bossing me around from then on. She really was quite smart and a good study partner. Kind of like a pint sized, more frizzy haired *you* actually."

Tom frowned deeply at that, feeling rather disturbed. "Your comparison is worrying. You mean to tell me I remind you of a younger, bossy little school girl? In what realm does that make sense?"

"Pffft…! Your face—I'm sorry…," Harry chortled and covered his mouth, trying vainly to smother his bubbling laughter for Tom's hilariously ill expression. "D-don't be mad. I meant it as a compliment!"

Tom jerked his head to the side, spearing Harry with a baleful glare, before turning back to the road as he put on the right signal and steered the vehicle onto a tree lined, paved backroad.

"Honest. Hermione and I were really close by the time 6th year ended. Adding Neville to the dynamic made us three something like Musketeers. If two out of the three were selectively obsessed with their personal hobbies on top of being rubbish at staying out of troublesome situations when thrown in the pot together."

Harry grinned widely, "I can't count the number of times Hermione's knowledge of the school bylaws saved Neville from being expelled for appropriating plants for his private collection and kept me from being counted as an accessory to all of his…*academically driven* experiments."

Tom shook his head with a rueful grin and murmured knowingly, "You got high, didn't you?"

Harry smirked and replied, "Occasionally…by accident once or twice…with mushrooms."

Tom sighed heavily, "I suppose I should be grateful I am not the worst influence in your life." Harry impulsively pinched Tom's thigh, startling the other and earning himself a literal slap on the wrist in retaliation.

"Ow!" Harry pouted and mock glared at Tom's smug profile. "I didn't pinch you that hard!"

"It's the principal of the thing, darling. The only bruises I accept are loving ones. Not bratty." Tom's voice dripped with honeyed superiority, and Harry's nostrils flared as he muttered crossly under his breath, rubbing delicately at his left wrist.

"Violent bastard…" Harry puffed his cheeks, startling as Tom's right hand left the steering wheel to grab the offended limb, stretching it out until his wrist was directly in front of Tom's mouth.

Without saying a word, or even looking at him, Tom kissed the peachy surface of his skin—repeatedly, lavishing attention on the dully stinging spot.

Harry flushed darkly, unable to manage a word until Tom finally released his arm and casually returned his hand to the wheel, as if he'd done nothing out of the ordinary.

"If I hurt you, Harry—know this, I will *always* kiss it better." Tom's voice was low, smooth and compelling.

Harry licked his lips and worried the skin on his wrist for a very different reason now. It tingled where Tom's lips had pressed, and he could feel his stomach fluttering with jittery butterflies.

He was saved from having to say anything foolish to rescue his nerves as the trees fell away and his eyes were met with the clear expanse of the park, lakeside benches and all, just as serene and perfectly placed as he'd remembered, illuminated in the afternoon sun.

Tom parked them underneath the shade of a large tree towering at the edge of the clearing, a few yards away from the road, in short, well maintained grass sprinkled with gravel all along the property line.

It was only after exiting the car with his supplies in hand that Harry realized…he had talked more about himself than he'd wound up talking about Tom.

Staring up at his companion, strolling along easily beside him, tall and handsome as ever—Harry knew this had been done on purpose. He sighed mutely, pushing aside a growing melancholy by walking closer to Tom and lacing their fingers together, holding his charcoal pencil case and sketchbook beneath the opposite arm.

Tom looked down at him, slowing his stride, and Harry gazed into his eyes with determination.

"I want to know you." He said. And his voice was carried away on a cool breeze, gusting through and around them, rippling across the clear lake and stirring the grass.

Tom adjudged his grip on Harry's hand, bringing them together more firmly.

"I want to know *you*." Tom echoed. Harry stopped walking and his lips tightened against the frustration welling in his chest. "You keep deflecting…"

"*Harry.*" Tom said his name in a way that stole his words and rendered him breathless all at once. "You know everything worth knowing already."

Following this statement, Tom pulled Harry against his chest, snaking an arm around Harry's waist and further silencing his protests with a brief kiss…then another…and another…*longer*…*harder*…*deeper*…with every dive, until Harry quite forgot the reason he'd been talking in the first place, lost as he was in the storm of want that was Tom.

I want to know…

I want to…

I want you to know…

I…you…I want…I want…*I want you*...

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xXOXx

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When Harry sank down onto a bench, boneless and breathless next to Tom, after having been effectively ravished beneath the open sky…it took a minute for his brain to kick into gear speaking good and proper English.

“Now that we’re here, how do you want me?”

Tom licked his bottom lip and leered down at Harry, eyes glowing with unfiltered exultation for Harry’s flustered state, courtesy entirely of himself. It was fascinating to watch the boy gathering his wits, like an inebriated kitten stumbling cutely out of the dark into broad daylight.

Tom had the urge to pet him all over for adoration’s sake. But that would be very public indecency…which was an unfortunate no-no.

Shelter and walls were required for what Tom had in mind, as he would not tolerate being interrupted at any point.

“…want you?” Harry blinked rapidly, staring up at Tom and shaking himself deliberately out of his stupor.

“Yes…you want me. Tell me how.” Tom grinned broadly and gave into the urge to run his fingers down Harry’s cheek, ghosting along those plush, pink lips he’d become so very familiar with.

Harry opened his mouth beneath Tom’s fingers, blushing hard as Tom casually inserted his forefinger into the gap, pressing the pad against Harry’s tongue for the briefest of moments before slowly retracting, spreading wetness all along the dragged digit.

Harry closed his mouth, sucking in his lower lip, and he just watched Tom as the other licked his own tongue out against the damp flesh of that finger, and purposefully held Harry’s gaze the whole time.

Watching…waiting…smirking…*knowing*.

“Urgh…you…stop that…”, Harry groaned and forcefully averted his eyes from the spectacle that was Tom, flipping the sketchbook open to the first blank page and wordlessly taking out a sharp charcoal pencil.

He looked back up at Tom through slightly narrowed eyes, and said, “Sit back. Recline and look at me. Don’t say anything. I want you natural and completely relaxed.”

Tom easily shifted his position on the bench to pose as Harry bid, and he ran his hand through his hair, allowing the dark curls to fall artfully as they would, before relaxing his features and staring seriously into Harry’s eyes with forthright focus.

With pink riding high on his cheeks for Tom’s heart stopping attention, Harry murmured, “Hold that pose…”, and lifted his pencil to draw the first stroke upon the page.

What followed this was a long session of Tom observing his boy observing him observing his boy, as he rendered Tom’s likeness with all the dedication of an artist worshiping his muse.

Tom found he liked the way Harry’s eyes traveled over his face, omitting no details, capturing every sensuous line and stray nuanced freckle as his hand moved fluidly along the paper with the pencil, shading here…lingering there between alternatively short and elongated strokes.

He didn’t know if Harry knew just how *intense* his emerald eyes were when they held Tom’s own so directly, not at all shy, and longing in a way that was altogether very flattering and riot inducing in Tom’s chest.

He knew his blood pressure was steadily rising alongside his strengthening pulse, even as he maintained his outwardly loose demeanor, reclining on the bench for the benefit of not ruining Harry’s dedicated sketch.

As Harry’s eyes continued flitting between Tom and the developing portrait, he fell into a kind of trance with every drawn line mirroring Tom’s fine features. No longer riddled with nerves, moderating his breathing steadily in and out…he could observe the object of his affections unhurriedly with a valid excuse to really note every aspect of that lovely…oh so *preciously perfect* countenance.

He didn’t want to complete the sketch, just let it go on and on …so engrossed was he with his interpretation.

Tom’s lips quirked with the ghost of a smile as his boy’s eyes went half-masted, and headily made him the center of the universe.

Was it narcissism if you wanted someone to look only at you forever?

And what was it when you also wanted…*the inverse*?

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I was so tempted to keep this chapter going for some distance yet, but I really liked the way this last scene ended, and I didn't wanna ruin the tooth rotting fluff. 🦷😄😘

Seriously…so much fluff…(I didn't even miss the smut 👀—too much😅)! Hope nobody was disappointed, 'cause they're not actually bunnies… 🐇😏💕

I hope you all enjoyed this as much as I've enjoyed writing it. ✍️😉 After much editing and many tweaks over these past few days, I do believe we've done it. 👍

I am very much looking forward to the continuation of this particular day. I wonder if anyone else shares my sentiments—after all, I do believe this is the longest stretch of time Harry and Tom have been allotted throughout this whole fic.

Huh…guess we need to make it count. 😇😏💘🤍💜😈

I'm all ears for wishes and suggestions. My muses do have the most ravenous appetite, as I'm sure you've all gathered.

Also, yay!--for no prison, because Tom didn't actually publicly kill Luna! Woot! 👏🎉

I'm so proud I could cry.😭😂 #LongLiveLuna our #FavResidentEnabler.❤💙💓💚💛

~🌺🐍○

10th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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10th Violation

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In the time it took Harry to put the finishing touches on his sketch of Tom, who remained motionless, staring back at him as he had been the entirety of Harry's sketching process—the sun had managed to begin falling in the sky, filtering from light blue to a gradually fading radiant orange.

"All done, darling?" Tom's voice was low, gently rousing Harry from his thoughts as his hand stilled and he just stared down at the very detailed, finely rendered image of Tom staring out and forever into him from the page's confines.

He blinked and slowly lifted his eyes to focus on the real thing.

"…yeah…it's finish." Harry chewed his lip and resisted the urge to shrink away as Tom reached out and gingerly took the pad from him, laying critical eyes on all that had been wrought by Harry's hand.

Harry tensed and twiddled his thumbs, waiting for the inevitable verdict. "I think it came out alright, I mean I'm not nearly a professional but it does look like you. Err…don't you think? I mean they say we've all got an image of ourselves that doesn't quite match what others may see of us but I figure you know your face best and can tell if I've done a good enough job or—…not…"

Harry's anxious babbling trailed off, and he caught his breath—holding on just barely as Tom's lips gradually curved into a lingering, temperate smile that spoke of pleasure, pride, and the utmost satisfaction for what he was looking at.

"A marvel…is what you are, Harry Potter. I should be so blessed to know you see me so well."

Harry flushed for the praise and stammered his gratitude as Tom looked away from the pad and handed it back to him, staring meaningfully into his eyes, as though seeing him from a new angle and very much liking the presentation.

"I'm glad you like it…I'll be referencing it in class later for the project…"

Tom hummed softly and tilted his head, inquiring, “What exactly was the topic of this project you’re drawing me for?”

Unthinkingly, Harry replied, “To create something representative of something very special to me…” It was only after he’d said that, staring into Tom’s widening eyes as the older teen seemed to freeze in tangible astonishment—that Harry fully grasped the implications of that statement…being that Tom was his chosen subject matter.

Before he could even make a flustered attempt to backpedal and gloss over the obvious non-confession, Tom was in his personal space—drawing nearer and nearer, until Harry could feel his breath ghosting over his lips, hovering just shy of touching as Tom murmured in a voice deeply husked over, “You honor me.”

Right before bridging the scant gap and blanketing Harry’s soft, quavering lips with his own for the umpteenth time. He took his time, impressing upon his boy just how *honored* he truly felt…with every devouring move of his mouth working in tandem with Harry’s own.

All conscious thought evaporated from Harry’s mind during Tom’s committed ministration, and he released his grip on the pad lying prone in his lap. With his eyelids fluttering shut, he raised his arms to encircle Tom’s neck, and allowed himself to be towed under and swept away beneath the currents of Tom…Tom…*Tom*…imbibing the remnants of his soul leaking from his tongue into the older teen’s throat to coalesce around Tom’s lungs and suffuse his beating heart.

By the time Tom pulled out of the kiss, resting his forehead against Harry’s as they both continued to unevenly breathe each other in, with Tom’s strong, long fingered hand having buried itself in the hair at the back of Harry’s neck, massaging his scalp beneath the ebony locks—Harry was flushed and shivering all over with a need like withdrawal coursing through his veins.

“Tooom…” Harry moaned softly, elongating the moniker and clenching his teeth as jolts ran from his stomach to between his legs, gathering at a central location.

“*Harry.* Let me take you home.” Harry frowned; feeling confused and distressed for all of five seconds until Tom laughed softly and kissed his forehead at the furrow between his brows, reassuring amusedly, “Not yours. *Mine* you silly boy... “

Harry relaxed and swallowed thickly then as Tom leaned back, dislodging Harry’s loose arms, and giving him some space as he stared directly into Harry’s hazy emerald orbs, mentally telegraphing his trains of matching thought.

Mouth gone inexplicably dry, Harry licked his lips and grabbed a handful of Tom’s shirt, wrinkling the fabric as he whispered his reply.

“Take me.”

And Tom did.

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xXOXx

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The drive to Tom's place was quiet and altogether extremely short.

When Tom had mentioned the park was near his place, he hadn't been exaggerating. In fact, it was only a five minute drive away from the park in a wide loop.

Harry had stowed the books Tom had purchased for him alongside the sketchpad and pencils all on the backseat together.

They rolled through the gates of the community and pulled into the familiar parking lot in front of the penthouse apartment, and Tom killed the engine without further ado.

"Welcome back." Tom purred. His gaze was fervently heated as he looked at Harry, eyes traveling up and down in a deliberate fashion as he took in the boy's doubtlessly nervous but anticipatory facade.

Tom got out of the car and came around to Harry's side, opening the door for his boy and grabbing him by the waist as Harry stood in front of him and stepped sideways away from the car door swinging shut beneath Tom's hand.

Harry heard the locks snick into place on the doors, and he breathed steadily in and out without saying a word as Tom's hand squeezed the side of his waist, ushering him firmly along.

This was it. He knew. There was no turning back…and no more reason to hesitate.

Now was as good a time as any.

Harry's heart pounded at the base of his throat as they entered the elevator, and his head swam in a fog until he found himself standing once again in front of Tom's apartment door with the aforementioned teen just staring down at him, having unlocked the door but not moved the handle.

"You are certain?" Tom's voice was a cautious, almost whisper. Harry blinked out of his stupor and met the taller boy's gaze wordlessly. A feeling of security and warmth unfurled in his abdomen, and he smiled calmly as his nerves took a backseat to everything else going on in his keyed up body.

Reaching out blindly, never breaking their stare off, Harry's hand came down over Tom's poised at the handle.

Overlapping their grips—he took the handle, pushed down and let the door drift open.

"I've never been surer of anything."

As Tom backed him over the threshold and re-shut the door behind them, Harry only just caught his breath in time to lose it all over again to their lips crashing in an exchange more

impassioned than any he could cite in recent memory.

It was as though a dam had burst, and Tom's hands were all over him—tugging and dismantling, pulling his shirt out of his pants and sliding all up and down his backside, squeezing hard and massaging the veiled globes of his arse even as Harry moaned and met Tom's fervor with every ounce of enthusiasm and want threatening to send him into cardiac arrest for how fast his heart was jackhammering within his chest.

Harry's own hands delved beneath the shirt Tom wore, popping delicate buttons off onto the floor in his frenzy and raking his fingers desperately up and down Tom's revealed bare chest and sturdy back, all along the definition of his muscles and broad shoulder blades, leaving behind thin red lines reminiscent of claw marks on the warm ivory skin.

Harry keened and gasped loudly into Tom's mouth as he felt Tom unfasten and jerk his belt from his pants, snapping it to the side and flinging it away before immediately unzipping and ruthlessly yanking his pants down to his knees, prompting Harry to quickly toe his shoes off and kick them from where they were blocking the further descent of his pants tangling around his ankles.

Stepping out of the pants left in only his boxers and white socks, with his own shirt having been torn open in matching fashion with Tom's, now hanging limply from his shoulders revealing his own heaving bare chest pressed up against Tom.

Harry moved blindly ever backwards into the apartment, panting heavily into their fierce lip lock and holding onto Tom for dear life as the older teen controlled their wild trajectory, steering them quickly down the hallway to slamming against and bursting through his bedroom door.

On a shared breath stealing gasp, Tom kicked the door shut again and fully parted from Harry's lips to shrug roughly out of his damaged shirt and ditch his own pants, beneath which he was stunningly hard, straining against the stretched fabric of his shorts.

Harry's feet were rooted to the floor as he teetered unsteadily and began vibrating with need, red faced and panting, staring with heavily lidded eyes and looking altogether debauched as Tom stood upright from shucking his trousers and socks and shoes far below, and advanced on him—driving him back with sheer force of will until the back of his knees knocked against the bed.

Tom's eyes were starving, blown wide and dilated as they raked him up and down until Harry felt more naked than he'd already been rendered.

Tom reached out and pulled Harry's shirt the rest of the way from where it hung ineffectually from his limp arms, tossing it away carelessly. Directly after this, Harry's worldview upended as he was shoved firmly in the chest by a single-mindedly ravenous Tom, to land sprawled on his back upon the bed.

He bounced against the surface, and scrambled backwards with his hands grappling the sheets beneath the turned down comforter for leverage, until his legs and feet no longer hung over the side.

Without pause—Tom came down on top of him, pinning Harry in place within the brackets of his arms and long legs. He aligned their bodies just so…enabling the grinding their members together with urgent thrusts through the thin veil of their underwear as he simultaneously latched onto Harry's neck, hungrily nipping and sucking his way down the veined column of throat to Harry's heaving chest, where his attention turned to the dusky nipples pebbled into peaks—begging to be abused.

Harry's fingers dove into Tom's hair, urging his mouth closer as he arched up into the tongue and delicious suction being fiercely applied to his sensitive extremities.

In the midst of marking up Harry's chest, alternating between one side and the other, biting and sucking around both nipples in turn, Tom's hips swiveled against Harry's lower body—and the friction left them both moaning in need of more…*so much more*.

Harry's head twisted back and forth against the bed, and his eyes clenched shut in agitated bliss while his hips lifted and jerked to eagerly meet Tom's, moving faster and faster as his legs came up on either side of Tom's waist and his sock clad heels dug into the back of Tom's strong thighs, forcing their lower bodies impossibly closer together on every strengthening grind.

"*Harry*…" Tom panted harshly, mouthing Harry's name into the skin at the dead center of Harry's chest, which heaved laboriously up and down beneath Tom's tongue licking out over and over to taste the salty, sweat slickened flesh.

"Tom…*haaah*…*oh god*…Tom!"

Harry's fingers contracted within Tom's hair, and Tom groaned gutturally for the sharp sting of being hauled suddenly up and away from Harry's skin to hover above the beautifully wrecked boy's swollen lipped mouth, open wide, gasping for air as Tom hips continued to move and their erections leaked copiously, soaking through their flimsy confines.

"I want to mess you up…I want…*ahh*…to see you open…around my cock…so bad…*haa*…*haa*…" Tom practically hissed the words, and his breathing stuttered on a particularly violent thrust of his hips.

Harry's body suddenly arched high into Tom, bowing away from the bed to press hard against the length of Tom's body, as he seized up and loudly cried out Tom's name as he came and came and *came*…wrapping his arms tightly around Tom's neck and panting heavily from the exertion.

Tom followed suit immediately thereafter with a strangled noise emitting from his mouth, and the involuntary tensing of his body like stretched bowstring set for imminent release.

Harry sagged boneless against the bed, panting hard and clutching Tom loosely to himself as he keenly felt the repercussions of what was happening to the older teen above him as Tom shuddered through ejaculation.

Harry could feel the warmth spreading between them pressed together as they were through their damp underwear, and he clutched Tom to him as he huffed and puffed, coming down

like a feather slowly drifting off his high, legs hanging wide open from where they'd dropped splayed around Tom's waist.

Tom's breath tickled against Harry's right cheek as the tallest of the pair fought to normalize his unstable breaths, and Harry laughed softly when Tom sighed languidly and nuzzled against him, nosing directly below his earlobe, before kissing his way all across the feverishly red skin of Harry's face, leaving no spot untouched.

As Tom's lips pressed tenderly against Harry's forehead and both temples, ghosting over each of his eyelids and making their gradual way to the tip of Harry's nose, Harry smiled and lifted his chin. Meeting Tom in the middle as Tom finally reached his lips.

The kiss they shared then was languid and unfailingly sweet, as they merely basked in the wonder of each other after having sated the initial frenzy of their desires…if only for the moment.

Tom rolled to the side and onto his back, flipping and arranging Harry to lay sprawled atop him—chest to chest, as they pulled apart with a last, lingering press.

Looking up at his boy flushed and staring wonderingly down at his own lightly colored face, Tom ran his fingers up Harry's cheek and into his hair, mussing the largely disarrayed strands and smirking fondly for the characteristic dishevelment.

"Somehow…we always wind up just short of where I want us to be…" Tom's voice was only vaguely lamenting. Harry's eyes traveled from Tom to Tom's beside table to glimpse the time as he remarked, "You say that like we haven't got time...it's only five o'clock. We're clear till eight…"

"This is true. I am supposed to feed you again at some point."

Harry pouted for the tease in Tom's voice, which sounded like he was referring to some kind of small animal he was responsible for…rather than an actual human being.

"Piss off. We had ice cream. I can wait till seven-ish. I won't die."

Tom chuckled and ran his hands up and down Harry's back and sides to soothe the boy's mild disgruntlement. The room wasn't artificially lit, but illuminated well enough by the fading sunlight streaming through the dark curtains of Tom's floor length window.

"That is reassuring. Seeing as you shan't die from malnourishment any time soon…might I make a suggestion?"

Harry raised an eyebrow and grunted noncommittally for Tom to go ahead.

"I would very much like to get you wet."

It was a testament to Harry's desensitization that he only stared blankly down into Tom's salaciously grinning face as Tom punctuated his sentence with a purposeful squeeze to Harry's clothed buttocks, sweating beneath the rather filthy confines of his soiled underwear.

"…didn't you mention a Jacuzzi?"

Harry squeaked as Tom smacked his bottom, and he couldn't restrain an unexpected litany of giggles as Tom's fingers skated rapidly up and down his sides, tickling him until he was breathless with glee and pleading for clemency, once again rolled beneath the older teen.

"Why yes. Yes I did." Tom spoke blithely as he ceased his assault, eyes gleaming mischievously down at his panting, lively boy grinning widely back up at him.

"Would you like to see?" Tom asked, as though he didn't already know the answer.

"Hmm…let me think about it…" Harry smirked and stared up at the ceiling in mock contemplation.

Tom heaved a put upon sigh and climbed off of Harry and the bed, pulling on Harry's ankle as he went, and dragging him partially over the edge.

"Hey! Let go you brute!" Harry laughed and kicked out, not aiming to actually hit Tom, only offering the token, playful resistance.

"If we wait for you to *think* we'll have wasted the entire evening. Come along. I'll start the water and you pick up all the clothes we lost and dump them in the machine."

Harry stopped struggling and rolled his eyes, smiling with an amused snort. "His majesty is quite bossy…and rude."

"Keep talking. I'll show you rude."

Tom's eyes narrowed to warning slits, still shining with unholy delight.

Harry repossessed his legs and stood from the bed, staring daringly up at Tom before side stepping his figure and plucking up his discarded shirt.

"Promises…promises…you do so like to *talk*."

Harry's voice was purposefully droll and he grinned impishly as he dodged Tom's grasping fingers and swept up the other articles of clothing leading out the bedroom door as he dashed from the room with Tom cursing after him about '*rude ass brats'* and '*no discipline whatsoever'*.

Collecting all the discarded clothes in short order, Harry strained his ears for the sound of approaching footfalls and sighed in relief and some childish disappointment as none were forthcoming.

He heard the distant closing of a door further down the hallway, and he clutched all the clothes to his chest and bounced into the laundry room, tossing the lot into the machine alongside his socks and shutting the door without starting it up, as they still had to add their underwear later.

He grimaced for the caked on feeling between his legs, and he made his way eagerly in the direction of the door behind which he assumed Tom had disappeared.

He could hear water running loud into a receptacle which he assumed must be the Jacuzzi of the indoor variety.

When he twisted the knob and entered the room, steam billowed outward and his vision was momentarily obscured.

“Don’t just stand there. Get in.”

That was Tom. Naked as naked could get, reclining with his arms spread out against the side of the still filling large squared tub, staring at Harry with a daring smirk.

Harry shut the door behind him and bit his lip against fluttering nerves as he tugged down the waistband of his boxers and stepped out of them without need of further incentive.

If one were to ask Harry how he’d pictured losing his virginity, he likely wouldn’t have put it in a hot tub with Tom Riddle.

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xXOXx

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The entire room was dedicated to the Jacuzzi, Harry noted this as he ascended and descended the short stairs leading up and into the depths of the nearly full hot tub.

The floor was marbled tile, and there were no windows but wall to wall rectangular mirrors reflecting the whole of the tub back at its occupants from all angles.

Tom didn’t move from his position beneath the steaming waters and merely observed Harry as the boy slid down into the deep, hot waters and swam over to him.

Harry didn’t stop swimming until he was floating above Tom’s lap with both knees spread at a straddle not touching the tub bottom. Tom’s arms came down immediately to curl around his waist right as the waters automatically stopped flowing and the jets turned on.

Amidst the gently whirling waves of warmth lapping at his skin, Harry slid his arms around Tom’s neck and bobbed up and down with the currents as Tom shifted beneath him until Harry could feel the fleshy hardness of his manhood rising up to meet Harry’s own stirring member beneath the surface.

“You wanted me wet…” Harry’s words were softly stated, and his breath hitched as he came nose to nose with Tom, feeling the other’s hands running possessively along his flanks, fingers trailing to dip into the cleft between his buttocks, searching out his clenching entrance with unerring accuracy.

“And here you are. But I want you wetter…” Tom nosed against Harry’s cheek and Harry moaned as he felt a finger encircle his perineum, working its way inside with shallow thrusts forward, until one seemingly long and thick digit had made its way up the impossibly constricted channel.

“Ah! Nghaaa…..Tom…ah…hurts…”

Tom reached for something Harry couldn’t identify in a bottle on the side of the tub, and Harry felt the finger pull out of him before Tom popped the cap and slicked his fingers with viscous substance before reintroducing them to the water.

Harry reared up—grappling at Tom’s shoulders and splashing water, pressing much harder up against the older teen’s chest as his lower half instinctively rose, and he felt Tom’s finger slide unceremoniously back into him, delving in and out leisurely with an inherent aiding slickness that wasn’t there before, easing the way.

“Haah…haa….haaa…nnhn…” Harry was incoherent, straining against the foreign invasion and flushing darkly as it began to feel…*strangely good*…with every elongated stroke against his inner walls.

“Better?” Tom’s voice was husky, deep as he continued to finger his boy as though they had all the time in the world.

“Oooh….ah!” Harry cried out, hips jerking as Tom’s finger bumped against something that sent a jolt all the way up his body. “Tom!”

“That’s it—right there, huh?” Tom’s eyes were heavily lidded, and he gripped Harry’s thigh beneath the water, spreading Harry open further as his finger pressed forward against that particular spot repeatedly, bumping against Harry’s prostate gland and feeling the boy’s cock twitching against his own with every deliberate press.

Harry’s hips were moving to meet Tom’s thrusting digit, and he whined keenly from loss as Tom retracted the finger, feeling the loss for all of two seconds before he felt the double pressure of a second finger alongside the first being forced up into his channel, forcefully widening the narrow breach and causing Harry to wince from the added duress.

“Ahh! Tom…Tom…nnghaa…too much…”

Tom only kissed his forehead and murmured encouraging phrases into Harry’s ears as he scissored his fingers and continued prepping the boy, growing harder himself imagining being all the way *in there*…where his fingers were.

“Shhhh…I got you…you’re doing so good, *Harry*. You’re so special…I know you can take it…”

Harry cried out as both fingers thrust forward and bumped against his prostate simultaneously. “You feel so good…”

Harry didn't reply, just kept moaning as the pleasure mounted between his legs, and the discomfort of the two fingers lessened to be utterly negligible as Tom continued stroking against that spot with every meaningful thrust.

It was too much. *Not enough*. Too much…*not enough*…too much—all at once.

Harry didn't know if he wanted Tom to stop or keep going deeper and deeper forever. He didn't think it would be like this. He really didn't *think* at all…

"Aaah…haa…haa…haah…nghaa! Toooom….! M-more…" Harry could hardly contain himself. He felt feverish, approaching delirium, leaning forward and burying his teeth in Tom's shoulder as two fingers suddenly slipped back and gave way to three.

Pain…hurt…ouch…damn…

Harry bit down and swallowed the desire to cringe away as he moaned and trembled. Tom's hand at his thigh seemed to sense his mounting discomfort, as Tom was now stroking his back up and down and rocking his hips up against Harry's own, causing their cocks to slide together, skin on skin, encouraging distraction from the intrusion in Harry's backside.

With the added attention to his half wilted erection, Harry's focus was divided between pain and rekindling pleasure.

Tom's fingers stroked slowly in and out, all three scissoring minutely to widen the passage as he searched out that spot again to send Harry into ecstasy.

Tom's cock against his own felt gigantic, and Harry deliberately didn't think of the end result of all this…knowing *that* was what was going to be *in there* soon…

"Look at me. *Harry…look at me*."

Tom ordered this as Harry had clenched his eyes shut tight and was losing the battle against his fraying nerves, thinking altogether too much.

Harry heard Tom's voice as if through a long tunnel, and he released Tom's shoulder and leaned back far enough to shakily meet Tom's narrowed eyes. Those fingers went *in…in…in* all together and Harry bit his inner cheek hard only to let it go as Tom pressed their lips together, briefly…stealing a soft kiss which felt almost apologetic.

"You're doing so well. It will get better…I promise…haa…"

"*Mnnah*…how…*aah*…do you…*nngh*…know…?"

Harry couldn't help the accusation in his voice, straining against the pressure even as he felt the sting abating in his backside, giving way to a weird sort of anticipatory pressure making him moan and meet the dedicated appendages.

Tom kissed his forehead and stroked the small of his back in circles as Harry released a sudden wail, stiffening as those fingers finally struck gold.

“Trust me…I got this.”

Tom’s lips stretched into a wicked grin as he felt Harry’s renewed hard on grinding down against his own proud erection, and he pressed his fingers forward against *that spot* over and over, *again* and *again*, until Harry was a moaning, practically sobbing wreck on top of him.

“*Oh god*...oh shi—*aah*! Tom!”

Tom’s breathing rasped in and out at an increased rate as he moved his hips against Harry’s and allowed himself to get only a small measure of the relief he was aching for.

He felt the channel around his fingers had loosened quite a bit, and although he was aware it would still hurt, he was confident that Harry was indeed prepared enough to take his girth.

The substance on Tom’s fingers was a rather high end water proof lubricant that Tom himself had favored for solo activities in this very tub in past instances.

It had been an expensive both worthwhile purchase.

So when he finally removed his fingers, there was enough of the substance still clinging to them for Tom to slick his own manhood.

Harry gasped and whined for the sudden empty feeling in his gaping hole…and he clutched at Tom and pressed their lips together frantically, moaning into the older teen’s mouth as he felt Tom’s hand reach between their bodies in the rippling waters and move up and down briefly before both those big hands were at his hips, lifting him to hover higher, directly above Tom’s waiting cock.

Their lips separated and Harry barely had time to suck in another harsh breath before he felt the head of Tom’s cock pressing into his gaping—but still seemingly *too small* entrance, with increasingly intensifying pressure.

Harry’s mouth fell open in a soundless scream as Tom slid *in, in, in*, gradually *all the way to the hilt*…until Harry was seated in his lap fully impaled upon his dick.

Gritting his teeth, rigid and unmoving, Tom breathed in and out stroking Harry’s sides and back soothingly up and down as he beat back the urge to ram himself into the constricting heat wrapped all around him, threatening to suck his brain out through a tiny orifice.

One…two…three…four…five…*aah*…six…*Harry*…was moving.

Tom gripped Harry’s hips as Harry bravely began to rock slightly…*ever so slightly*, back and forth…back and forth, as the water swirled around them, and Harry became bolder and more accustomed to the *intrinsically invasive* feel of Tom so *deep inside* of him.

Harry moaned breathlessly and buried his nose against Tom’s neck, tugging his fingers through Tom’s thick hair and pulling repeatedly as he moved himself upon Tom’s lap, working his hips as his body opened up and accepted what he’d allowed *inside of it*...

"*Harry*…if you keep that up…*ahh*...I won't…*haa*...be able…to hold still…*nnhaa*…", Tom warned urgently as Harry's forward and back motion switched to and *up* and *down—rise and languid fall*.

Harry inhaled deep and exhaled *heavily* as he leveraged himself on Tom's shoulders, taking his time and feeling *every inch* of Tom sliding *into* and *back out of*…but never *completely out* of him…

Face unbearably hot and eyes unfocused and darkly gleaming as he stared into Tom's own, he licked his lips and leaned forward on a downward fall to mouth wetly against Tom's ear, unwisely taunting, "You need an *invitation*…Tom?"

Tom's eyes flashed—feral, and he gripped Harry's hips, stilling the boy as he froze mid-uplift, halfway up Tom's cock. *"I already got one."*

Tom practically growled, right before shoving Harry down onto his cock as he thrust *ruthlessly up.*

Harry cried out loudly and threw his head back, shutting his eyes and becoming more and more vocal as Tom's hips pistoned into him from below, setting a pace he couldn't hope to control, sloshing water every which way.

"AH! HAAAH! HAH! HAH! TOM! TOM! TOOOM!"

Through thinly narrowed eyes, Tom observed their union reflected back at him through the foggy mirrors lining the walls, and he admired the view of Harry astride with elevated pride as he cleaved his boy apart and tirelessly insinuated himself so far deep inside that Harry *would never* get him out again.

It was heady and satisfying in a phenomenal way to be buried alive within the consecrated bounds of Harry's flesh.

Tom felt as though he was dying and being reborn immortal to forever reside within every pore, upon every breath, resurrected through every chant of his name fallen through Harry's plush lips until there was no getting around the fact of his existence.

He had him. He was having him. *Harry was his.*

There was no denying the truth of this in any way, any longer.

And yes…*Harry had him.*

He was Harry's…in a way he would never be anyone else's…*ever.*

Funny thing…*virginity*…

Tom had never put much stock into it. Being that by definition he was…or had been… considered one by standardized notions. But there was something to be said for its loss.

And where he'd found it…where he would always find it—where it would always be… *forever*…within Harry.

"*Aaaah*…*Harry*!"

Tom drew Harry in—seating him firmly down upon himself until he was balls deep, and Harry was level with his mouth enough to have his throaty moans swallowed down Tom's ever thirsting throat.

The orgasm that ripped through them both so suddenly made their bones shatter and the world fade away with bursts of blinding white nothingness surrounding their immersed bodies.

Harry panted hard into Tom's mouth…shocked as he was that he had come virtually *untouched*…and he released an elongated, pleasured groan at the *amazingly intimate* feeling of Tom's release pouring into him and leaking out from his entrance all around the connecting juncture of their flesh beneath the water.

Tom's utterly blissed out, content gaze met his own, and Harry's breath hitched for the complete openness he saw staring so stunningly back at him.

Words weren't enough to describe the gravity of the moment they found themselves in.

But Harry felt compelled to say in a voice thick and brimming with awe, as tears prickled and fell from his eyes, "Tom…you're…*wow*…"

Tom's resulting smile could have melted the surface of the sun.

Harry was sure it had destroyed his heart…as he could no longer feel it beating.

"Looks like you're stuck with me…" Tom whispered meaningfully, echoing Harry earliest sentiments and neglecting to slide from the raw entrance still warming his softened cock.

"I suppose…haa…it could be worse…"

Harry laughed lightly, buoyant in a way that couldn't be attributed to the water flowing around them.

"No…*Harry*…It couldn't be better."

And whatever Harry would have responded to that was summarily snatched away by Tom's lips melding to his own as he wrapped his arms around Harry's form and held them together in a locked embrace.

By the time they got out of the tub, their skin was all pruned up…and the sun had set.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

Mountain conquered.👍 I dare say…we made it. Finally! 😆 It only took 10 chapters.😅

I do hope it was as satisfying for all of you as it was for me to write. I promise you all, this was a labor of love. 💗

And I did my best to make it feel as monumental a moment as it is supposed to be.

I know I didn't explicitly state it at any early point in so many words, but yes. Our Tom was indeed a virgin in the most literal sense. 😚😍

Harry was Tom's first just as he was Harry's. I find myself loving the notion of that so much…👼

This all-nighter was so worth the pulling. I couldn't have slept anyway with so much Tomarry running through my brain. 🙄😔

I do love it when a piece comes together. 😀 We should all be thanking Luna right now, cause this day wouldn't have happened without her intervention. #DaRealMVP

She's like the fairy godmother of this fic.😙 I literally couldn't have picked a better candidate at this point.

I'm anxious and looking foward to hearing back from all you lovely readers at this very important juncture. As always, the muses be hungry, so feel free to drop any line that comes up.

Now please do excuse me while I go pass out…#ReallyMustSleep

See you next Violation!

~🌺🐍○

11th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Curfew Violations

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11th Violation

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Harry rested on the couch, wrapped snugly in one of Tom's soft, oversized t-shirts—which on him hung like a dress well past his knees, slipping perpetually from one shoulder halfway down his arm, leaving his collarbones and the top of his chest largely exposed.

He was also wearing a clean pair of Tom's boxers, loosely affixed to his hips.

The aforementioned teen was currently in the laundry room starting up the machine with the last of their dirty clothes added in.

Harry's head felt fuzzy and blank, cottony—stuffed with contentment and oddly disconnected. Not in a bad way…but like he was in some kind of waking dream, watching time float by in segments, remembering snatches of things too fantastic to have been real.

His backside gave a muted twinge, warming his cheeks and telling him starkly that *yes*…this was real and *yes*….that had *actually happened*.

He had lost…had freely given—his virginity, to Tom Riddle.

Tom Riddle had taken, had received all of him…every last bit of his body.

Huh.

Harry rested his head against the back of the couch and closed his eyes, breathing in and out deeply and wondering at the sheer recklessness of his diving headlong into the turbulence that was the *not strictly rational* relationship which had been initiated between himself and Tom only a scant few days ago.

For all his blustering in front of his parents that morning, he was aware that he in fact *not* an adult. Not yet. And Tom was far closer to the bounds of the law than himself at this point.

Never mind the fact it was only a measly three years…somebody was bound to call *statutory* if they got shut down.

Ugh...there went the afterglow.

Tom strolled into the living room from the hallway at the precise moment Harry's eyes reopened to glare balefully at the ceiling. Feeling utterly peeved with his thought processes.

"What's this? I leave you alone for five minutes and you're constipated?"

Tom's voice drifted through Harry's ears, melodic and lightheartedly bemused. Harry groaned and immediately dragged his eyes to the relaxed figure of Tom, stood in a long black robe tied at the waist, smirking playfully in Harry's direction and crossing his arms as he made his way over to the couch.

Harry licked his lips and blushed hotly, as he couldn't prevent himself from giving Tom an automatic once over.

But damn…he was fine. The corner of Harry's mouth twitched upwards, and he decided *that* would be his defense to the judge and jury if ever they landed in court.

It was a no-brainer situational analysis. Surely that deserved some clemency.

"Just wondering if we'd be allowed conjugal visits…"

Tom snorted and fell gracefully to sit directly beside Harry on the couch, pulling the unresisting boy flush against his side and carding his fingers soothingly through Harry's hair.

"So eager to see me behind bars, darling? But I have no intention of being charged. Rest assured."

Harry dropped his head against Tom's shoulder and sagged further into the half embrace, inhaling the scent of Tom's skin and brushing his hand along the silky folds of the black robe, feeling his way aimlessly across Tom's solid chest.

Something began to niggle at the back of his mind. Like there was a detail he had forgot. *Something important*...

He heard the washer filling up in the distance, and silently he stared at his hand splayed on Tom's chest, gently rising and falling, before it hit him. Like a truck.

"Oh my god…THE PHONE!!!"

Harry sprang into action quicker than his body could comfortably tolerate, and he dislodged himself from Tom's side to run quickly into the laundry room—bare feet pounding the floor, and backside on fire with his legs shaking precariously beneath him.

He was mentally and physically distressed, by his own unawareness and the phantom pole being jammed repeatedly up his anus with every frantic move.

Tom was rightly bewildered by Harry's sudden outburst and extraction, and his eyes tracked the boy's speedy propulsion into his laundry room.

The sound of the machine stopping abruptly and Harry's pained cries made him frown, and spurred him to action off the couch after his distraught companion.

When he made it into the laundry room, he was greeted with the sight of Harry's shirt covered rear hanging over the mouth of the washing machine.

His boy was fishing through the partially submerged pile of their dirty clothing, tossing sodden articles carelessly to the tiled floor and wetting himself up quite a bit in the process amidst a litany of fluent curses, aggrieved groans and hisses.

"Ah!"

Harry pulled back from the machine, clutching his half soaked pants triumphantly and landing on his feet with a violent grimace.

Tom raised an incredulous brow and started to ask *just what Harry thought he was doing*—when it finally clicked, as Harry dug into the back pocket of the pants and fished out the brand new phone Tom had gotten him.

"Pleasedon'tbedead…Pleasedon'tbedead…!" Harry muttered fiercely under his breath, wiping at the phone's damp, condensation coated exterior with the drier folds of Tom's shirt hanging off of him, and he flipped it open; mashing buttons at random and holding his breath, before immediately collapsing to his knees, slumping in relief as the phone responded—lighting up dimly to reveal the home screen.

Tom just stared at his boy clutching the cellphone like the lifeline that it was, and he shook his head and pinched the bridge of his nose, sighing in fond resignation and chagrin as he smiled slightly and offered his hand.

"Come along, Harry. You're all wet up. I'll give you another shirt and take that phone to dry it out myself. We wouldn't want the insides to rust."

Harry nodded, cradling the phone in both palms preciously as he pouted up at Tom from the floor, bottom lip protruding on an anxious quiver. "It lit up so that means it'll work okay, right?"

Tom smirked for the utter sweetness of Harry's wide-eyed hopeful puppy demeanor, and he hummed coyly before bending down level with his boy and unceremoniously scooping Harry from the floor, up into his arms in a bridal style carry—far easier than Harry felt was justified.

"Woah! Hey!" Harry yelped, squirming and gripping Tom's neck in mild panic as he was lifted effortlessly into the air. Tom merely chuckled and carried him out of the laundry room, across the hallway and into his bedroom, without faltering.

Harry flushed darkly as Tom deposited him on his feet at the foot of the bed, before reaching down and peeling the wet, oversized shirt up and over his head, holding it dangling from one hand and pointing with the other to the top drawer of his dresser against the wall.

"Pick a shirt from there, I don't mind which. And give me that phone. When you're warm again, meet me in the kitchen and we'll talk dinner."

Harry placed the phone he'd still been clutching in his fist into Tom's outstretched palm, and he bit his lip and hugged his bared upper half self-consciously, shifting from foot to foot with trepidation—expecting some kind of deserved rebuke for being so reckless with Tom's generosity.

During his uneasy shifting, Tom's slightly loose in the waist boxers had slid downwards, exposing Harry's hipbones and the beginnings of a soft, ebony trail of curly hair leading into the warm junction between Harry's thighs.

Tom's gaze zeroed in on the tantalizing sight being revealed beneath his own dark underwear against Harry's tender expanse of peach skin, and he allowed himself a moment of unabashed visual appreciation.

If they'd had the time, he'd have had Harry on the bed, full divested and spread wide open all over again—screaming his name in *stressful rapture* as he further abused that aching orifice he so longed to feel once more wrapped tightly around his *engorged flesh*.

As it stood…the washer needed to be restarted, the phone dried out, and some kind of dinner agreed upon for the evening before Harry was set to be home again beneath his parents' roof.

With all this in mind, Tom gave Harry a last blatant once over before turning abruptly on his heel with a plaintive sigh and walking out the bedroom door.

Harry stared after him for a beat, chewing his lip and not knowing what to make of the silent departure, before at last he shrugged and went over to the dresser to procure another shirt.

Tom had a rather nice selection, Harry thought—running his hands delicately along the surfaces of Tom's folded, attractively hued loungewear and undershirts.

He settled on a shorter—but still long on him, olive green, long sleeved pull over shirt with a wide, dipped neck—made of very nice fabric which had obviously seen a lot of washes to become as comfortable as it felt. Harry slipped it on over his head and slid the drawer shut.

The sleeves fell below his fingertips, and the hemline brushed his thighs midway. He brought his arms up and pressed the cloth to his nose, inhaling deeply to take in the ghost of the scent which he knew lingered perpetually on Tom's skin.

Cocooned as he was in Tom's clothing, Harry felt good, cared for…and altogether much calmer than he'd been during the cellphone debacle.

He was still sore, yes. But it was a dulled ache at this point, which he could handle. It reminded him persistently of everything tying him and Tom together…*forever now*.

No matter what, Tom would always be…have been, his *first*.

Harry smiled gently and rolled the sleeves up, cuffing them at his wrists. And finally—he left the bedroom, walking gingerly and padding barefooted into the kitchen to meet Tom.

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Tom had just finished dissembling the phone and laying it out to air upon a towel on the countertop when Harry drifted into the kitchen, walking with both his hands clasped in front of him and taking an uninhibited gander of his surroundings for the first time since he'd been there.

There really was something to be said for being so *distracted* for so long.

Glancing up from the pieces, Tom stared at Harry in his shirt with an approving, predatorily satisfied smile. Harry looked good all wrapped up in his clothes. Almost delicate with the way the shirt hung so loosely on his smaller frame, neckline dipping low enough to expose both his collarbones to the open.

Tom's focus narrowed and sharpened as his boy obliviously continued to stare around at the kitchen décor. It was minimalistic with all the essentials, the counters being done in gray marble and the cabinets and drawers, above and below, painted glossy black with silver handles and hinges.

The fridge was a black double doored affair with a freezing unit on top and refrigerating portion beneath.

Tom's stove was metallic silver and blended with the counters, along with the sink, attached dishwasher, and countertop dish drain. Oven mitts hung from hooks affixed to the cabinets beside the stove, and there were dishwashing gloves, a dishrag, and a hand towel hung respectively next to and along the double sided sink.

It was very clean too. Every surface gleaming enough that Harry could see the room and his body reflected at different angles every way he turned.

"Nice… it really suits you. You do take care of things, huh?"

Tom had soundlessly crept around the counter to hover behind Harry's awestruck form, and he bent down to purr directly into his boy's ear, "Naturally. I do treasure all of my possessions."

Harry shivered and reflexively jumped as Tom's arms snaked around his shoulders and waist, locking around him and melding Tom's body to his backside until he could feel every shift of muscle and breath in Tom's body pressed so close.

"You'll let me keep you. Won't you Harry?"

Harry blinked and tilted his head to the side as Tom spoke, lips brushing the skin behind his ear on every other word. He could feel his pulse thrumming as Tom went on to kiss and nose his way up against Harry's hairline—taking a deep breath, scenting him like so much heady smoke.

"I do have to go home sometime…."

Harry's voice was small, and he could feel Tom's muscles tensing, even as Tom's arms around him tightened to the point of constriction.

"I know that. But you are mine. So I will keep you…and you will let me."

Harry laughed softly, gently rubbing Tom's arm around his waist. "You still want me so bad? Even when you've had all of me already?"

Tom's arm around Harry's shoulders slid until Tom's hand was beneath Harry's chin, tilting the boy's head backwards so he was staring up into Tom's face looming directly above him and staring down with shadows playing strangely along his ivory skin, adding depths to his hooded, hazel eyes.

Harry didn't know when he'd started holding it, but his breath was stuck. He was transfixed as Tom spoke—serious as a heart attack.

"You're not a candy bar. I don't eat you and throw you away. I will peel your skin back, melt you down, lap you all the way up, swallow…and drain you from my pores. Collecting every droplet of your essence to imbibe over and over, again and again…until there is no longer any separation between you and me."

Harry swallowed audibly, blushing with a quickening pulse for the thrill of having so much concentrated Tom being focused on himself.

This couldn't be healthy. None of this.

"You've only known me since Wednesday…that's four days now…" Harry licked his lips, and Tom merely blinked down at him and raised an eyebrow, gracing Harry with a sardonic smile.

"You say that as though it matters. I know you, *have known* you. That is what counts."

"You told me I knew everything worth knowing about you already…but I don't…I can't believe that." Harry whispered, frowning helplessly as Tom pressed his lips to Harry's forehead, applying force repeatedly as though to drive the budding angst back into Harry's subconscious, cupping Harry's face tilted backwards in both his hands.

"I did not lie. Everything you're looking for that you do not yet know is so insignificant as to be meaningless to me. None of that excess matters. Not anymore—certainly not pertaining to me with you."

"Just because you don't care about those *insignificant things* you don't want to talk about… doesn't mean I don't—wouldn't like to know about them. Because they are still you…parts of you…and four days is only four days. No matter how much you deny it."

Tom's hands fell away from Harry's face, and Harry experienced a mild vertigo sensation as his chin came down and Tom spun him around by the shoulders, backing him against the long counter where the phone had been spread out to dry on the opposite side of.

“You presume to tell me what matters about me and what doesn’t? Why are you so fixated on details unrelated to *you*? Why do you *care* what I was or wasn’t before we met?” Tom’s frustration was simmering, palpable. And Harry stared up into disgruntled hazel eyes staring down at him as if willing him to just *drop it*.

But he couldn’t. This was Tom. All this was Tom. And he wanted to know him, all about him…just everything; because that was what Tom already had of him.

Was getting of him—had gotten of him…and not just *physically*, Harry felt.

“My name is Harry James Potter.” Harry began softly, earnestly to Tom’s confusion. “I was born on October 31, 1988. My favorite color is yellow, and I used to have an obsession with Big Bird. My 2nd year birthday cake had a canary on it because Mom couldn’t find a figurine of Big Bird in time for the big day. I loved it anyway.”

“I used to sneak and watch Freddy’s Nightmares when I stayed with Aunt Petunia because Dudley would be up past his bedtime and have it going in the living room after Vernon and Petunia went to sleep. He said his friend lent him the tapes and he got a kick out of seeing me jumping at shadows and getting fussed at the next day when Auntie was forced to take us both to school in the morning and I didn’t sleep well the night before.”

“I didn’t stop watching it until I wet the bed after a nightmare and got a thrashing from my Uncle about stinking up the cupboard, which because I was so small, they refurnished with a cot for me to sleep on instead of clearing out all Dudley’s toys in the second bedroom upstairs.”

“Harry…” Tom began, feeling more and more dubious as Harry pressed a finger to his mouth and continued, “I never told my parents about what happened, but Auntie was so worried about Mom or Dad hearing about it that she gave me cookies after school every day for a week alongside Dudley. She didn’t like me eating the good stuff from her baby boy, but it was the best bribe she would offer to keep my mouth shut.”

“When I was ten I got introduced to one of my Dad’s best friends from back in the day. His name was Sirius Black. I heard he was almost my uncle. I thought he was so cool.”

Harry smiled weakly. “He used to drive this motorcycle, and he even took me for a spin a few times behind my Mom’s back. He was always traveling a lot, but he’d stayed with my family from May until July, one memorable summer. I didn’t know him long…but…ah…by the end of that summer…I thought I really liked the guy. As in—really liked.”

“I felt so awkward when he got ready to leave us. He came in to give me a hug and I just froze. I didn’t know where to put my hands, and I thought I was having a heart attack when he grinned and ruffled my hair. His hands were huge and he was handsome like a pirate. Long hair and mustache, with laugh lines for miles.”

Harry felt his eyes begin to sting, and he took a fortifying deep breath when Tom just stared at him…blanker than blank.

“Mom always said it’d be that death trap of a bike that killed him…funny. It was a car crash. And he wasn’t even driving. He took a cab, and some drunkard behind the wheel of another vehicle rammed it full speed…running a red light at the intersection...”

Harry slumped against the counter, breaking off eye contact and staring at Tom’s chest instead. He was attempting to control the old scars being aggravated by the impromptu trip down memory lane, blinking hard and continuing in a voice Tom had to strain to hear.

“That’s how my first crush ended. A guy my father’s age who died in an accident way before I hit puberty, not half a year after I met him. My almost uncle.”

Tom was at something of a loss. On the one hand, Harry was baring his soul. And the muted devastation he could see was gut wrenching…because below all that there was an ugly something…scratching at his ribs, wanting to curse and crow that Harry’s *first crush* had ended so cruelly. Not amounting to anything.

It was sickening and off putting, feeling aggravated by a dead man.

Feeling irritable that Harry had so much life before him, so many experiences without him, so much joy beyond him…it made him unjustifiably seethe.

“We didn’t go to a funeral. Dad’s job had us moving again before we got the news. And by then, he was buried.”

Harry released a shuddering sigh. “I guess you could say that was my awakening arc. That I could like a guy…even though girls were still kind of weird.”

“Mom and Dad thought I was just taking it hard because it was Sirius. Not necessarily because I *liked* him. I never brought that up…before or after he died. I think Mom had an inkling…but because I was so young, she just thought it was sweet. Like hero worship.”

“Dad really began moving up in the ranks of his job after Sirius went. It got to the point I was bouncing around schools so much that I couldn’t finish out a full grade year. I was enrolled at *Griffin Academy* for stability’s sake not long after that.”

Harry shrugged and smiled up at Tom with a shrug, “My middle years were spent with Neville and later Hermione, and the rest is basically history. Our adventures were cathartic. They were my family away from family. I never introduced them to my parents. Like I said, I came out happier and fairly well adjusted, so there was no cause for my Mom or Dad to worry. And they didn’t. It was pretty much smooth sailing from then on until we got here.”

Tom worked his jaw, but no words were forthcoming. Harry lifted his eyebrows and laughed teasingly, reaching up to poke at the frown lines sprouting between Tom’s brows.

“Now who’s constipated?”

“You just…*Harry*…” Tom said Harry’s name emphatically, stuffing it to the brim with sentiment.

“It’s alright. I wanted you to know. Because you want to know me just like I know you. I don’t want to be holding back. Life’s too short for that.”

“….”

“Would you say those details I just gave were insignificant? Are they meaningless because they don’t pertain to you and me together?”

Tom
growled.

“It isn’t the same!”

Harry smiled somberly, “It is for me. You’re hiding yourself. Even though you’ve been so deep inside of me…all the way inside of me…I want to know more. Because I know there is more. I’m greedy you see.”

Tom held Harry’s forthright gaze with a halfhearted glare, and he began to feel like a nerve scraped raw.

“You only think you want to know. I’m not interested in *pity*.” Tom practically spat, willing Harry to not ask this of him, as he loathed revisiting the ineffectual past.

Harry shook his head. “I only want to know what makes you…*you*. Who are you really?”

Tom went rigid and his eyes shuttered. Harry could see him beginning to retreat, and he gripped the front of Tom’s robe in both hands, as if to stop Tom from falling backwards even though he was standing upright…stock still.

“My name is Tom Marvolo Riddle. I was born the day my mother died, at midnight…on New Year’s Eve.”

Tom’s voice was monotone and Harry breathed as silently as possible so as not to break the spell being cast upon him.

Whatever he was hoping for, Tom gave him all of that and more.

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It was the same as always.

The matrons came and went, babies cried and were seen too, the nursery filled and emptied in turns.

When Tom Marvolo Riddle arrived at Wool's Orphanage, bundled in a basket, held by the irascible father of the recently deceased Merope Gaunt, he was taken in without a word as a ward of the state.

He was a peculiar baby in that he hardly cried…ever.

And even though it was patently impossible, all the orphanage caretakers charged with watching him would swear up and down that he was aware of everything going on, of the words they whispered, and their disdain for his disturbingly un-childlike demeanor, even in diapers.

None of them wanted to spend more time than necessary with him. And when he took his first steps, it was hardly remarked upon.

Some would say Tom developed quickly, others would say he'd missed something along the way.

By the time he began to communicate verbally…he had the world sussed out.

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It wasn't like he was a horrid child.

No.

In fact, the casual observer would be hard pressed to call him anything but mannerly. He could almost be considered angelic…if not for his stoicism.

The child never smiled. He had no joy.

When he was supposed to be socializing with the other children, Tom was instead found in the corner working his way through the orphanage's secondhand library. He wasn't drawn to pictures and colors so much as the higher level big children books, encyclopedia sets, and world dictionaries.

Most of the adults refused to believe he was actually comprehending the bulk of the materials he was found curled around, and Tom did nothing to disprove their theories that he was just big headed and averse to showing normalcy in any form.

What self-respecting five year old preferred the dictionary to pop-ups and colorful pictures?

A few staff members tried to talk him into smiling for the visiting prospective parents, but Tom merely stared coldly and gave them a twisted grimace. To which they paled and reassured him that smiling wasn't for everyone, and perhaps he could enjoy working some puzzle or another off to the side where he wouldn't detract from the other children's adoption prospects.

In the privacy of the bathroom at night, Tom found himself staring into the mirror, stretching his lips this way and that in parody of the vapid smiles he saw so many people around him throwing about.

It didn't come easy, but he found a happy medium eventually. And from there…he exploited it.

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When he learned to be charming, his peers grew hateful—like they smelt blood in the water. Another competitor for their coveted futures away from the orphanage.

And so Tom learned the art of background vengeance.

When they took from him, they later lost more. When they injured him, they got hurt. When they put two and two together and got four, he was smiling behind the closet doors shutting them into the dark they feared.

By the time he reached seven, Tom was quite the little terrorist with a perfect poker face.

The other children tattled. Of course they did. But Tom never got caught, even as the staff and matrons grew more and more wary of him.

By the time his eighth year rolled around, he'd become a permanent fixture, and nobody thought he'd be leaving any time soon.

His first genuine burst of emotion came when his father stepped back into the picture.

It should have been a tip off that he looked every bit as angelic smiling then as you would imagine any other child to be. The sheer blissfulness exhibited in that moment would have been enough for any less idealistic fool to be on the alert.

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When his father got him home to Riddle Manor, it was all a whirlwind of etiquette, preparatory tutoring, and grooming to take up the mantle of future heir after his father's death.

It wasn't until Tom became well established as a gifted prodigy in Hogwarts Elementary division that he began to dig into the history of his father's ties to himself and his deceased mother.

What he uncovered was a disgusting travesty involving drugs, sex, denial, and a grievous shirking of responsibility. It wasn't enough that he hated the man for abandoning him at the orphanage, but he'd abandoned Tom even before Tom had existed to him.

In fact, he never would have sought Tom out had Tom's grandfather not put that stipulation of an heir in the will.

As such—effectively tying his impotent father's hands in regards to his future prosperity.

It didn't take much from there for Tom to begin plotting in earnest to quietly usurp his ineffectual sire as the proprietor of the Riddle name. Slipping his hand into a sizeable portion

of his inheritance, which he demanded as soon as was plausible for his father to hand over—if he wanted to not be saddled and hassled by a suddenly turned delinquent adolescent son.

Playing with stocks was the next logical move.

By the time Tom reached High School, he was established and flourishing. Moving out of that untenable manor was only a matter of course, to which his father put forth little objection after he grabbed his trophy wife and patented bed warmer imported from somewhere overseas.

Buxom and empty headed, just like his sire preferred.

There wasn't a day Tom didn't loathe having the man's likeness attached to him. It was nothing but a disgrace of the highest order.

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Tom's peers bled one into the other for the most part.

He used the useful ones and filed the rest away to somewhere in the background until they proved their worth. It was easy to be esteemed when people saw a handsome young man, tall and strapping, smiling down at them as though they mattered in some infinitesimal way as to be needed by him in any capacity.

Having the run of Hogwarts made it easy for him to get away whenever the ignominy of juggling the masses with a smile became too draining.

The Secret Chamber became a well-known asylum for him. Labeled a place others were barred from and he had access to through his own ingenuity and charisma with the staff and teachers.

Rising among the ranks when everyone else was more concerned with screwing around and wasting brain cells in the most creative ways possible, was child's play.

By the time Harry showed up, Tom was well situated and just about ready to kiss academics goodbye for the official beginning of his adulthood.

If Harry hadn't come, Tom would have been more than content to simply throw the last of his school years to the junk heap which was the bulk of his personal history.

Harry was the anomalous thing that made him pause and reevaluate his life expectations.

Simply because he was Harry…he was his.

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Tom refrained from any unnecessary facial expressions as he concluded his monotonous rundown of his life up to now, leaving hardly anything out except the truly disturbing depths to which Harry had crawling into him and insinuated himself beneath Tom's skin.

He knew Harry didn't know the extent of his effect. And for his questionable sanity, he felt he shouldn't be overly candid about this.

But his boy wanted to know him. So he laid it out. Largely glossing over but not completely omitting the ugly…because that was what Harry wanted. Wasn't it?

"Tom…"

Harry's voice held an unidentifiable note, not quite pity, but something nonetheless uncomfortable and awfully strange to hear bestowed upon him.

Harry's arms wrapped around Tom's waist, and Tom stood still as Harry eased all the way into the impromptu embrace, leaving no space between their bodies, aligned and leaning as one inseparable mass against the counter.

"Thank you." Harry whispered into Tom's chest, and Tom's breathing hitched as the light reentered his hazel eyes, leaving behind a dawning comprehension that settled around him like so much unwarranted grace.

Harry sounded grateful…utterly amazed and in awe that Tom had trusted him with himself… *at last.*

"You're…welcome." Tom's voice was hesitant, as if unsure what the words meant or why he was saying them. But his arms came up to crush Harry further into his body, whilst simultaneously soaking up every ounce of tender compassion…*yes.*

That's what it was. That's what it had been that he heard in that voice.

Not pity. *Compassion.*

Tom felt he could deal with that.

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By the time they got around to attempting a makeshift meal, it was half past seven.

Harry suggested they do fruit bowls, but Tom demanded more well-rounded bulk. And so—they settled on chef salads, with all the fixings and toasted buttery wheat bread.

Tom seemed to be somewhat health conscious. When Harry asked him about his selections, Tom rolled his eyes and said, "I like my health. Empty calories and grease do nothing but clog arteries and stunt your development."

Harry snorted, sitting on a stool at the kitchen counter beside Tom, biting into his (rather delicious) wheat toast with gusto, before replying around a full mouth, “I think you’re really an old man playing at adolescent. Careful Daddy, your age is showing.”

Harry popped the cap on his water bottle and took a swig as Tom raised an eyebrow and leered at him around a forkful of lettuce and shredded cheese.

“If you wanted to call me *Daddy* all you had to do was say so. No need to be insulting, *darling*.”

Harry grinned and swallowed, immediately taking another bite and glancing at the digital oven clock display. Damn. Only forty minutes before he’d need to be gone.

“I’ll put that on layaway for now.”

Tom chewed and smirked, washing his food back with water from his own bottle and sighing with an appreciative ‘ah’ before responding, “Don’t wait too long to collect, else you’ll be paying interest.”

Harry pouted. “That’s extortion.”

Tom blinked too innocently, “Surely not. It’s called positive reinforcement.”

Harry huffed a laugh around another forkful of crisp, flavorful salad, “Should I be offended you think I need that?”

Tom grinned widely and mischievously stabbed his fork into Harry’s salad, taking pleasure in Harry’s indignant squawk, and shoving his piece of Harry’s portion into his mouth.

“Hmm…for some reason your salad tastes better than mine.”

Harry glared and returned the favor in Tom’s remaining salad, stabbing his fork through the mix vindictively and sticking out his tongue before shoving the lot behind his teeth.

“They’re the same you goof.” Harry declared.

Tom leaned over and pecked him dead on the lips with his own mouth half full, before Harry could voice any further protests.

Sitting back and swallowing in delight, Tom purred to his wide eyed, pink cheeked boy, “Your taste buds are malfunctioning. You should try it off my tongue.”

“Urgh…keep your food in your own mouth!” Harry wrinkled his nose indignantly.

Tom merely smirked and took another long drink of water. “Chop chop, dear. You’ll soon be missed.”

Harry rolled his eyes and returned to demolishing his dinner. Tom finished before him and stepped away to throw the clothes in the dryer.

By the time he returned to the kitchen, Harry was polishing off the last of the bread and draining the last of the water from his bottle.

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When Tom dropped Harry off that night, true to his word, he stayed out of sight.

And after a rather heated make-out session in the car, and fervent promises of Tom stopping by Sunday to return the dried out phone on the pretext of a study date, Harry moseyed up the drive with his books and art supplies all bagged up together and hanging from his arm.

He stepped into the house to be almost immediately met with his mother, asking him all about his evening with Luna.

Substituting Tom for Luna on the spot in most areas and artfully tweaking the narrative, also throwing in a movie he remembered having seen advertised at some point during the prior school week as having been showing in theaters everywhere this weekend—Harry made it through the inquisition intact.

Whatever limp he had went largely unnoticed as he drifted upstairs to the background of relieved sighing of his mother, hoping for all the best in Harry hanging out with a *girl his age* instead of doing god knew what with the most likely candidate being *you know who*.

Shutting down that train of thought before it crashed and took out the bystanders, Lily set about turning in for the night.

And Harry, after stripping again, hanging up his clean clothes and completing his nightly routine, fell into bed with thoughts of Tom floating reassuringly through his psyche.

He could still feel him inside when he shifted just right.

Harry sighed wistfully into his pillow and shut his eyes, slipping into a warm and inviting dark…whispering promises of the sweetest of dreams awaiting him in slumber.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I’m not entirely sure how to feel about this chapter. 🤨I don’t know if I got the after-intimacy feeling I was going for all the way right or not…ugh…also how do we feel about more of Harry and Tom’s backstories?😖

It was weirder than I thought trying to fill in so many blanks between the blanks without overlapping any already stated details or just rehashing everything already said. 😅

I hope I didn’t confuse anybody. 😐

Also…#PrayingForNoGlaringPlotHoles – the cell phone nearly killed me. It’s always the little things ya know?☹

Haah…in any case, I hope you all enjoyed something out of this chapter. 😙 It’s been another long night. I shall rest up and await the Jury’s thoughts. 🙏

See You Next Violation~

~🌺🐍○

12th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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12th Violation

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Sunday morning a little after dawn, found Harry lounging around in his pajamas in bed, staring at his sketch of Tom with a faraway look on his face.

It was early enough that he didn't expect his mother to be making breakfast yet, but the light filtering through his curtains was bright enough to make out every detail of Tom's face staring up at him from the pad's confines.

He idly traced the finely rendered contours of Tom's face with a finger, pressing his lips together for the intensity of the monochrome eyes drawn staring out at him with shaded depths heated enough to leave him breathless.

Tom's life story was something he had carefully packed up after the last night and tucked gently away to be ruminated over at his leisure much later on, when he wasn't so distracted by Tom's physical presence.

In the early light, all alone in bed in his room, Harry thought about…everything.

He never would have imagined Tom's past had been so dismal. He'd known his mother had died, but to hear he'd been consigned to an orphanage—only to be later picked up by his father for the express purpose of fulfilling some requirement stated in a will, rather than any truly parental inclinations…was galling.

He felt insulted on behalf of the brilliance that he knew was Tom Marvolo Riddle.

To have a parent void your very existence until it suited them, and then only when your being becomes convenient to their life plans make themselves known and raise you like some sort of…*obligatory project*…it made his stomach churn unpleasantly.

If there was one trait Harry knew Tom had in spades, it was pride—for Tom had much to be proud of on his own merits.

To think that he would be treated with such disdain, like so much unwanted garbage from his infancy, Harry couldn't see Tom taking that with any sort of internal grace.

Tom would have been wroth. Harry knew…Tom would have had to have loathed his father—showing up out of the sheer blue, late like he did.

The audacity of *that man*…if he hadn't been half the reason for Tom's very existence, Harry would wish *that person he'd had no contact with* except to abstractly label as the true villain of Tom's childhood by all standards of culpability, to have never been brought into the world—full stop.

Tom spawning from his thrice damned loins was the only good thing about a man like that, in Harry's cold estimation. He would hate…*love* to cross paths in a dark alley with that man at this particular point. For although Harry wasn't normally predisposed to violence—he would definitely make an opportunistic exception for the erasure of such an awful blight against humanity.

To think that if things had turned out differently, he and Tom may *never* have even met. Had Tom been adopted by some random couple, had Tom been any less emotionally dysfunctional, had Tom not remained in one lonely place for *eight whole years* until that man showed up to claim him...it was disconcerting.

It frightened him to contemplate. It made him feel guilty…even though he had nothing to be directly guilty about, that he could still feel a disgustingly selfish and palpable relief for the advent of him having met Tom, even if the circumstances leading up to this were convoluted and morally unacceptable.

Because for all his deep seated hatred of Tom's neglectful sire, he had to reluctantly thank the man's stupidity for helping to twist Tom into the *Riddle* that he was, in his *unequivocal, obsessive want* for Harry.

Harry was under no delusions. Tom's fixation on him was not to a normal degree. Some of—if not all of that could be likely attributed to his upbringing…or lack thereof.

Even though Harry himself had had a rocky childhood, he'd never been thrown away. He had never been removed from his family or been made to think he was unwanted.

His mother and father had literally worked to support their family's lifestyle his whole life. Even when he was left with his Aunt, they were still very much present in his life.

Even at the worst of times…he had never been forgotten, on purpose or otherwise.

Harry felt wretched at the thought that Tom was latching onto him out of some strange infatuation warped by a lifetime of negligence and initial abandonment.

By Tom's own admission, Harry was an exception. Tom didn't get close to people. He used people. He manipulated his environment. He excelled to stand above them all.

Harry—after having had no prior exposure to Tom during the building of his present reputation, was made into even more of an anomaly by the time he'd inadvertently thrown himself upon Tom's path.

Tom locked onto him as a foreign object; something new—yet to be conquered. Harry was uncharted territory, in a manner of speaking.

It was only natural that Tom be covetous of him under such circumstance.

But that couldn't be all it was…because surely Tom didn't know every single face of every single youth in town. In fact, he probably only interacted with his own peer group with any frequency, being that he was so far above the general populous of Hogwarts academically.

Younger students would have no actual cause to cross his path. And Tom never said he'd tutored anyone besides Harry in the past.

Tom had made himself untouchable in a way that facilitated a pedestaled reverence in the staff and students alike.

Although Harry had yet to see Tom interacting with any of his own peers in any setting, he could only imagine they'd be putty in Tom's hands if only for the fact that Tom was the brightest star of their class and generation to have walked the halls of Hogwarts.

His thoughts were taking him in circles.

Tom wanted him…why Tom wanted him…why only him…why Tom…why them—why did he really need a reason? Did he actually want it rationalized?

Harry felt his spirits sinking, even as Tom's picture blurred in and out of focus through the frustrated moisture stinging his eyes.

What was this? Why was he getting so worked up?

Was it only because he knew deep down that their relationship, such that it was, couldn't possibly be sustainable…because he had nothing to offer, because he had only himself?

Wasn't it supposed to be that in a relationship there was give and take? What did he actually *give* Tom? Tom was the one actively making himself a fixture in Harry's life.

It was Tom's own intervention that kept their paths in sync, which made sure Harry didn't fade into the backdrop of all that was High school and everything that came with the place… like so many crowded, indistinct faces.

If not for Tom's own interest, Harry and he would have been a *one-off* after that initial meeting in *The Secret Chamber*.

Harry hugged himself and choked back a distressed sound in his throat as his body began to tremble with suppressed urgency. What were they going to do from here?

Hadn't they already basically done everything? How could Tom possibly want anything else from him? He was just Harry. That's all.

Sure…they'd had some good times. It was exciting. It was liberating. It was madness.

He didn't want it to stop. But wouldn't it have to?

Tom would be legal before the year was out. Harry still had three years to go. His parents were obviously against him being with anybody in the way he wanted to be, their instated curfews said that loud and clear…and that was only after a *phone call*!

Imagine if they ever caught wind of all he and Tom had *actually* done.

Huh.

He was spiraling now. So much uncertainty was pulling him in so many directions, his head hurt. His chest burned. His throat ached.

He wanted Tom. *God…he wanted Tom.* He couldn't stomach the thought of Tom falling *out of want* with him…not after all this. *Four days* shouldn't have been enough to give him such a dependency.

It probably had to do with the *New Kid Syndrome*. He remembered Neville jokingly mentioning that when he first transferred into *Griffin Academy*, and then again when Hermione came.

Apparently it went like this:

1. New kid comes to new town, new school, new environment—or all of the above.
2. New kid feels displaced and latches onto the first person who reaches out, be it male or female. That person is elevated to a comfort object.
3. New kid begins to revolve around that person (in some cases, group of persons) who makes the new kid feel accepted. Normal.
4. New kid is far more dependent upon said comforting person(s) than can be thought to be healthy, until new kid manages to further assimilate into their new situation.

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Going off the NKS premise, Harry knew he was holding onto Tom as his comfort object, even though he was initially just swept up and along.

By now—Harry was invested. As in, locked down…completely.

Case in point, he'd thought nothing of giving Tom his virginity. It was one thing to touch and keep it all on the surface. It was another to let Tom beneath his skin, all the way into his body.

He knew some people didn't place much importance on the act so many were doing for kicks now. But for Harry, it was i*ntimate*. It was *special.*

He had worked his way up to it, even though if given the opportunity he'd probably have lost it even earlier than he did to Tom. It was almost damning…how much he *wanted…just wanted.*

But Tom was *Tom*. That seemed to be the only justification he needed.

Still hugging himself, Harry rocked forward, touching his forehead to the pad on the bed, where Tom's visage stared silently out at him.

He was losing it—he knew.

He could practically hear Hermione in his head, *'You're overthinking again. That's how come you make mistakes. You know the answers; you just need to believe in yourself more.'*

He missed that *know-it-all.* And Neville, '*I've got some great mushrooms all the way from Asia. They're said to induce euphoria. You look like you could use some of that, mate. Come on…you'll feel better in no time. Just drop the drama and relax with me.'*

Never let it be said he didn't choose friends wisely. For all that Neville and Hermione were his firsts; they'd been with him through some rough times.

He wished they were here now…both of them. Luna's face flashed into his mind, like a beacon.

Harry bit his lip and felt guilty for having not even thought about her. His newest friend…the reason he'd been able to spend so much time with Tom yesterday.

She was a combination of the best of Neville and Hermione all rolled into one compact package. Neville's easy going and Hermione's sage wisdom, coupled with Luna's own dreamy atmosphere did put Harry at ease.

But she was so new to him…that even still, he couldn't help but long for the old and familiar.

Especially being that he was in such a new juncture of his life with his relationship with Tom Riddle. He just knew if he had all three of them there right then, he'd feel loads better.

Instead of being stuck in his head panicking over *why* and *what could* or *couldn't* be.

He didn't even have Luna's number…so he couldn't very well call her right now.

But what he did have…was Tom's.

It would be completely ironic of him to disturb the source of his disturbance for any kind of secondhand peace of mind first thing in the morning.

Harry groaned aloud and pushed himself upright again, before glancing at his phone on the bedside table and his clock in turn. It was only seven.

He bit his lip, hesitating as his turbulent thoughts began evaporating one by one under the weight of expectation.

He looked down at Tom on the pad, before throwing caution to the wind and snatching up his cordless.

Knowing the last number dialed, he hit redial and crossed his fingers that Tom wouldn't be too upset at being called so early.

Already…he could feel himself settling down from bubbling anxiety to dancing butterflies as the phone rang in his ear.

Ring~…..Riiiiing~….Riiiiiiiing~….Click.

Tom's voice was thick with sleep, and raspy in Harry's ear. Harry blushed to the roots of his hair, and all coherence fled from his head like so much dust in the wind.

"Good morning, Harry…tell me how you've missed me..."

"A lot. A hell of a lot…Tom."

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Tom had been sleeping, dreaming pleasant dreams starring Harry and himself in various stages of undress, in bed and intertwined beneath the rippling surfaces of large bodies of water—naked and heaving against each other with the cresting of the waves.

He was pulled abruptly from being spilled onto a white sandy shore with Harry plastered against him, sucking the air from his lungs, by the distant trilling of his cell phone on his nightstand.

It took him a moment to groggily crack his eyes open, reaching out to grab the vibrating electronic in one long fingered hand attached to his long, naked arm which was itself attached to his very naked torso and sheet covered lower body.

The light was muted through his dark curtains, and so he flipped the phone open and squinted at the jarringly bright display, not really expecting anyone calling him so early and quirking his lips lopsidedly as he read Harry's name splashed across the lit screen.

Of course…it would be his boy.

Tom opened the line and rolled over onto his back, folding an arm beneath his head and deciding this was a most pleasant way to begin the day.

"Good morning, Harry…tell me how you've missed me..."

"A lot. A hell of a lot…Tom."

Tom smiled, a feeling of dark satisfaction and insidious pleasure unfurling in his chest for Harry's candid reply.

"I'm flattered. I would hate to have not left an impression."

Tom could practically hear the rolling of Harry's eyes. He liked to know his boy found him exasperating, and *irresistible*.

“I should contradict you before your ego explodes. But…I must not tell lies.”

“It’s cute you think I’d believe you telling me otherwise. I distinctly remember you screaming my name, overcome with ecstasy as I filled you repeatedly. If that’s not an *impression,* I don’t know what qualifies.”

Tom didn’t even try to suppress the languid, uncharacteristically cheeky grin splitting his lips.

“…stop getting me worked up when you’re not here.”

Tom chuckled, enjoying the image of Harry disgruntled and flushed at the blatant reminder of their coupling.

“I could be there. In fact, I will before noon. We have a study date if you recall.”

“We won’t be alone you know…Mom would go ballistic if I broke the rules.”

Tom smirked.

“She won’t be watching every second. I’m sure we’ll figure something out.”

Tom heard Harry sigh, and he frowned at the shadow of despondency he heard in it.

“Always so confident…I wish we didn’t have to jump through so many hoops.”

“Cheer up, darling. We’ll always have Hogwarts.”

“…and after…what then?”

Tom sobered—hearing the insecurity coloring Harry’s soft words, and he was *stringently seized* by the innate need to reassure and hold his boy as close as humanly possible. Because he did so hate the twisting in his gut for the implications of their glaringly abysmal lack of future prospects.

“I told you, I don’t throw you away. Don’t for one second think I don’t mean what I say. You’re mine. I don’t relinquish my hold on what is mine.”

That was as fervent a succinct declaration of his intent as Tom could give, without potentially scaring Harry away. It wouldn’t do for his boy to think him insane…even if he was already quite open with his attachment to Harry.

Harry just didn’t know how attached he was. More like he couldn’t fathom the depth of Tom’s…*commitment.*

“How can you be so…I mean, I know you like me…but I don’t really…understand it...at all...”

Tom hummed. Harry was floundering for a handhold to rationalize Tom’s fixation. If Tom could give him that, he might be less inclined to doubting them as a couple in any way. Tom began choosing his words carefully, deliberately.

“I cannot give you an altogether rational explanation for us. I can tell you that I know myself better than anyone. And when I want something…when I have something…that thing is precious. And I do not take lightly the object of my possession being in my hands. To simplify, I do not worry about others getting in the way of me and my desires…because I won’t let them. I am the master of my fate. I will not allow anyone to take from me that which I covet and keep.”

Tom sighed into the silence, going on to patiently remind Harry, “I said I would keep you. And I meant it.”

“Whatever insecurity is plaguing you at this time, banish it from your mind. It is not worth the effort of contemplation. If you cannot trust yourself…trust me. Trust in me, Harry.”

Tom narrowed his eyes up at the ceiling in his shadowy room, and he internally defied Harry to say he wouldn’t or couldn’t do as he bade.

There was a long pause—so long in fact, that Tom frowned and pushed the button to light up the phone screen, making sure the line hadn’t been cut.

Finally, like a bird flying into the eye of a hurricane, landing beyond the turbulence to feel safe again…at last…Harry spoke.

“Okay…Tom. Okay.”

Tom closed his eyes, nodding plainly in exultant approval. He understood the gravity of what he was asking of Harry, even if his boy only gleaned the surface sentiment. They would get there. They had time.

“Very good. I’ll be by your house by eleven. I need to prepare some actual paperwork for our study session. Do have those two books I got you ready for when I come. I anticipate us taking quite a while.”

Tom was already planning to monopolize as much of Harry’s time this Sunday as he could unreasonably finagle. After all, his parents couldn’t hover in one spot forever. It simply wasn’t done.

“Perhaps I’ll even stay for dinner.”

Tom grinned, as he could hear Harry choking on air.

“*…w-wha?”*

“Keep up, darling. I’ll dispel your parents’ worries one way or another before the day ends. At the very least, I’ll no longer be the boogeyman to either of them.”

He heard the dubiousness all in Harry’s voice, and he derived quite a bit of amusement out of Harry’s patent disbelief, “*Not that you’re not charming…but I don’t see this going well.”*

“Your faith in me is heartening. Truly. Rest assured—I won’t do anything to upset the balance…too much.” Tom offhandedly amended that last bit with a quirky smile, and Harry

swallowed audibly into the receiver.

Apparently his boy was picking up on his sinister vibes long distance. How delightful.

"You do know they're probably both going to be looking for a reason, any reason at all to put you on legit notice?"

Tom chuckled, chest vibrating with his progressively mounting dark amusement.

"Darling…they will only see what I allow them to. In their eyes, I will play the dedicated tutor, there only for the betterment of their precious son's academic profile."

Tom went on to state, "And if anything untoward should occur in the meanwhile beneath their noses, well…I am nothing if not discreet."

Harry groaned aloud and heaved a heavy sigh, "*I'm begging you…behave. For me—yeah? Or we could just meet up Monday, at school instead!"*

Tom scowled and frowned peevishly at the phone in his hand, really disliking the hopefulness in Harry's tone for the possible barring of his esteemed presence from his boy's home.

"Are you saying you don't want to see me?"

Tom did not whine. He did not pout. He deadpanned emotively.

"God no!"

Harry's incredulous laugh was only mildly soothing to his singed feathers, and Tom leveled a withering glare at the ceiling as his boy went on to hurriedly insist, "*I would love to see you as soon as possible. I just…I don't want to stir up more problems. I'm already skating thin ice after yesterday. I get the feeling that they'll be straining at gnats if you so much as breathe the wrong way during our session…Nevermind actually touch me in any way…"*

Tom snorted and said waspishly, "I will keep my hands above the table then. They won't be ever vigilant. Either way I will see you today. That is non-negotiable."

The wide smile pulling at Harry's lips was more than apparent, and Tom relaxed against the bed and into the pillow as his boy said, *"Alright, I yield. I'll see you soon…Tom."*

As if there was any other response which he'd have recognized…but Harry's acceptance did soothe the remaining sting from his earlier attempt to have Tom keep any respectable distance.

Honestly, his boy needed to learn not to test him so. No matter. Tom had preparations to make.

With this in mind, Tom said a terse goodbye, and snapped the phone shut. Glancing at the time on his bedside clock, he rolled out of bed with a wide yawn and stretch to begin his day in earnest.

It was pushing eight o'clock. He had a good two hours to get all spruced up and ready to make an impression on the parents.

A game plan for their certain to be extensive studies needed to be writ as well.

He would so like to stretch things out until dinner. That would be lovely.

The grin on Tom's face as he schemed his schemes and plotted his plots for the upcoming visit would have made the devil himself go pray.

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Compared to Saturday's fiasco, breakfast on Sunday morning in the Potter household was positively sublime.

With all heads present and accounted for at the dining room table, and a steaming breakfast of veggie bacon, waffles, and eggs being plated up for three, there was no shortage of good will and pleasantry in the air.

It was no wonder then that Harry felt very little apprehension in mentioning Tom's impending visit to his parents.

"I'm supposed to be having an impromptu study session with Tom today, since I got my new books yesterday. He's going to give me the rundown and make sure I'm ready for my classes."

If tension had an arrival bell, Lily Potter's fork scraping the plate loudly as she froze mid-bite and gave Harry *the look* would be it.

James continued chewing slowly and stared between his wife and son, with a cool, rather blanked out expression on his bespectacled face. Harry swallowed around the lump which had gathered in his throat, and he drank deeply from his glass of fruit juice for an excuse not to say anything extra or unnecessary to further rouse the wariness of his all too suddenly quiet parents.

So much for sublime. This was just awkward.

"Harry, dear. I'm sure you don't need to waste away your Sunday hitting the books quite so hard. Rest is also necessary to recharge your mind for the school week."

For all that her voice floated lightly upon the air, Harry could detect an undercurrent of rankled displeasure in his mother's voice.

"I understand your concern, Mom. But I really would prefer to spend at least one day out of the weekend, especially right before Monday, going over my lessons with a more capable

guide at my side. It really is a lot of material to cram in. I'm not confident that I'll have the time for playing catch-up throughout the school week."

"Also, Tom has his own work to deal with as well. I would hate to inconvenience him when he's already penciling me so carefully into his schedule."

Harry maintained an admirably earnest and sweetly placid poker face, as his subconscious poked and prodded at him about the boldfaced twisted falsehood of Tom merely *penciling him* into his schedule.

If *penciling in* meant basically reworking the whole thing to revolve around Harry's sanctioned tutoring sessions and maximizing his opportunities to capitalize upon Harry's time in and out of school…well, then Harry was well and truly *penciled*.

Needless to say he wouldn't be telling his parents all that.

Lily sighed heavily and looked at James imploringly as her husband wiped at his mouth with a napkin, forestalling his own response for the briefest of moments.

"Honey, if Harry wishes to spend his time productively with an apparently capable tutor, I say we allow him. I am curious to meet this…Tom…for myself, and today is as good a day as any since I'm off work."

Lily frowned churlishly with a downturned mouth, but could not argue against James' reasonability.

She had been the one to inflate Tom Riddle's status to *persona non grata* in his mind, after all. It could only help her case if James saw everything she had seen and was able to form his own solid opinions on the matter of who their son kept company with.

It was bad enough that she didn't know the extent of their contact in Hogwarts.

If they allowed that bastard to be a menace under their very roof then Lily's hand might be forced to slip around the kitchen knives at some point and commit an act of *not quite* self-defense for the preservation of her peace of mind.

"Alright then, Harry. You know the rules. You two stay downstairs. The coffee table should be high enough for you both to spread out your materials in the living room. I will be around. Do not test my patience."

Harry barely refrained from rolling his eyes for the unnecessary rehashing of stipulations concerning Tom's presence in the house, and he nodded respectfully, murmured a '*yes ma'aam'*, and turned his attention back to his partially demolished breakfast.

"What time will this *Tom character* be arriving?" James asked, taking a drink from his customary coffee and leveling Harry with a meaningful stare.

"He'll be here at eleven." Harry spoke around a mouthful of eggs, glancing between his father and mother before swallowing and drinking some more juice.

“Only about two hours from now. Alright—I do hope this *Tom* isn’t quite all I’ve been led to believe. Perhaps your mother has exaggerated certain details in her alarm…”

James’ voce was pitched low enough for Lily to overlook having caught as he muttered half to himself and half to Harry, who merely stared blankly back at him and began fastidiously scraping his plate.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to reassure his Dad of his Mother’s *fanatical dislike* of Tom being the leading cause of Tom’s reputation being dragged so stringently through the mud by her perceptions…it was that he didn’t even know where exactly to begin refuting all she’d told him.

Because in effect, Harry knew Lily was rather on target…even if she had no irrefutable proof of *anything* as of yet.

They didn’t even discuss the fact of Tom having been the one he’d been caught on the phone with. It was like ‘*don’t ask, don’t tell’* all over again in the matter of the exact identity of his *friend*...and Harry wouldn’t be so foolish as to throw Tom under the bus like that.

Presumed guilt wasn’t the same as proven guilt after all.

Huh.

When did his life start looking so much like a court case in progress? It was somewhat disturbing.

Harry glanced up and the wall clock and lamented the fact he still had a whole hour and a half to kill before Tom made it.

For all that he’d suggested they just meet Monday instead, he really was looking forward to seeing Tom again…as he’d owned up to already with no shame. He just really, really, *really* didn’t want this to go sideways.

Was smooth sailing too much to hope for?

Harry shook his head slightly and decided he’d barricade himself in his room and pace a hole in the floor while staring impatiently out the window overlooking their front yard.

If nothing else, he’d be immediately aware of when Tom pulled up in order to meet the other at the door.

That simple train of thought made him smile and scarf down the last of his breakfast before excusing himself from the table, dumping his dirty dishes in the sink, and then scurrying back up the stairs to his bedroom to do the aforementioned pacing and pining at the window—in that order.

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By the time he spotted Tom's car on the road, Harry was well and truly frazzled.

He'd piled his new books, pencil case, note book and scrap paper in a heap on his bed, and he was quick to scamper over and scoop everything up into his arms before rushing downstairs.

When he reached the living room and deposited his things on the coffee table, he was just in time to hear the sharp knock at the door before anyone else.

His mother was actually nowhere in sight, having probably gone to occupy herself with the laundry or some other such domestic task she completed over the weekend at the other side of the house.

Harry smiled eagerly and made it to the door in record time, wrenching it open beneath Tom's still poised hand.

"Hey…" Harry panted softly, staring up at Tom in wide eyed fascination as the tall older teen stared down his nose at him, eyes glinting mischievously from behind a pair of slender framed (*were those prescription?)* reading glasses.

"Um…" Tom smirked and tilted his head, adjusting the strap on the bulging messenger bag hung from his left shoulder, and chuckling, "Hello darling. Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Harry's bright emerald eyes swept up and down Tom's smartly dressed, well cut figure, which today looked more purposely prepped out than ever. And he blinked rapidly with a flushed face, and backed into the house—swinging the door wider to allow Tom unhindered entrance.

"I don't see your guardians." Tom murmured in a quiet singsong, eyes traveling curiously this way and that, before planting on Harry as the front door swung shut behind him.

Before Harry could think to react Tom was bending down, stealing a kiss from his slightly parted lips.

It was so brief a contact that Harry didn't get the chance to do anything besides stand there and gape after it was over. Tom licked his own lips in satisfaction and stalked his way to the living room couch.

"Come along sweetheart, we have much ground to cover."

Harry, being still rooted to the spot, started to go over to Tom when a deep throat cleared behind him.

"I see your tutor has arrived. Right on time too."

Harry whirled around to see his father smiling tightly, staring over his head straight at an innocently smiling Tom sat on the couch.

"You must be the infamous Tom Riddle. Your reputation has preceded you, I must say."

Tom's smile stretched wider and he stood from the couch as James crossed the floor to stand before him. Harry watched the interaction helplessly, not knowing what to do as his father stretched out his hand to firmly clasp and shake Tom's own.

Tom and his father were almost of a height, but Tom was still an inch or so taller.

Harry dimly noted their handshake was beginning to look painful, even though neither male was flinching or breaking eye contact.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Potter. You and your son look remarkably similar."

James continued to grip and squeeze Tom's strong hand, and his own eyes sharpened knowingly even as he maintained the smile stretching his thinning lips.

"I hear that often. Your involvement in my son's education is quite *intriguing*. I do wonder if you are as capable as I've been told."

"I assure you, I am more." Tom smoothly stated, cocking a challenging eyebrow as James still did not relinquish his hand. Tom blinked and nearly overbalanced as James suddenly jerked him into his chest with a rather harsh clap on the back, and spoke softly into his ear, "For your sake…I hope not."

Harry was by their sides now, and James relinquished Tom's slightly reddened hand before stepping away and ruffling Harry's hair.

Saying easily as Tom merely stared silently at the two of them, "I will notify your mother you're both in here. I'm sure you have much to discuss. Do make yourselves comfortable."

Tom nodded with a calculating smile as James left the room without sparing him another glance.

That one could be trouble. He thought.

Harry laughed awkwardly and tugged Tom by the sleeve to sit down next to him once more on the couch.

"Shall we begin?" Harry chirped.

Tom smirked and dragged his darkening gaze to catch and hold Harry's own, "Of course. I do believe it's time I've tested your full capabilities."

Harry pouted with an apprehensive frown as Tom opened his messenger bag and handed him a rather thick, stapled sheaf of papers.

Saying almost sadistically, "I would like you to work through that on your own, and we will go over it together afterwards. Make sure you show all your work."

Tom was smiling widely in a most unnerving fashion, and Harry felt his heart flutter even as his stomach sank at the sheer volume of the pack.

Heaving a sigh for Tom's implacability and settling in on the couch, Harry put a large text book in his lap to support the pack, and grabbed up a pencil to begin his work.

In the meanwhile, Tom got to just quietly stare at his adorably concentrating, *obedient* boy with an unnoticed, predatory gleam in his eyes.

The boy's wild card father aside, he would very much be milking this day of all opportunity.

Even now…he slid over on the couch much closer than was necessary, and trailed his fingers unhurriedly down the length of Harry's hunched spine, until his hand rested at the small of Harry's back, rubbing it in soothing, deliberate circles.

To Harry's credit, he didn't startle once. Only diligently worked and ignored the shivers thrilling his blood at Tom's lingering touch.

Tom smiled languidly. *Such progress they'd made.* Harry already so accustomed to him.

He could hardly wait to take him apart again.

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Hovering unseen by either Harry or that *Tom boy*, watching them on the couch from an angle they couldn't make him out, James narrowed his eyes speculatively at the picture the pair were presenting.

That Tom really was a piece of work. He could see why his wife was so on edge.

Even though he'd arrived dressed like your typical scholarly student, not a hair out of place, handsomely smiling and polite as you would please…James could sense it.

In his line of work, he dealt with the profiling of such characters on a daily basis. Advising the government on the intricate character traits of some of the most slippery criminals in high and low places they had no other ability to root out, because such people blended in too well within society.

It was the reason he moved around so much. Men in his area of expertise toed the line between analytics, psychology, and profiling. Not only did he break down and help crack some of the toughest *whodunits*, he came highly recommended for his closing rate in colder cases with suspects too numerous to be officially booked.

He wasn't allowed to talk about all he did, in fact, his wife only knew he had some ties to the law and was a highly sought after commodity when certain cases made the news in their provinces.

He wasn't an officer. He was the background of the background workers.

He didn't work with one particular precinct, he lent his abilities nationwide. Popping in whenever the workload was at its worst.

Beyond this…he generally came home to separate from the madness that was his profession. Having so many profiles in his head throughout the week made for stressful times.

Their move to the current locale had largely been for him to assist with the tracking down of some rather new faces on the scene of white collar criminality.

They were all obviously high up on the societal ladders, and nothing could be pinned on any one individual…even though there was a definite connection between all their unprecedented successes in recent months.

But the amount of funds moving throughout the markets tied to certain names was picking up to an alarming crescendo. The problem was with how many people could possibly be linked to the movement of the funds.

James was being consulted regularly on the profiles of many investors and bankers alike within a 300 mile radius of their locale. There were the usual suspects, and an obvious link tying them all together in some ephemeral puppeteering fashion.

It was exhausting attempting to pin them all down legally.

But away from such work, with his experience, it was only fitting that he should be able to pick out certain tells in even the most unassuming of characters.

Take Tom Riddle for example. No sooner had he supposedly *left the vicinity* to alert his wife, than Tom had sidled up next to Harry at proximity too close not to be familiar.

And the undercurrent of muted danger he'd felt when clasping the boy's hand had been steady and pronounced.

The way Harry didn't even flinch at the way Tom had encroached upon his space, even as his son was bent over whatever work was in his lap, writing away, told of apparent ease with the presence of his hovering tutor.

James couldn't see what Tom's hand out of sight behind the couch back was doing, but he'd bet money it was somewhere on his son.

Now…he wasn't strictly against teenage affairs of the sexual nature. Hell…he'd been rather active himself in his youth.

And nowadays, the rhetoric around certain *proclivities* was more positive than not. So no… *that* wasn't the issue.

That could be overlooked.

What *could not be* though was the fact Tom had so obviously called himself being surreptitious about their true relationship.

James got the point of not being utterly candid with parents of a boy young enough to be jailbait, whom you were interested in, being so apparently close to the legal threshold…but not quite.

He'd peg Tom at about seventeen, no younger than sixteen.

Harry was about to be fifteen. And although he'd backed his wife up, he did know in his heart of hearts that Harry was far from being the *baby* Lily was determined to see him as.

That phone call he'd overheard and Harry's involvement in it had been eye opening enough on that front. He was by no means approving of it, but Harry did obviously need set boundaries to continue to grow properly into an adult.

Sexual interests aside, Harry deserved to be protected from getting himself in over his head in an alternative lifestyle he was leaning towards.

All this aside—Tom Riddle was not nearly as subtle as he thought himself. James wouldn't be hard pressed to call the boy *arrogant* in his presumptions of the world's blindness to his nature.

To be fair, James did this for a living. And everyone else probably would be taken in by Tom's demeanor. It wasn't so glaring as to beat you over the head with wrongness, but the wrongness was always present…however understated.

James knew what he was looking at. And no…he wasn't pleased.

Harry was obviously quite taken with the boy already. James could tell. It was in the way Harry remained immobile, close enough to have Tom breathing down his neck as the older boy leaned over his shoulder and watched him write.

It was in the way Harry had frozen when James walked up behind him and addressed Tom sat on the couch.

His son wasn't nearly the actor Tom was. But he could let that go. That was normal for adolescents crushing heavily.

Tom Riddle however, he was a character—a *wolf*. James knew down to the thread count, he was purposefully costumed. The intelligence in those eyes which boldly held his own was such that he wouldn't put much past the boy.

Criminality included.

As it stood, he did need to alert his wife to their visitor. But he would be keeping his own close tabs on this one with his boy.

Lily didn't need to be alarmed by the depths of his perceptions; he wouldn't want to frighten her further. At this point, she was merely instinctively protective.

If he were to give her a full analysis as he did to his superiors at work, she might beg them to be on the move again. James didn't want to set such a drastic thing in motion.

He was needed where they were. For now, they were stuck and planted—hopefully until Harry was able to graduate in one place.

And so, with a last look at Tom and Harry's backs to him on the couch, James skulked off into shadows to seek out his wife, who'd been out back tending to the flowers she'd potted and hanging sheets out in the wind to dry on the clothes line she'd insisted they stake in the ground, as she was a firm believer in the benefits of fresh airing every so often even with an available dryer.

So long as Tom was minding his manners and not doing anything too *untoward,* James would hold his peace.

But so help him, if Harry came to any harm…

"Honey, our house guest has arrived." James called out to his wife, pushing his thoughts firmly into the back of his mind.

Lily startled from spreading the sheets, and she was at his heels in a second, heading into the living room with a determined gait.

James held his tongue with an easy smile as she muttered about having forgotten the time, and he shut and locked the back door as he drifted back through the house after his wife.

If nothing else, he had backup whereas Tom only had himself.

Between himself and his wife, James was confident they could keep Tom and Harry on the straight and narrow.

After all, kids would be kids. But parents reigned supreme.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

Okay…so. There you have it.😄 I hope you all enjoyed this 12th Violation to the fullest! (I would apologize for the distinct lack of smut, but this isn't actually a PWP so just hang in there peeps!)😄

We finally got around to James' job description. Yay! 😆 I was rather nervous to make sure it fit with everything we'd already fleshed out for his character. But I do believe it's all come together quite beautifully. 💗

I hope I haven't confused the matter of James' acceptance of Harry's dalliances.🙄

He knows Harry is growing, and no, he still doesn't support that phone call—but he does understand.

His main issue had been with Harry having been chatting up a possible total stranger in such way.😗 Now that he's met Tom…well…he's got bigger worries.😄

And yeah, he's still all for laying down the law to protect his son alongside his wife. But he does understand. I'd just like to emphasize that point.

Lily is a whole nother bag of bones we shall #NotTouchRightNow.

Aah…so much possible plot has made me question my own muses. I'm still calling this a #LooselyPlotted Fic, so #FightMe. But I do hope nobody's been put off by the nature of where this story seems to be heading.

I'm pretty much along for the ride with all of you.
#TakingNoResponsibilityForPlotDevices

I look forward to hearing any and all of your thoughts on what's happening, what may happen, and what you'd still like to see. 🤗💚💛💜🧡

We're still sailing through the air, quite happily.

And look at that, it's a semi-decent hour update! #MakingProgress 🥂

See you next Violation~

~🌺🐍○

13th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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13th Violation

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All ulterior motivations and subterfuge aside, Tom Riddle was a good teacher.

For the amount of information they were covering, Harry was rightly amazed at his rate of retention of all Tom's broken down explanations of theories and formulas that usually left him scratching his head and nursing developing aneurysms when left to his own devices for study.

That was the problem with new schools, Harry had found, the getting used to teachers and their different work plans. It hadn't been so trying when he was bouncing around through multiple elementary schools—as the work then was pretty much all basics and fundamentals, and being at *Griffin Academy* negated the need for constant application, as he was in one place for three years and got the ground rules laid out and planted early on.

Hogwarts High was a different beast.

So much of the material was new or much more in depth than what he'd been introduced to in *Griffin*, to the point that his least favorite subjects were threatening to capsize his academic profile singlehandedly.

It was more than a stroke of divine providence that he'd crossed paths with and been taken under the wing of Tom Riddle. Even with the…impurity…of their association, Harry had to breathe multiple sighs of heartfelt relief that he had such a capable guiding hand at his side now.

It only sweetened the deal that his tutor was also his…love interest. Yeah. He could say that—if only in his head now. Tom Riddle was a definite *love interest*. Not just a flyaway scandal of his youth.

Having Tom teach him (without the overt groping and fondling they got up to in *The Secret Chamber*) only highlighted the brilliance of the teen. So much so that Harry couldn't help questioning his luck in internal disbelief.

He didn't feel stupid with the way Tom taught him. And Tom was liberal with his praise whenever Harry finished an exercise to his expectations after following the model of his teachings.

The pack he'd given Harry when they'd first sat down had been daunting in its sheer thickness, but upon beginning to work through it on his own with Tom hovering silently at his side, observing his slow progress over his shoulder with a critical eye to Harry's habits and mistakes, without saying a word…Harry had realized that Tom had to have put a lot of thought into the content of the package he'd handed him.

It was structured in such way that it tested as well as built upon Harry's work strategies for both Chemistry and Arithmetic.

The way everything came together made Harry think, but also made him pay attention more to the questions being asked and how he was formulating his answers. Much more so than the regular run of the mill bubble in tests and generic definitions and problem set ups they handed out at school.

Harry got the impression that Tom had put everything together from a combination of his own past notes from the classes Harry was taking that he had long since passed, and built everything from the ground up from there to assess Harry's skills while teaching him the proper way of looking at everything placed before him.

A lot of the material was leading and the questions built upon previous answers. So when Harry messed up at one part, he wound up catching himself and going back to naturally fix his mistakes before moving onto the next section.

It made for a lot of doubling back, but Harry felt like he was actually getting better the more and more he progressed through Tom's work pack.

By the time he reached the last page, it was half past two, and Tom was smiling genuinely at him and rubbing circles with his thumb into the small of Harry's hunched back, where his hand had been reassuringly resting almost the entire time.

When Harry sat up straight, rolling his neck and shoulders and handing over the packet with a winning, accomplished grin of his own, Tom's hand fell from his back as he took the papers from Harry.

"Well done, darling. I have a good grasp on your strengths and weaknesses now."

Harry laughed sheepishly and scratched his cheek with his index finger, "Thanks…I know I didn't get them all right, but I don't think I did too badly. You put together a lot of good problems. I'm surprised you had the time in such a short period..." Harry couldn't help trailing off in wonderment, gracing Tom with an admiring, wide-eyed stare.

Tom smirked—justifiably gratified for Harry's obvious esteem, and otherwise downright amused to the bone as in his peripherals Lily continued unobtrusively (and rather ineffectually) dusting the curtains and wiping the windows and other little things in the background. Not disturbing the two of them in the least even as she hovered within eyeshot of Tom at all times.

It was amazing how dedicated she was to keeping tabs on them both.

Tom hadn't expected her to have a legitimate excuse to hang around as long as she did (beyond the initial *Hellos* and insincere *Nice to see you again* she'd dished out politely when she'd first reappeared), but wonder of wonders, as a housewife she could find some of everything to be doing around the living room and back and forth from the kitchen at five and ten minute intervals throughout their study session.

Tom supposed he should be thankful that James, after his wife was on the premise, basically made himself scarce and went to presumably work in his office space or do whatever it was he did on his off time.

It had to be progress that the parents weren't effectively ruining his time with Harry beyond keeping Tom honest in his role as a tutor to their son with constant background monitoring.

That wasn't to say he hadn't sat close to Harry as sensibly possible and maintained a hidden hand on his back throughout his looking over the shoulder at his boy's work process, but that was *mighty* tame compared to their last *uninhibited* study session together.

Tom felt he should be awarded most handsomely for being so consistently upstanding and diligent.

In any case…Tom shifted his undivided, exclusive attention back to Harry. Stating smoothly, "I assure you, it wasn't half as difficult as you're imagining. I've always taken good notes. Pulling from those and aligning them with the professors' lesson plans for your sake, and getting this assessment put together today was child's play."

With the completion of the initial task he'd given Harry, Tom naturally began the second phase of their (purposefully plotted to be) extensive study session.

Namely—going back through the entire pack with his added personal commentary on every part and participle of the exercises and problems therein for Harry's full grasping benefit, and the effective elongating of his stay in the Potter household well into Sunday evening…*of course*.

By the time they'd been through everything together for the second time, Lily had actually disappeared. And Harry and Tom had been left alone for a stretch of time neither of them were very conscious of at the point to which they'd made it, being actually caught up in their studies.

Tom could be forgiven for being so invested in tutoring Harry properly that he somewhat neglected to keep his own constant tabs on the presence of Harry's mother.

Apparently he had a few honest bones in his body after all.

Huh.

Truly a shocker that.

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xXOXx

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Lily was sighing to herself, staring at her husband pacing back and forth on the phone largely unnoticed from his office doorway with a weary, but relieved expression on her face.

For hours, she'd been hovering, watching over Tom with Harry and seeing only the expected tutoring taking place.

The straightforward innocence of it had made her patently suspicious and kept her checking on them in the living room constantly for the most miniscule of reasons initially. But after the first uneventful three hours…she'd felt it safe to go be human again, at least for a while, rather than a mobile security cam.

Listening to Tom actually teaching her boy, even she couldn't help but soften her prickly attitude.

It made her feel weirdly uncomfortable now to know how up and arms she had gotten before today, and she was mostly embarrassed for her overblown estimations of Tom.

That wasn't to say she was suddenly his biggest fan…*but*…he was doing a good job with Harry. Even she could see that.

As much as it viscerally pained her to admit, her boy looked more at ease with Tom's coaching during his studies than she could ever remember having seen him.

It was almost galling…although she'd never been absent from Harry's life, his education had always largely been a peripheral matter of making the grade at whatever place they were forced to move him to, and so long as he never flunked or came too close to, she was satisfied with his progress.

Once he'd started at *Griffin*, the periodic progress reports she'd gotten mailed throughout the year were enough to satisfy her that he was getting a good standard education. Pulling a few A's some low B's and high C's, Harry was basically planted on the upper end of average.

When she'd seen him cracking open the books at home in recent times since starting at Hogwarts, on his own, he'd always looked a bit hassled, laboring well above drowning through it all.

But he'd never asked for her help or indicated he was dying out there, so Lily had been sure he'd had a handle on it. And was therefore content to let him learn and study at his own pace.

Having Tom appear out of the blue in the capacity of his appointed tutor had been eye opening in a particularly bad way…not only because of Tom being *who he was*, but because she'd never had an inkling that Harry was struggling in any way from her son's perspective, and thus had been completely blindsided.

Harry was young. She still remembered when as a toddler and preschooler he would cling to her hand in public, and later insisted on calling her nearly every day after she'd been forced

to leave him with Petunia during the rocky early year or so of both her and James working out of the household to secure something steady for bringing up their small family.

She used to work as a Health Inspector, and wound up travelling a lot during the days on inspections of many localized and more distant businesses and restaurants.

It was decent work, but time consuming. She couldn't be at home with Harry for any duration without compromising her hours in the field, and in those days, they'd needed her supplementary income to stay on point.

It wasn't that she'd hated her job, because no. It was important work.

But what she did…anybody could do, with the right training and credentials. As you went into all places on the lookout for a specific set of misdemeanors, and it was clear cut regulation or non-regulation status that got slapped in the windows on displayed certificates.

She used to want to be a nurse, but the day to day grind didn't suit her temperament and she'd given up that particular major before she and James tied the knot.

Piggy backing on that route, she'd gone into the Health sector as an overseer instead of a caregiver.

She'd been good at her job. But it wasn't something she wanted to do indefinitely. And once Harry came along…early retirement was looking more and more attractive.

James' job with the government had been shaky at first, but he'd eventually climbed up the ranks high enough that they'd no longer had to worry about the need of a second income coming in.

After his last promotion right before Harry started at *Griffin*, almost directly after the death of James' former best mate and once best-man—Sirius, Lily had begun transitioning from the field to homemaker. There was enough stress going around with James becoming heartbrokenly preoccupied with his job to the point of staying on the go and being home once every blue moon for any decent stretch of time, and Lily did not need the pressure of holding down an unnecessary extra job while trying to maintain a household hardly anybody lived in year round.

Having Harry away at boarding school and being left mostly alone with nothing but work and an empty household brought everything into a stark relief. *This wasn't the way she wanted to be spending her time.*

She'd been effectively retired by the time Harry hit seventh grade. They'd also been moved into a smaller rental house which they'd kept for two summers until James' most recent job demands brought them into their present locale, where they'd tentatively planned to finally set down actual roots.

Because Harry at the very least should be afforded uninterrupted High School years, and Lily wanted to make a home she was proud to live in, and James didn't need to be coming back

from long days to a dark house and cold convenience food because his wife was too tired and unmotivated to get anything homemade done by the time her own work ended for the day.

Coming to *Godric Street* was the best move they could have made.

Harry certainly seemed to be thriving…latest bout of rebellion aside. He even had friends (one more acceptable than the other) that Lily had actually *met*.

She wasn't missing out on her son's important points anymore. She wasn't so focused on surviving and meeting the mortgage or rent that she couldn't properly oversee her own child's growth.

And fine…Harry was *nearly* fifteen. But he was *not* grown yet; which meant he still *needed* her—which meant she still had time with him that she couldn't just throw away.

She didn't want to be the mother that looked back and wondered when her son got so old that he was towering over her, or how come she'd blinked and no longer needed the diapers and formula anymore…or when did her baby start thinking about things like *kissing* and *romance* and *sexual interests* and actually *growing up* to be *independent* before telling her anything.

Lily…she just didn't want to miss out any more than she had already.

There were so many gaps. She didn't even know when Harry had gotten it into his head to lean anywhere near the *same-sex*. *Shouldn't a mother know those types of things?*

What did it say about her that Harry was caught on the phone past midnight with some *guy* talking like a *randy stripper* before she'd known he was even *possibly interested* in guys?

At least he did have one *girl friend* in his age group. She could only hope she hadn't read that wrong, because Harry seemed to genuinely like Luna too.

Of course at that point, she'd been rather scarred by that first (sudden) meeting with Tom Riddle, smugly planted like a dismayingly tall, burgeoning worst nightmare in a prep suit package, at Harry's side—to properly take stock of everything really happening around her.

After that it was like bombshells were being dropped just everywhere, blowing up the ground beneath her feet.

Luna turning up the next evening had practically been a balm to her soul after Tom, but she'd readily admit to still not being able to process just what it was that put her so far off the mark with Tom in the first place.

She found it suspiciously hard to remember now what it was that had set her off…with his appearance today, her fears seemed largely unfounded.

The only consolation she could garner was the fact that her husband—after having met Tom, even after her own less than flattering account, didn't seem ready to throw the boy out of the house and bar the door yet. *So maybe she had been just going a little crazy is all…*

It was never nice to think you were losing your mind. Lily wished she could be sure of her instincts, but her alarm bells were silenced at this time.

Tom being a rather singular presence, she could forgive herself for the apprehension. And although she did not trust him…she did not mistrust him now to the point of being a blind bull in a china shop, intent on seeing him decimated from her and her son's reality.

It was easy to be lulled into security when suspicion wasn't your default setting.

Also, James was a government worker. And though she wasn't privy to his exact job description (something aiding the law that wasn't an officer—which he couldn't legally discuss in private, because her knowing was actually dangerous), she got the feeling he would know and tell her should anything truly concerning be happening under her nose.

They were a team like that.

And Harry…he came first in all things. *Possible adolescent serial killers cum upstanding tutoring citizens be damned and set aside.*

Lily smiled thinly and waved slightly as James stopped pacing and turned to see her darkening his doorway.

His lips quirked up at her reflexively, even as a frown marred his handsome features and he responded to whoever it was on the phone in a clipped, no nonsense tone.

"It's my day off. (*Indistinct squeaking)* I expect double pay. Don't even try that. *(Indistinct yelling)…",* James rolled his eyes hard and shook his head at Lily, exasperatedly gesturing to the phone he was now holding well away from his ear, like an infected severed limb.

"…done yet? (*Indistinct grumbles)* You called me, remember? Keep it up. I do have a life."

Lily laughed softly as James cleared his throat, nodding patiently along with the obvious pandering going on across the line. It was always entertaining when James had the upper hand of a situation.

He was handsome in all his justified cockiness.

"See? That wasn't hard. I'll see you in a few hours." James hung up the phone and faced Lily full on with a resigned sigh and raised eyebrow for her presence.

Lily smiled and shrugged, "They're working and have been for hours now. I doubt my taking a break will see the world end."

James snorted and approached her for a brief kiss and automatic hug. "They want me to come in today. I know I said I had the whole weekend, but it's double pay. And it's important."

Lily sighed and rubbed his arms around her waist. "I gathered as much. Will you be back tonight?"

James grimaced and tightened his arms. “Unlikely. I’ll need you to drop me off at the airport.”

Lily froze and gave him an alarmed look. “Airport? Why?”

James groaned, “Apparently something’s happening out of state and they need me on site right away. I can’t get out of it. They’re twisting my arm. It’s too big to ignore and my skillset is necessary.”

“…I don’t like this.” Lily murmured, growing more and more unsettled. If she could know what it was James was actually doing, she thought she might be less inclined to worry for him.

But as it stood…he couldn’t disclose the information, and it would only break his heart for her to badger ineffectually for details.

“I know, dear. I know. All I can say is…we’re close to a breakthrough. And if all goes well, I may not need to go in for a while after this. Time is of the essence. I need to go now.”

James kissed her forehead and stepped away, saying softly, “I’ll get my suitcase. I’d take a cab but they’d take too long to get here. The flight’s been booked an hour from now already.”

Lily scowled, “Your superiors are pushing it with this short notice.”

James tensed and grinned halfheartedly over his shoulder, pausing just outside the office, “Honestly…it couldn’t be avoided this time. They’re already paying extra so we might as well give’em a show.”

“I’ll tell Harry and get the car ready. It’s a good thing we’ve got leftovers from yesterday…” Lily mumbled under her breath as James nodded and disappeared down the hallway, out of sight.

Leaving Harry alone at the house with Tom to drop James off at the airport over three quarters of an hour away didn’t even cross her mind.

Such was the encompassing worry of her husband being called in like this.

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xXOXx

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Harry was putting the finishing touches on his review of the last problem in the packet Tom had taken the time to break down the elements of to him, when his mother drifted back into the room and came to stand in front of the couch, interrupting them obviously for the first time that afternoon.

“Harry, I have to get your father to the airport. He’s been called in. There’s enough food in the fridge for you…and Tom, if he likes…to have dinner before I get back.” Lily stared Tom

directly in the eye, searching his face and not finding anything alarming to put her off in his hazel eyed, glass framed gaze.

“I trust you’ll be alright here. I appreciate your work with Harry and do apologize for my… misgivings.”

Tom nodded his acceptance and said politely, with a smile, “Thank you. It’s no problem. And I will take you up on that dinner.”

Lily smiled back, much more easily than she’d been able to manage before, and left the two sitting on the couch to collect the car keys and head out the front door.

Not a heartbeat after she’d exited the house, James came bounding down the stairs toting a large suitcase by the handle.

He spared Harry a smile and nodded jerkily to Tom with a shrewd glance before leaving and locking the front door behind him. In the silence, Harry and Tom sat listening to the sound of the car pulling out of the driveway.

When it faded to a distant nothing, Harry blinked and turned to face Tom. Disbelieving and unsurely asking, “Did they just…?”

Tom’s eyes gleamed and he removed the glasses perched upon his nose, folding them neatly to rest upon the coffee table before responding in a voice laced heavily with expectation and no little satisfaction.

“Leave us alone? Why yes. Yes they did.”

Harry blinked again.

His hands were unburdened of the packet and his pencil. And Tom was pressing him backwards at an insistent rate until he was leaned all the way back against the couch, staring up at the older teen hovering above him. His breathing shallowed and his eyes narrowed in on the corner of Tom’s familiar, curving lips.

Harry felt a shiver skate down his spine, and he licked his lips slowly, biting the bottom one as Tom murmured, “Whatever shall we do with this unprecedented break from supervision?”

Harry’s brain fizzled and popped. And it wasn’t Tom but him that made the first move.

Fisting his hands in Tom’s sweater and jerking the older teen down fully against himself, Harry pressed and melded his lips up against Tom’s mouth with a fervor that left Tom shutting his eyes and moaning deeply in approval, as Harry’s legs came up and locked loosely around his waist.

Tom’s hands gripped Harry’s thighs and they rocked together, lower bodies brushing and grinding repeatedly in a fractious fusion as Tom hijacked the kiss, devouring every heated gasp ricocheted between them and lapping wetly against Harry’s tongue, drawing forward and back out of the kiss, swapping saliva until Harry was literally just panting feverishly and sucking on his tongue.

Tom worked his hips, and he reached between them to unfasten Harry's pants.

His boy had foregone the belt, so there was only a button and zipper to contend with, which Tom made short work of. Successfully parting the folds, Tom broke the kiss, retracting his tongue from Harry's wet embrace on a heavy breath and shoving his hand between Harry's legs, beneath the fabric of his boxers to take hold of his member and squeeze the *hot, pulsing* flesh.

Harry arched his lower half, thrusting into Tom's grip, and he threw his head back, raking his nails against Tom's shoulder blades as Tom kissed and licked his neck, being careful not to leave any marks as he sampled Harry's skin and stroked, and *stroked*…coaxing his boy to completion.

"I'm going to wreck you, *Harry*. You won't be able to close your legs anymore without feeling me *here* (*Tom squeezed and thumbed* roughly over the slit)…tell me what you want *darling*...tell me who you *belong to*."

Harry's breath hitched rapidly, coming faster and faster, and his cheeks were attractively flushed a candy apple red as he gazed up at Tom jerking him off and staring down into his eyes with concentration enough to make him tremble, feeling stripped utterly bare and utterly *possessed*.

"*Haa*…*haa*…*haa*…you..I—*aaah*...want you…Tom…s-s-sssooo…*ooh*…much…"

"*Fuck*…you're gorgeous. *All mine*. Tell me *darling*…say it again!" Tom's eyes flashed—*manically, electrically*—and his own face colored darkly as his hand sped up between Harry's thighs, not letting up and panting his own building pleasure as his boy's chest heaved and Harry's legs fell open to an obscene width, making enthused room for Tom's *stimulating grip*.

"*AH!* TOM! *Haah...HAH!"*

Harry was too incoherent to answer Tom properly, but Tom grinned wolfishly as he got the point nonetheless. It wasn't long before Harry was careening over the edge, seeing spots in his vision, crying out and scrabbling for purchase at Tom's shoulders as his release shuddered and tore through his body, rattling his bones and leaving him spineless, spread out upon the living room couch.

Harry's chest heaved up and down, and his eyes swam in and out of focus as the rustling of fabric leaving his backside drew him out of the white haze of his orgasm.

His pants and underwear were around his knees now, and dragging lower as Tom tugged them away together with the hand not still wrapped around and sopping with the essence streamed from his quiescent cock.

Harry panted softly and said nothing as his sock clad feet hit the air, slip on shoes dropping away as his limp legs were maneuvered *up* to drape over Tom's broad shoulders, with his pants dangling from the ankles, hooking both together behind Tom's head like a necklace with himself as the heavy, jeweled centerpiece.

Tom pressed forward, and Harry gasped as he felt the sudden nakedness of Tom's hard dick and scrotum bumping against his arse, bared and still vaguely sore internally from the last time *something* had been up there.

(Somewhere between here and there Tom had obviously gotten his pants undone. And unlike Harry, he'd apparently gone commando.)

Harry started to finch away, but Tom's lips melding to his own again, dampening any attempt at verbalized protest, distracted him from the anticipatory building nervousness of having Tom so obviously poised to take him again.

As if reading his apprehension, Tom released his lips with a peck, and rested his forehead against Harry's. Saying softly—meaningfully with suppressed urgency, as the wet digits of his right hand slipped backwards and prodded gently round and round the tender flesh of Harry's puckered, *spasmodically clenching* entrance.

"…*Harry*…I want you…*need you to let me in*…*trust me*…Harry…I'll be *gentle*…"

"Nnghaa…Toooom…" Harry squeaked and bit his lip, jumping as Tom easily insinuated one long finger up his anus, slicked with his own semen.

He just knew this was gonna hurt. Tom felt as large as Harry remembered (if not more-so out of the water), pressed so intimately against him below.

Harry moaned and buried his fingers in Tom's dark, immaculately combed hair, pulling it reflexively and disarraying the well kempt tresses as Tom playfully nibbled at the skin beneath his jaw, curling and wriggling his finger to bump *just so* until Harry was crying out in pleasure, as his cock twitched—filling swiftly with renewed interest.

"I wonder…*ahh*…how easily we can clean this couch…" Tom chuckled, groaning softly as Harry's fingers in his hair clenched painfully, and Harry rasped out with a bleary glare, "You stain—nnnghaa…this couch—fu—uah! I'll c-choke you!"

Tom repeatedly prodded Harry's prostate, grinning shark-like from ear to ear as Harry gasped and cried out his name. He stared hungrily down at Harry's unattended cock bobbing between them and tightened his grip on Harry's slippery thigh beside his cheek, kissing the bared flesh and wetly lavishing it with his tongue in the filthiest of ways, as Harry panted and stared with a slack jawed, plushy lipped, salivating mouth up at him.

He really was famished. He wanted something in his throat.

Unfortunately some acrobatics could not be swung. Namely—sucking Harry's cock and prepping his boy while maintaining eye contact and seeing himself reflected so prettily in those lustfully clouded, half-masted emerald green eyes, it wasn't doable.

He quite liked the view up here. All lower *mouthwatering* prospects aside. There'd be time enough for *plenty of that* later.

Tom pressed another slick finger into Harry's tight entrance, scissoring the appendages and wincing only slightly as Harry's hand in his hair extracted retribution from his scalp.

He knew he was pushing Harry…especially since the last evening. But his boy was *so good* for him…so *accommodating*…so *delectable* and sweet …

Tom couldn't let the opportunity pass to bury himself once more in the heat that *lingered* about his swollen member*, tempting* his subconscious into reliving that moment of *blissful connectivity* ever since, like a mind-numbing record on repeat…never moving on from his favorite track.

Until it was all he could hear. All he could think about. All he *fiendishly craved*.

Harry just didn't know. He couldn't know how very hooked he had Tom. It was bad enough *before* he'd been on the inside of that skin (Tom scissored and stretched three fingers within Harry's hole, relishing the desperate moans being coaxed from his boy's raw throat), now it was all he could do not to blow his cover and jack up his own plans of dispelling Harry's parents worries about his intentions…at least face to face.

He'd been on his *best behavior*. Had kept his hands (largely) to himself and done *exactly* what he was supposed to have been there for.

It wasn't his fault that his plan worked well enough in making Harry's parents secure enough to leave him alone with their son, in the living room, unattended on *a couch* whilst they both *left the house* for a distant airport.

Honestly. Tom was almost baffled by the sheer extent of the day's successes.

It was like Karma was racking up a debt.

Tom narrowed his eyes and pressed downwards, bending Harry in half as his fingers twisted and plundered the hot channel wrapping him in a velvety cocoon he wanted *all the way into so bad*.

Dammit all. His dick was painfully rock hard and beginning to drip.

He didn't even care if further complications were looming on the horizon. Karma could get in line to *just try* and screw him over, so long as he got to utilize his time with Harry to the fullest first.

The rest would be addressed later. *Way later.*

Carpe diem…you'll only live once, and all that rot.

Tom extracted his fingers from Harry's gaping, empty entrance with a guttural groan for the silken feeling of those tender walls fluttering around him.

In short order he roughly licked his palm, stroked the burning flesh of his member quickly up and down, before aligning the head *precisely*…and driving in *deep*, sinking steadily *down down down*—on an elongated, paradisiac thrust.

Harry screamed, and Tom watched avidly as those emerald orbs shut tight and Harry's reddened face darkened further as he clawed at Tom's shoulders and chest, both straining beneath his sweater with a tension his immersed lower half was increasing by the second.

When he felt himself bottom out, Tom panted harshly and soothed his hands along Harry's thighs, trembling and sweating on their perch around his neck—held steady only by the strong clutch of Tom's hands.

"*Harry*…look at me, darling… look at me…come on…" Tom kissed his way along Harry's bulging jugular vein, and licked his tongue out against the salty skin of Harry's damp cheek, to suckle at his beet red earlobe.

Harry panted like a race horse as Tom began rocking in and out of him in short bursts, lengthening each thrust gradually and allowing Harry to feel the *full girth* of Tom's dick stretching him so *impossibly wide*, as he clamped down like a vise around Tom's cock—so solid and long that Harry could feel it jostling his organs.

There was a *load of friction*, so harsh and dragging as to be nearly *unbearable*, if not for Tom unerringly bumping *that spot* every other thrust and the *overstimulating track* of their heavy mixed breathing, and wetly slapping skin filling Harry's ears like so much cotton in his head.

Dulling his pain receptors and making way for *hedonistic arousal,* deep and aching enough to leave him weeping for more and crying Tom's name louder and louder in ecstasy as Tom continued driving the message of his *sole ownership* home with every quickening, drawn out *thrust* threatening to cleave Harry apart until he was rendered so bereft without Tom within him…that he'd *impale himself* over and over, again and again, without hesitation so long as Tom was always around to sate his need.

It didn't bear thinking about what they'd do if either of them lost this.

It didn't bear thinking about how much of himself would be missing should Tom ever disappear for good.

"HARDER! GOD TOM! AAAAH…HAA….HAH…F-FASTER…! Mmmnnn…aaahh… close...ssssooo close….!"

"*Harry…Harry…Harry*….!"

Tom's voice chanted Harry's name in a prayerful litany, falling heavier and heavier through the air, spilled from the depths of his chest as he slid almost violently in and out of *his boy*… keeping up a punishing rhythm Harry could only take…and take…*and take*.

Until Tom grabbed Harry's hardened cock neglected between them and *squeezed*...causing Harry to immediately seize up and waste himself all over Tom's encompassing hand on a climax so *phenomenal* and *unanticipated* that he literally forgot how to breathe as the world exploded and then faded abruptly to black.

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xXOXx

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Tom wasn't far behind Harry in orgasming after his boy went limp beneath him. And it only took a last couple of jerky thrusts to send him tumbling over the edge, clutching the flesh of Harry's thighs hard enough to *bruise*, and pouring his seed into the hole he'd so thoroughly abused in his haste to *get and stay there.*

Tom collapsed on top of Harry, feeling his member deflating slowly within the confines of Harry's anal cavity, and remaining still to enjoy the closeness as long as possible before the need to pull his sensitized flesh out became inescapable.

Tom kissed Harry's cheek and slipped his damp hand beneath Harry's shirt to stroke his boy's unconsciously rising and falling chest, pressing down to feel the heart beating erratically beneath and nosing against Harry's throat as he slid out but remained on top of Harry, using him like a body pillow—sinking them both into the couch cushions, still remarkably unsullied by their bodily fluids, but fragrant enough now to justify spritzing some fabric freshener before Lily made it back.

After a few drawn out breaths, Tom pushed himself up and away from Harry, re-tucking himself within the confines of his pants, and sliding Harry's boxers and pants back up his sprawled open legs to afford the boy some modesty as he initiated the cleanup sequence.

Tom stood from the couch, supported Harry beneath his knees and lower back, before lifting until he had Harry's prone body held up securely within his arms.

Hopefully they'd have enough time to do a quick freshen up before heating that dinner and getting the air around the couch squared away so there'd be no alerting Lily of everything that'd transpired between them upon her departure.

Tom made his determined way to the upstairs bathroom, which he remembered to be across from Harry's bedroom, hefting his burden with the ease one would expect of a young man of his build and stature as opposed to the pint-size Harry sported in comparison.

It wasn't that his boy was a midget. But Tom had always been excessively tall, creeping his way well past 6'2 the nearer he got to fully legal.

It was probably why they'd been so determined to have him as a permanent member of the Hogwarts basketball team, which he'd dabbled in briefly during middle school solely as a sub, but only because it was good exercise.

Upon reaching High School however, he politely declined to continue the sport and merely took up some space on the tennis court and sometimes track and field arena.

He refused to be in any actual games or competitive meets, much to the chagrin of his teammates, but he was on hand to help newer recruits through training whenever he was on the scene during off seasons and such, and the captains of both groups liked having him around either way because it built morale in the assorted membership to have him there for as

a goal post for aspiring athletes looking to bank on their own prowess, which was generally not quite as good as Tom's to be honest.

Tom only did those things to help keep in shape. Not out of any actual dedication.

All three of those arenas afforded him the ability to come and go without committing to extra-curriculars he didn't actually need. Freeing him to stay fit on his on time.

He also had an area on his apartment rooftop set up with weights and some gym equipment in a temperature regulated enclosure, which he used when it got too cold or muggy to be bothered with the actual outdoors.

It wasn't anywhere too large, and he generally only used the area at specific times of the year. There was a stairwell on the penthouse floor leading up to the roof, and he was the only one with a key up there besides the management.

So in essence, yes…he owned the whole rooftop.

It wasn't a bad setup. He looked forward to showing Harry the night view from there at some point. Maybe for the boy's birthday…it was right around the corner after all.

Tom entered the dark bathroom and toed the door shut behind them, smiling as Harry stirred in his arms for the shining overhead light hitting his face as Tom brushed the light switch with his shoulder.

In the mirror above the sink, Harry's green eyes cracked open, staring up at Tom leering down at him—his lips parting in question and silent confusion for no longer being on the couch.

"Let's get you cleaned up, shall we?" Tom practically purred, setting Harry down on his delicate sock clad feet in the shower.

Harry blinked blankly and lifted his arms automatically as Tom began methodically stripping Harry of all his clothes, laying each article on the sink countertop as he went.

"Err…T-Tom…"

"*Shhh*…" Tom smirked and bent down to coax Harry out of his pants again, leaving him in dampened light blue boxers and socks which Tom peeled from his feet in turn as Harry held onto his shoulders in something like a daze throughout Tom's ministrations.

By the time Harry was stood in just his underwear, Tom was whipping off his diamond print sweater and short sleeved button down uniform shirt beneath, stepping out of his own pants and layering his clothes atop Harry's own on the sink before joining Harry fully nude behind the shower curtain, which he tugged closed behind him as he crowded Harry against the tiled shower wall.

Hooking his thumbs into Harry's boxers, Tom maintained eye contact with Harry as he peeled them down and followed their progress with his long fingers tracing their unhurried way down Harry's lovely, nearly hairless, well-proportioned legs.

Harry stumbled only slightly against Tom as his backside gave a mighty twinge after he'd lifted his legs one by one for Tom to remove his boxers.

"Careful darling…I've got you…" Tom's voice was a soothing rumble in his ears as his cheek pressed against Tom's chest, and he was preternaturally unabashed in his slightly addled, naked glory state.

Harry wondered at his disquieting ease of being naked against Tom as the older teen reached out and twisted the tap for the shower head to turn on.

Drenching them both in short order with warm water, just hot enough to steam and feel really good on his skin.

Harry felt like so much jelly as he sighed and let Tom maneuver him this way and that beneath shower spray, soaping him up and wiping him down with his bathing towel that was hung on a bar affixed to the shower wall, making the whole natural process feel like an exercise in sensuality with every concentrated sudsy wipe.

When Tom's towel covered fingers delved between his buttocks, dabbing and massaging his pucker, Harry flushed bright red and moaned, clutching Tom's wet shoulders—half unfortunately aroused, pained, and mortified all at once.

"Y-you don't have to—I can do it…!" Harry trailed off helplessly as Tom brushed away his own hand reaching backwards to try and appropriate the soapy towel.

"I want to, Harry." Tom said it so simply, that Harry could only lean against Tom's front and shut his eye against the water streaming down as Tom's hand drifted from the back to the front of Harry in one smooth motion.

Lathering Harry's manhood and testicles carefully, making Harry feel all sorts of bothered and anxious and cared for…as if Tom wasn't merely doing this for the excuse to fondle him, but because he cared that Harry felt clean and didn't get in any trouble later.

Huh.

It wasn't that he didn't believe it…what with Tom drifting from between his legs, down his thighs, and to his feet with the towel…kneeling before Harry with the muscles of his back moving in sensuous ripples beneath flawless ivory skin…(Harry licked his wet lips, wondering how Tom's skin was so *luminous*).

Harry just didn't know why he was being taken care of like this. Of course, it was Tom's fault he'd gotten all messed up again…and *yes*, he was sore…*very much so*.

But the ache he could stand. Tom didn't clean him like an apology. Harry knew he wasn't *sorry* for anything…and neither was Harry, for that matter.

Tom cleaned him…like *worship.*

As he finally put a word to Tom's behavior, Tom looked up from wiping his calf, and pinned Harry in breathlessly place with hazel eyes glinting …almost reddish in the irises…

Harry opened and closed his mouth as he rightly fell into that gaze.

Without saying a word, he reached down with both hands, and gently brushed back the inky strands plastered wetly to Tom's forehead and cheeks, half hanging in his eyes—attempting to obscure that gaze dedicated only to Harry…*just Harry*…like he was the only thing that mattered, that *would matter* ever.

Harry felt his heart stutter, and his arms stretched upwards as Tom stood again, slowly… taking care not to dislodge Harry's hands from his face as he maintained their eye contact, staring directly down into Harry's shining emerald orbs.

Tom's lips parted in a smile…warmer than the sun, sweeter than the first breath of Spring—and Harry knew, *he knew*…he was a goner.

They both were.

Gone…

Going…

Gone…

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xXOXx

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When Lily made it back home that evening, the sun had nearly set, and the living room was cleared out.

Drifting into the kitchen, she found her portion of the leftovers wrapped up and warm on the kitchen counter. Tom Riddle was long gone.

Harry was nowhere in sight.

Lily went upstairs to check that Harry was still in the house, and she knocked on his bedroom door hesitantly, because the light was off and she heard no noise.

After a beat, she twisted the knob and stepped into the shadowy interior of the room.

Her eyes fell upon Harry, bundled up in bed beneath his covers, dead to the world.

Apparently all that studying must have tuckered him out. Lily smiled softly and walked over to press a gentle kiss to Harry's forehead.

He smelled freshly showered.

That…was odd, but not unheard of. She supposed. Harry was dressed for bed, and she couldn't remember him having showered the night before…

Ah well, at least he was being hygienic. It was heartening to know it hadn't been a mistake leaving him at the house with Tom.

They'd apparently taken care of business, eaten, and returned to their proper places with no fanfare.

She was relieved.

It was always nice to be wrong about possible dangers. Harry looked so peaceful…she couldn't remember the last time he looked this way, or the last time she'd watched him sleep so well.

The curfews would remain because Harry needed the structure. It could only do him good.

But Lily decided, she would try not to harp on his adolescent status too much in the future… because he was obviously growing up just fine, even without her hovering.

And therefore, it was with these positive thoughts that Lily left Harry in the throes of an early slumber that evening.

In her departure, she never heard the soft vibration resounding from beneath Harry's pillow. Nor did she hear him stir and reach out to grab the restored cell phone Tom Riddle hadn't left the house before giving Harry to contact him by.

It was with a lighthearted smile that Lily went about her own evening routine, eating her dinner alone and finishing the last of the Sunday chores leftover around the house.

And Harry, yawning and blinking in the dark after her departure with a soft smile of his own, flipped open the phone and greeted Tom in a delicate whisper.

"Took you long enough…"

A darkly amused chuckle was all that met his ears, making him shiver and curl his toes beneath the covers.

"And hello to you too, darling."

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I think we made good time this go round. And look👆—smut!😆 🧡 Aaah…I am actually quite pleased with this chapter. 😏How's that for making nice with the parents?

All those homicidal urges were making me antsy. 😟I mean really. That ain't healthy.🙄

But moving right along, we got a little more background, and I think I hit a few vital points. So good update, yeah? 🤗😅

I had a notion of certain things going down in this chapter, but James going all the way to the airport answering a #CallToDuty wasn't exactly foreseen. 👀

I wanted to get Harry and Tom alone, but that was the only actual guideline I had… being that although this isn't a #StraightUp-PWP, we do quite enjoy the sentimental smut. 👍

I apologize for any typos or words I may have inadvertently missed during whatever passages. 🙏

I do my best to catch such glaring errors, but some kind of way I always screw something up.🤦♀

#IBeHuman so just go easy and hopefully tell me what you #liked/didn't like/are-hoping-for in future Violations.

As always, I look forward to hearing back from each of you lovely readers. 🥰

Until the next Violation~

~Stay Safe in Our Crazy Reality~ 🌺🐍○

14th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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14th Violation

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Under normal circumstances, the coupling of Tom Riddle Sr. and Merope Gaunt would never have happened.

He was a rich kid from the other side of town, and she was little more than poor white trash. Her folks were not the type to be seen in society mingling with respectable citizens, with jobs that mattered and didn't leave you aching, and smelling rank at the end of a long, hard day.

Her folks were the type of people you didn't want to see, much less talk to.

She took most unfavorably after her father in the way that she wasn't very comely. Though from her mother she inherited a nice head of hair, thick and blacker than midnight, alongside hazel eyes of a shade which on anyone else could have been termed pretty, but on her merely seemed a *piece* of something pretty, slapped on top of something otherwise unremarkable.

She was long limbed and slender with very few curves to speak of, preferring to cultivate the habit of slipping noiselessly through shadows hugging the background and being unobtrusive in a purposeful way as to maintain her relative anonymity in a crowd.

The term *wallflower* would make her sound quainter than she was. Merope was more of a *wall-weed*. And she knew it.

With such glowing recommendations, you would assume she had a personality that more than made up for her lack of…well…anything else. But she was almost as disagreeable as her parents, without the uncouth violent tendencies.

All throughout her unfortunate younger years, she'd possessed a tongue sharper than could be managed without an *un*-healthy dose of bitch-slapping. Merope wasn't one to suffer fools mutely.

And her world was rife with fools. Obnoxious fools, violent fools, arrogant fools—every kind of basic fool imaginable. Her parents included.

If there was one thing that could redeem Merope to anyone, it would be her unapologetic intelligence. She was severe and shrewd, with few opportunities to favorably showcase her intellect.

Her parents, being on the poorest side of poor—required Merope's presence in the workforce more than her school attendance, and in her free time in order to supplant their low income lifestyle, she worked a variety of above board and below board jobs.

Of course…being that she was young, of the feminine persuasion, and not much to look at or mingle and chat with idly—Merope wound up scraping by in the most undesirable locations and winding up in the most *interesting* places above her station for the shadiest reasons.

Namely—tagging along with drug pushers selling to denizens of the upper-class who could actually afford to kill off the scant few brain cells they were wastefully blessed with.

Merope even had a hand in the manufacturing process of certain substances of the… *designer*…variety that garnered her wages decent enough to allow her to build up a side stash behind her parents backs, in hope of getting out of her living situation and maybe one day… being something more than she was.

Hell…it could've happened—maybe, if only she hadn't met Tom Riddle Sr.

There are a few things one should know about Merope. The first and foremost being, that while she knew she had nothing, she'd never once thought that *nothing* was what she deserved.

She didn't care to associate herself with people less intelligent than herself, and she didn't make time for frivolity.

When it came to growing up, she'd done it. And she'd done it quick. No fanfare needed.

In the days when she was coming up, cool kids were *stoners* and smart kids were *dweebs* who got used and made fun of by anyone *shinier*, but typically lacking in the mental department.

Merope didn't mix with the *dweebs*…as they couldn't hope to understand nor muddle through have the shit she shoveled on the daily. And she wasn't about to explain herself nor her compunctions to anyone not smart enough to grasp the finer points of her life choices.

The *softness* of the dweebier class did not suit her in the slightest. But *cool* she would never be labeled—as she possessed a brain, and was far too unappealing on a good day and downright unconscionably grating on the flipside.

If she hadn't been so concerned with reaching above the hand she'd been dealt with all the stubbornness of a piranha trying to fly, she may not have gotten mixed up with Tom Riddle Sr.

Or more appropriately…horribly fixated on Tom Riddle Sr., to the point of committing what could quite possibly be considered a crime…if not for the justified subject of her fixation.

Tom Riddle Sr. was a gorgeous *fool*.

Not part of the *having no intellect to speak of* faction, but a cardholding member of the species of intelligent beings dead set on wasting every ounce of potential they possessed on

the most frivolous pursuits.

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When they first crossed paths during her 19th year of existence, Merope had been attending a party on the ritzy side of town at the side of a known drug pusher she was used to working for and had a decent enough rapport with to not run the risk of being stiffed at the end of a deal by.

His street handle was *Venom*. That was all she knew or needed to know him by.

He was a popular choice that side of the playground because he blended so well with the *classier* customers he catered to. Always being decked out in tailored white suits and matching fedoras, with colorful shirts and handkerchiefs stuffed pompously in the breast pockets.

More than handsome enough in slicked back nut brown hair and electric blue eyes, sporting an old world charm—that he'd have gotten an invite to many a shindig on his own merit, if only for the sheer *pleasure* of making his acquaintanceship.

Venom was a jerk that demanded Merope dress the part of his companion as best she could—being that she was uncomely, but the very best he'd found at describing the efficacy of his *merchandise* to new customers looking for a heady thrill.

Tom Riddle Sr., at this party being held by a prosperous socialite who went by the name of Rockwood—was their newest customer.

This wasn't to say that Tom Riddle Sr. was new to the drug scene, but he hadn't dabbled much in the designer drug department, and was looking to expand his knowledge on the recommendation of a former associate who touted the *high* gotten off Venom's product as the best they'd ever gotten.

And of course, Tom Riddle Sr. deserved nothing but the best of everything.

It wasn't easy to convince Tom Riddle Sr. that their product was worth the asking price, but Merope sold it better than she ever had before, and Venom closed the deal with a wide smile and offer for future dealings.

Mayhap it was that Merope, having been caught up in the headiness of the distinguished personage of one such as Tom Riddle Sr.—fool or no, paying so much irrevocable attention to her explaining the wonder of their product and firing off queries rapid enough to ruin a lesser pusher, unfamiliar with the very makeup of their own product—had been riding on a sort of *natural high* when the notion of climbing Riddle Sr. like a tree got lodged damagingly into her head.

He didn't look at her like she was *below* him or anything less than what she thought herself to be. In that moment, he looked at her in the exact way she wanted to be looked at.

And stuffed in a dress she wouldn't have afforded but for the *express purpose* of tagging alongside Venom, sporting a hairstyle that flattered her head in such way as to—in the dimness which passed for lighting at the party, could fool one into thinking she was prettier than she was, Merope thought herself well within her rights and capabilities to ensnare Riddle Sr. and get him beneath her that very night.

Of course, it didn't happen quite that fast…or easily.

In fact, it took a grand total of four weeks and double that amount of visits to the *other side* before it happened.

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As fate would have it—Riddle Sr. was quite loaded; and so pleased with the effects of Venom's *superior merchandise* that he patronized Venom alongside the sure to be tagging along Merope extensively, growing to recognize the duo by face in very short order.

It stood to reason that this was why it was so easy for Merope to do *what she did* when she decided to do it.

Merope wasn't the type to play games. She didn't waste her breath or try and alter herself in any way to please people for no apparent gain.

When Merope decided to do something, there were always motives on top of purposes behind her decisions. So sure…she found Riddle Sr. attractive, but that wasn't his only draw.

She did her homework.

Tom Riddle Sr. was the only son of Thomas Riddle, an affluent well known investor in many local and overseas ventures. His wealth was such that it wasn't tied up into one specific thing, but many…*many* different things, on the greasier side of lucrative.

It was a fact that Riddle Sr. was the heir to Thomas Riddle's spider webbed empire, and stood to gain everything all in good time.

It was also a fact that anyone attached to Riddle Sr. in any way *genetically* would have a stake in the ripples vibrating all throughout the deepening pockets of Thomas Riddle.

Thus—any woman carrying an heir to Riddle Sr. would be effectively set for life.

Now…Riddle Sr. was Merope's golden ticket—her way out. And what a *fine* way it was.

All she had to do was net him. Trap him. And the world would be hers as she so deserved. She knew she could do it. She had a uterus and no known handicaps besides an appearance which could be doctored and t*rivialized* under all the right circumstances to facilitate the quickening of her virgin womb.

It was child's play getting into Riddle Sr.'s pants one evening when he was so *delightfully* under the influence.

All she'd had to do was accompany Venom, go do her apparent thing with mingling amongst possible new clientele, locate Tom Riddle Sr. and slip him her slightly tweaked version of the product he was so used to getting…*on the house*—because he was such a valued customer and deserved a freebie.

Being that he knew her even without Venom attending, Riddle Sr. ate it up and considered himself lucky to have run into her when he did.

Merope led him into a vacant room in the ginormous rented out hostel which was the venue for the latest party they were attending, and she stuck around just long enough to ease him through his evening high.

It didn't take long.

Riddle Sr. was a lot of things…*celibate* was not it, though he'd always been very careful in his dalliances.

It just so happened that Merope had no interest in reminding him about contraception which he so *conveniently* forgot to utilize in his haze, well beneath the effects of the aphrodisiac laced drugs which heightened his virility and essence to the point to being utterly untenable and frankly impossible to stem the effects of.

Merope was knocked up in short order.

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Two months later, barely showing—with her parents both blissfully unaware of their daughter's transgressions, Merope paid Riddle Sr. a visit—this time at a more respectable party being hosted at his own mansion, unaccompanied at all by Venom.

Pulling Riddle Sr. to the side and apprising him of the *situation*, showing him proof in an ultrasound, Merope thought she had it all on lock.

"What do you mean *pregnant*? I have no recollection of any of this. And I certainly would not have slept with…someone of *your stature.* No offense."

Merope…with nerves of steel—had maintained. "You can deny it all you like. I was a virgin. You are the only person I've slept with. If you try for a DNA test, you'll be looking at yourself."

Riddle Sr. merely scoffed dubiously and raised an eyebrow, "DNA test or no, I am not the father of whatever *that* is. You obviously did something and now you're trying to get a payoff. So fine—tell me. How much will satisfy you to drop this like a bad trip?"

Gritting her teeth, staring up at Tom Riddle Sr.'s smugly appealing face, Merope hissed, "Don't think this is over. Keep your pennies to yourself. When this child is born, it will have a claim. And you will not be able to deny one hair on its head!"

Riddle Sr. had glared down at her then and spat a cold warning, "Don't threaten me with a seed I threw away. Anything *wasted* in you is no *part* of me."

Merope smiled, and it was grim and nasty and tight—leaning just to the disillusioned side of *bitterly hurt*, "You'll regret this, *Riddle*. Mark my word. You'll regret it for the rest of your life."

And gathering up all the dignity left within her body, Merope squared her shoulders and turned her back on Riddle Sr., walking away step by step with her head held high—disregarding the wretched burning at the corners of her hazel eyes, and planning for the eventuality of her child taking everything from the Riddle name that could stand to be leeched.

She would see them both out of the untenable situation to which she'd been born. She would do it or die—*full stop.*

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When her parents found out about what Merope had gone and done…as she could no longer hide the developing bump on her slender frame, they were practically frothing at the mouth.

She didn't breathe a word about who had done it to her, because she was determined not to afford her parents the ability to mooch off of her child as their own meal ticket. For she knew, that was what they'd want to do. The child support would be all they went after.

As the child meant an extra mouth to feed and maternity leave from her many jobs in the near future, her parents advocated she have an abortion post haste, which at the time, was frowned upon and rarely done *professionally* on the lower income side.

Needless to say Merope resolutely declined. Earning her verbalized and physical rebuke, on top of scornful *pressur*e to work enough to make up for the burden she insisted on saddling her *only family* with.

It didn't matter that she was now twenty. She had no place else to go and was still living under her parent's ramshackle roof.

The fact that she was living in their house still adding to the monthly balance of food, utilities, and bills made it necessary for them to keep her well tied up. Her father wasn't an educated man and neither was her mother, but they knew what side their bread was buttered on.

Thus…she carried the baby to term while working an obscene amount of hours to satisfy the demands of her parents.

By the time her water broke and she was sent into labor, her body had been overworked to the point of not being able to fully handle the stress of giving birth.

She died of complications five minutes after midnight on New Year's Eve at the hospital, after having not even glimpsed her child, leaving behind the preemptively signed papers with hers and Riddle Sr.'s names written down, also naming her son after his absent father.

Merope's parents were less than pleased and bitterly devastated for her unexpected departure.

Tom Riddle's consignment to the orphanage from then on had been a matter of course.

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Looking back on his life, Tom Riddle Sr. could admit—he'd made mistakes in abundance.

Being the heir to the Riddle name and under his own father's lack of actual guidance and burdensome expectation that Tom Sr. would take up the mantle of the family name and assist in its continued prosperity long into his adulthood was a task in and of itself.

His father was an aloof man. He didn't so much as care what his son did with all the money he had access to, only that he represented the Riddle name and made sure to never outright shame the family.

What Tom got up to in his spare time on the drug and party scenes, so long as he was discreet…it was largely overlooked.

Swinging back and forth between prospective heir and adequate student, while maintaining a social life suitable to his station and attending all the social highlights demanding the Riddle family make a showing and appear in support of in some way or fashion, had led him into a habit of occasional dalliances with a penchant for *substance induced* escapism.

He was expected to carry on after his father in the capacity as head of the Riddle interests, and regardless of how bad a headache dealing with the intricacies of learning his way around investment habits of their associates and opponents in the field gave him, he was made to bear it all with a smile.

There came a point in time when he just wanted to throw it all away. Even for a momentary high he could only get while under the influence.

It wasn't that he was an *addict*. But he was more or less stressed out on a regular basis from the pressure of demands being made on him, that he took opportunities to cut loose whenever most conveniently possible.

It was no wonder that he fell into *Venom's* lap and in doing so, wound up saddled by Merope.

When he told her he'd had no recollection of their coupling, that was a distinct lie. Just like when he took the drug she gave him and began to notice she was looking a hell of a lot more inviting than she had been originally.

He wasn't stupid as some would be liable to think.

Merope hadn't been his first choice, far from it…but he didn't think it mattered enough to push her aside when his body was calling for action.

Yes—he'd fucked up royally and got distracted enough to forget the condom, but she was gone so fast after, that during his solo sobering up session—he'd optimistically figured it wouldn't be remarked upon one way or the other after.

Imagine his patent dismay when she showed up again at a fundraiser at the Riddle Manor and told him he was a *father*.

He'd of course bullshitted his way through the whole encounter—scorning her for the retrospectively obvious machinations of her plots against him. After all, *she* hadn't been high when they'd done it.

She had no excuse.

His selective amnesia was an easy cop out, as he had enough on his back already without adding an unwanted *bastard* to the mix.

He'd needed her gone yesterday. So he threw the possibility of money at her. Of course…she wasn't so pragmatic as to take the bribe. And he hadn't even given her a cap on the price.

That had *rankled*…and been an actual attempt at compensation from him.

He knew she was younger than him—far *poorer* than him if only by her occupation, but she wasn't a minor. So it wasn't like she hadn't known exactly what she was doing. The matter of her being a *virgin* wasn't a shocker.

In any case, he wasn't about to actually claim the abomination in her womb. There was just too much going on. So he'd denied her. Denied her with every breath and been uncomfortable but *relieved* when she'd finally scampered off.

He hadn't thought about her since.

Not until years later when it became necessary for him to conceive. Not until years later when he was declared impotent and the merger plotted between himself and his father's business associate by means of matrimony fell through, on grounds of no heir or heirs having been conceived in a full half decade.

Not until after his subsequent divorce and until the last years of his father's health declining and the old man taking deathly ill, and stipulating in his drawn up will that Tom Sr. come up with a biological heir beyond himself to the Riddle name before he passed away or be summarily *disinherited*.

It was in an act of the utmost *desperation* that he then thought of Merope, and sought to claim the very bastard he had thrown so *callously* to the wind so long ago.

He had even been prepared to *marry* the woman.

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When he found out from her family, which he tracked down—that she'd died, and that his son…*he had a son*…had been named after himself and consigned to the nearest orphanage,

Tom Riddle Sr. had solemnly adjusted his plans of reluctant marriage and gone to *collect* his child.

To say meeting his son had been an *experience* would put it far too lightly.

Tom had been everything that Riddle Sr. was and never could have become. And they looked just alike.

He recognized Merope in the child's eyes and in that hair…but everything else was undeniably *him*. From the facial cues, to the stance, to that initial smile he was offered which stretched faker than warm plastic.

He recognized himself. And he recognized her.

It was almost enough to bring him to his knees.

Tom as an eight year old was already tall enough to reach Riddle Sr.'s lower chest. And he stood with a confidence which couldn't be faked, intelligence shining through his gaze far too intrinsically calculating to have been anything but *malice* carefully cloaked as awe.

If there was one thing Tom Riddle Sr. was sure of…that he knew in his *bones*, it was that this child, his child…*hated him*.

It wasn't made overt, not blatantly apparent. But he could tell.

He never let on just how well *he could tell*.

His son thought himself *superior* to his father…because he was. In truest essence—he was. Riddle Sr. knew this. He was *made to know this* from that first meeting onwards, when he began sheltering and providing for the boy under his roof.

Tom had taken to his tutors like a fish to water in a way that his father never had. The subjects Riddle Sr. had found so tedious and headache inducing in his youth, Tom made look (insultingly) easy.

It was like the boy was some kind of *machine*.

Not only did he have the knowledge base to deliver on every front, he was pretty as a picture and well-liked by everyone he came in contact with, be it his peer group after enrolling at Hogwarts at all levels or Riddle Sr.'s own circle of professional associates he was brought around during many functions.

It didn't take long before Tom was schmoozing around behind his back chatting it up with his investment buddies. The boy thought himself slick, but Riddle Sr. gave him just enough rope.

It came as no surprise when Tom hollered for his independence one fateful day and strong armed Riddle Sr. into giving him pre-access to a small margin of his future inheritance, to practice handling with his own capable two hands.

It had been a matter of course after that, his son's moving out from under Riddle Sr.'s roof.

He allowed the boy to flourish at his own remarkable (almost *frightening*) rate—and he stepped back far enough to safely watch Tom work his way through the Riddle network.

Expanding and strengthening their web and leaving no room for his father to protest his involvement in *legal aspects* of the family interests.

It only made sense for Riddle Sr. to step back and take it easy as his protégé took the background scene by storm and largely removed his need to micromanage their prospects.

Riddle Sr. knew his son was gradually readying himself to break from the fold, but he also knew certain aspects of the Riddle fortune which Tom had yet to be made privy to.

Namely…the even more lucrative, *less than legal* operations Riddle Sr. had invested in upon the death of Tom's grandfather.

The interests that at this time were under garnered scrutiny by the government threatening to unravel the careful net Riddle Sr. had helped weave all around the country headed by select associates directly and indirectly traced back to his doorstep.

One way or another, Riddle Sr. would never been phased out of Riddle investments.

And if Tom wanted his autonomy so bad…he would have to rip Riddle Sr. out of the picture completely, before the whole thing melted together in one big clusterfuck.

Never let it be said Riddle Sr. didn't believe in self-preservation.

Even with his own blood threatening to drown him, he would stay afloat and in effect so long as he was tethered to the base of their network and foundation.

If only Thomas Riddle could see his son now.

He wondered who the man would be more pleased with—the youthfully budded Tom Riddle Jr., or the dirty mud-blooded, conniving Tom Riddle Sr.

He was sure it'd be an interesting competition…all things considered.

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Whispering wicked promises and *hot, silky nothings* into Harry's doubtlessly on fire ears over the phone late into the evening had become a favorite preoccupation of Tom Riddle.

And as the hours slinked by one atop the other, he couldn't remember what he used to do with himself at home for all the extra time he'd had saved up not dedicated to work and before *Harry Potter* had come into his life.

It should be irksome to note his lack of sufficient diversions. Instead, it just made his relationship with Harry all the more necessary and appreciated.

He'd never thought himself in need or lacking on any particular front, because he essentially had never cared for anything outside of the obvious pursuits related to his reputation and bolstering of his future prospects and position on society's game board.

But what was it they said—*all work and no play makes Tommy a dull boy*.

Loathe as he was to admit it, his life has always been severely lacking in the meaningful department. And the only games Tom played were the ones he knew backwards and front with players he had all sussed out and put into long-term check.

The juggling of academics, peer relations, and private business ventures intermingled with society labels, had never put so much as a notch on his *meaningful meter*.

It was only him shuffling the hand he'd been dealt to run his life on the most efficient course to his benefit and majority gain.

Because he was *Tom Riddle* and wouldn't settle for anything less than the majority share of everything that was due him—the world had stiffed him enough coming up that he wouldn't stand for anything less in his future.

It was his personal *flipping-off* to Fate's mechanisms and the swallowed and suppressed insecurities of a boy abandoned once, but so superior as to be a swan amongst ugly ducks bent on calling him the ugliest of them all from sheer jealousy and groundless arrogance.

He was invested in his lifestyle just enough to milk it for all he was worth with accrued interest.

And there was still the matter of making Riddle Sr. live to rue his transgressions against his son in ways the man was too blind to see closing in around him.

Tom had an inkling that his sire thought he was more impressionable and naïve than himself, merely by virtue of less life lived and youth that should lean itself to *amateur hour* mistakes in his dealings.

It was a fair, if faulty estimation.

Tom Riddle lived to be underestimated by many. Which was more than mildly hilarious—as he visibly excelled in all fields he was thrown into and made no secret of his intelligence, beyond projecting more humility than he actually possessed.

Why so many people thought it took overt arrogance to signal a snake in the grass, when by nature snakes were *surreptitious* and easily overlooked until it was too late, Tom would never comprehend.

And he was nothing if not an esteemed *Viper* in the grass.

Backpedaling to Harry and Tom's sheer *enjoyment* of his boy…he would readily call this his finest accomplishment.

Harry had fallen into his lap and been swept into Tom's pace so *beautifully* that Tom was loathe to ever loosen the knots he was painstakingly, *meticulously* tying all around his most precious acquisition.

It was one thing to *have* something. It was another thing to *keep it.*

Harry *wanted* to be kept. Tom knew this. And he *would* keep him and saturate the boy with his presence until Harry was so caught up as to be *inseparable* from Tom's side.

Some would consider Tom's obsession a weakness, a possible point of *exploitation* should anyone unnecessarily come into the knowledge of his *predilection*.

Some would think Tom a fool for assuming he could hold onto a boy just breaching the adolescent threshold, imprinting on him for all intents and purposes because Tom would settle for nothing less than the utmost of devotion from someone he *craved* who conversely *wanted him back*.

Some would be stupid.

Tom knew this.

It was when he had something to keep that Tom became *most dangerous*. He didn't throw *obsession* around like candy, and very few things had ever made the mark in getting onto his internally irrevocable list…upon which Harry resided in the top slot.

His first bout with his *obsessiveness*—had of course, begun at the orphanage. He'd been obsessed with the *concept* of retribution.

The only outlet he possessed of which could be extracted from the children foolhardy enough to cross him and fall under his censure.

He was once small. He was once weak. He was once *ineffectually* wrathful—until he learned.

He'd learned how to *take* retribution. How to *wait* and *watch* and *do things* to make people hurt…make them pay for *his hurt*.

It was his first twisted joy in the world.

You didn't get much joy being intelligent enough to know an orphanage was a place you threw the unwanted. You didn't get much joy being heaped, even at the top of a pile of *garbage* you knew the world saw you as irredeemably part of…because of circumstances you did not control.

Because of people you couldn't hold accountable, because apparently they *didn't exist* anymore than you did to the world at large.

So yes…he'd been obsessed…with *retribution*.

He'd never actually lost that obsession. It merely…*morphed* into a creature he'd learned to placate in private and nurture when desire rose to strike out in spectacular fashion which would surely give all his games away and leave him in a bind.

His obsession with retribution came to a head and gained a brother the moment his *father* retrieved him.

That obsession's brother was an *image*—his image.

He wanted an image so overwritten with *perfection* that his true damaged roots could never be found.

He wanted an image so solid, he would never have to see his cracks and fractures and inadequacies staring down at him with pity and *whatever the hell else that was* showing on a face he could righteously *hate* because it was so devastatingly *familiar* and entirely not his own.

He wanted an image separate from shame. He wanted an image no longer reminiscent of the thing he wanted to *destroy*.

Those were the forces which had driven Tom Riddle out of the orphanage, to the heights he'd achieved even accounting for the distraction of all else.

An image and retribution—both of which he'd held and kept front and center in his mind through all things, propelling himself above and beyond what could rightly be achieved without such staunch motivators.

His next obsession had been *independence*.

Piggy backing off all notions of the retribution he would have and continue getting, and the image he had crafted so well and wore as a permanent fixture upon the surface of his skin, Tom Riddle became *obsessive* about his independence.

Getting out from under his father's thumb and familiar, watchful gaze—so mockingly smug and self-assured in his management of his *son* became a priority.

He would not be constrained beneath the chains of his sire's linking any longer. Tom had long decided.

He knew his independence was largely given as a *boon*—a sort of placating gesture to a capable and *responsible* adolescent going through a possibly reckless phase of rebellion.

He knew that was what it had really been, as he'd had his demands met with very little beyond the token protest of his age and need for maintained familial ties (most *hypocritically* cited because Riddle Sr. was a lot of things, but *family oriented* and wastefully *compassionate* to his once bastardized son, was not one).

Tom had thusly scoffed and brushed all that roughage aside, striking ruthlessly at the crux of the matter.

Yes…he would stay in line. *No*…he would not shame the family name.

Yes…he would be a model son. *No*…he would not implicate his father in any possible mischief he got up to.

Image was everything. His obsession had become his sword and shield.

Riddle Sr. had been satisfied, and gave him all the reasonable concessions he'd required. Thus ending the need for either of them to be in each other's presences in a home setting.

Which afforded them both the actual space to unwind in private without being on constant guard of some pointy object finding its way into their backs, real or verbalized behind thinly veiled false pleasantries.

Having all his obsessions put so well in check, Tom had been getting along relatively fine with all his machinations until Harry materialized in his purview.

At a point in his life when he'd been exhausted, taking a break from his *image* and allowing a rare moment for to just breathe and be human in a not strictly public setting.

Ticking off all the boxes on a list Tom hadn't known he'd actually possessed, Harry hit him like fresh air after being locked in a dank and moldy dungeon, with unwashed prisoners and questionable things crawling along the floor in the backdrop to what was his life.

Tom could be forgiven for going after that *untainted oxygen* like a man possessed and running on a depleted supply.

Harry was…he was…*something*…*everything*. Tom couldn't say how he knew, except from the way his blood began warming in his veins, and his pulse jackknifed to worrisome levels like he'd been electrocuted or shot up with something, being sent on an effectual high making him jittery and thirsty inside…*just so damn thirsty*…he felt utterly *parched* until those lips were on his.

If he could describe *taking* Harry to anything besides drugs, even still accounting for his instantaneous addiction, Tom would only call it…happiness—*euphoria*.

A happiness so overblown and irresponsible that he was knocked out of balance to the point of devoting his time, energy, and every last bit of innate cunning to holding onto and never lose himself the world of *sensations* Harry provoked in him.

It wasn't all *pure euphoria* though…it was the suffocating darkness of *irrational jealousy*, the insatiable chasm of *depthless hunger*, the *yawning emptiness* of being incomplete outside of being buried within an impossible warmth that he'd never felt and no longer could remember not having felt chasing away all the cold spots and soothing all the broken pieces he'd been trying so hard…for so damn long…to throw away.

Like the garbage he'd never accepted he'd ever been. Like the abandonment he'd never *gotten over*, but had allowed to *fester unchecked* and savagely bolster his strength, egging

him relentlessly on to climb so far up that he could never again be ignored and pushed aside by anyone…*ever.*

Harry was the healing he had always denied he wanted.

Harry was the healing he'd never had.

Harry was the addictive remedy for all his most secret ails.

Huh.

Small wonder he'd gotten to a point of overdosing without weighing the consequences of withdrawal. Small wonder he'd become so obsessed as to not want to hang up the phone and keep his boy whispering back at him until the sun was all the way set and Harry should legitimately be ready to succumb to slumber after the ringer Tom had so graciously put his body through on the couch that afternoon.

Gods…he was in trouble.

"I can't wait to see you again tomorrow. All jokes aside, I think you raised my IQ today. So thanks…for that…"

Tom's chest rumbled with a throaty laugh, amused and utterly charmed by Harry's earnest gratitude.

"You're very welcome, sweetheart. Should you want to repay my efforts in full, I can come up with one or two interesting ways."

Harry's laugh tickling his ear drum made Tom smile far too pleasantly, and if the phone had been attached to anything, he'd have definitely been twirling the cord.

Oh how the mighty fell.

"Keep it up and my backside won't last. I do have to move again at some point."

He could hear the pout In his boy's grumbling voice, and Tom smirked wickedly for the image of Harry's *thoroughly abused* hole sucking him *in and in…over and over*…until his boy would doubtlessly be feeling the breach of Tom beneath his skin in the most intimate of ways with every halting step he took for at least the whole next day.

If Tom were kinder he wouldn't be so pleased at the notion of Harry's lingering pains.

"Quit smirking you arse! It's not funny. If I fall down the stairs cause I can't walk right, it's gonna be on your head."

Yep. That was a definite pout.

"Calm down darling. I'm sure we can make arrangements. Why—I'll even show up to carry you between classes, if you like."

Tom knew he was being insufferable. But Harry was adorable to tease. Like a *baby porcupine* getting all riled up to little effect. And now he had the image of handling Harry on his back, stroking his belly and lower…*and lower*…until Harry really was a shaking mess, his hair disheveled all over the place, feeling all *hot and bothered* with Tom.

Did that count as bestiality?

"Don't even! I'll take a cane before I let you carry me. Geez…I'm not actually a kid anymore."

Harry was hissing in a right mood. Tom leaned back in his office chair and rotated aimlessly round and round. He had moved there planning to get some kind of work in after he'd come back home, but then he'd called Harry on a whim (checking that cell was in working order, *naturally*), and all good intentions had flown out the window.

It was a problem. *Truly.*

But did he care? *Nah.*

"Don't worry. I am *very* aware of your manhood. I've handled it extensively after all."

There was a funny choking sound on the other end of the line, and Tom maintained the straightest face he could while listening to his boy attempting to respond without coughing out a lung.

"W-why you—Tom! (cough) You did that on (coughcough) p-purpose, you arse!"

Tom's eyes shone mirthfully, and he deadpanned.

"But *Harry*, I only speak the truth."

"I'm hanging up!"

Tom snorted back an undignified guffaw, and he covered his stupidly stretched mouth even though there was absolutely no one to see him with his composure shot to hell.

"No-no. *(pft*) Stay here, darling. Talk to me. I adore your company."

"F-fuck you!"

Harry squeaked, most indignantly. Tom bit his bottom lip hard.

"Wrong way around."

Click. Dial tone~

Tom blinked at the phone in astonishment. Had his boy actually—

In retrospect, he shouldn't have been so cheeky. But Harry didn't have to go and *actually* hang up on him. *The neeeerve.*

Tom's eye twitched, once…twice…*three times.*

He took a long—calming breath, counting down the seconds of uninterrupted silence in his head, staring at the phone in speechless disgruntlement as it *did not ring*.

It. Wasn't. Ringing. Why?

Harry did not just hang up on him. He didn't. His boy wouldn't DO that.

Tom felt himself getting more and more unreasonably wound up, good mood plummeting to hell as he glared at the phone and tapped his finger restlessly on the desktop, willing that damn device to make some noise.

Unacceptable.

Hackles raised, Tom opened the line again and selected Harry's name from his contacts.

Ring…riiing…RIIIIIIING~ CLICK.

"….."

"Harry."

"……..."

"You will speak to me."

"……….."

Tom's patience was thinner than tissue paper and dissolving just as fast.

Snap.

"If you don't say something right this instant I will drive back over to your house, climb through your window, and bend you in half all over again."

"….seriously?"

Tom heaved an elongated sigh, half out of his chair and heading for the door as Harry's voice finally drifted through his ears. Tom frowned deeply and ran his hand roughly through his hair, mussing it and deflating visibly as his nerves calmed significantly when Harry deigned to speak with him again.

"I always keep my word."

Tom left the office and drifted into the living room, collapsing onto the couch with an audible *huff* and glaring balefully at the black screened tv and curtained off windows lining the far wall of his apartment.

His largely monochrome schemed surroundings were leaving much to be desired in the way of distraction from his plummeted mood. He couldn't even deny his upset with Harry.

And beneath it all was an unreasonable amount of anxiety that *chafed* his insides raw.

"Are you actually upset right now?"

It was Tom's turn to meet Harry with radio silence.

"Oh…oh wow…um…I didn't think you'd be so…affected…erm…sorry?"

Harry trailed off awkwardly in Tom's ear and Tom chewed his bottom lip and maintained his own silence in a most hypocritically petulant fashion.

Harry sighed with a despairing moan.

"Ugh…I just…I wasn't trying to make you mad. Really. I was kidding! You were being a doofus and I just had to poke you."

Tom's eyebrow twitched. He felt his shoulders loosening even as he bristled for the offhand, unfamiliar affront.

"You should've called back."

Tom was not pouting. He was not.

"That sorta defeats the purpose of hanging up in your face—doesn't it?"

Harry's voice was light, carefully teasing as if he were right there trying to coax a reluctant smile out of Tom.

"It is not wise of you to play me."

Tom's voice was deceptively neutral, and Harry swallowed audibly through the receiver.

"So you can bully me…but I can't return the favor?"

Tom could hear the pout. And he raised an eyebrow, affecting a cocky air.

"I don't bully you. It's called showing my affection. Hanging up is unacceptable behavior under any circumstances. I never hang up on you."

Harry grumbled something Tom was sure was unflattering about himself beneath his breath. But Tom basked in the familiarity of his boy's annoyance even as Harry *stayed on the phone with him.*

"Alright, your magnificence…fair point well made. The next time you show your affection in a retarded way I'll just sit in silence and contemplate getting better friends. Scouts honor."

Tom muttered under his breath. Something Harry didn't quite catch but sounded suspiciously like '*you're not allowed more friends'*.

Thankfully Harry knew better than to comment on that.

"But really, I didn't mean to upset you. I was fooling around. I shouldn't have hung up like that. You don't ever do that to me…"

Tom felt himself softening further under Harry's fervent placation, and he sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose in dwindled aggravation.

"I may still have to come over tonight. You've ruined my high and I need more."

Harry snorted and laughed softly. Tom felt a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth and he stingily calculated the risk of actually following through on that line of action.

Surely his boy didn't think him joking…

"I wouldn't say no to seeing you again…because I want to, really…but I am in bed, and Mom's lurking around, and my backside is sore and I sincerely doubt I'd be able to do anything for you in person that I can't do over the phone at any rate."

Tom licked his lips and murmured haltingly, "Don't be so sure of that. Maybe I just want to hold you."

Harry swore…floundering beneath the onslaught of utter truth in Tom's words. Tom swallowed and stared up at the ceiling, averting his eyes from a specter that wasn't even there to see the blossoming pink riding high on his cheeks.

He wasn't embarrassed…he just felt weird about his own candor all of a sudden.

It was like he'd said too much and not enough all at once, which left him conflicted in the most disturbing way…leaving him blown open wide wearing his once locked down heart on his sleeve like an awkward accessory.

Okay…so maybe there was a *smidge* of embarrassment in there.

"If that's all…I won't stop you."

Harry's voice was delicate, hesitant and sweeter than cotton candy melting on Tom's tongue.

"Keep the window open."

Tom was out the door, switching off the lights and pocketing his car keys with a spring in his step within the next couple of minutes. Having said his temporary goodbye to Harry for the umpteenth time that day and racing in his boy's direction without a moment's diversion.

Honestly…this was all *Harry's* fault.

He just did *things*…all the time. But Tom couldn't be mad.

He couldn't be…*at all.*

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That night, when Tom climbed through the window he got an armful of Harry immediately upon touchdown.

With his arms constricting around Tom's waist and burying his nose in the fabric of Tom's cotton black T-shirt—Harry shivered, barefooted in his thin pajama bottoms and loose button down top, and whispered breathlessly, "We have to be quiet. I can't believe you're actually here again."

Tom's arms came down, encircling Harry's smaller form completely as he pressed his nose down into the nest of Harry's fluffy, perpetually disarrayed hair, still a little damp and fragrant from their earlier shower antics.

Tom walked Harry backwards slowly until they bumped the bed, and Harry fell beneath him, taking Tom down as their bodies hit the mattress intertwined with a soft thump and springy bounce.

Tom kicked off his shoes and burrowed himself still fully clothed beneath the covers with Harry curled chest to chest into his long limbed, taller body.

Tom reached down, pulling the covers more securely up over them both, and Harry leaned back and looked up at him in the moonlit shadows of the bedroom.

Tom stared down at him and kissed his forehead, quirking his lips slightly as Harry wrinkled his nose and pinched him in his side beneath the covers.

"Ow. Why am I being assaulted?" Tom huffed, breath fanning gently against Harry's cheek as he scooched further downwards, until they were aligned nose to nose.

"For being so impulsive and getting upset with me long distance." Harry muttered, glaring balefully into Tom's eyes a scant few inches In front of his own. Tom only smirked and leaned in, brushing the tips of their noses together in an affectionate nuzzle, and melding their bodies closer beneath the covers.

"Haa…*Tom*…"

Harry's breath hitched as Tom slid against him, and he chewed his lower lip and hissed warningly, "You said just *cuddling*…be *still*…"

Tom slipped a hand mischievously down and palmed the swell of Harry's tender backside, squeezing *just so*. Harry *meeped* and smothered the sound against Tom's chest.

Tom shushed him cheekily and whispered, "Don't worry. I'll be *good.*" Right before he smiled and disappeared like a snake all the way beneath the covers, ignoring Harry's hands frantically scrabbling at his shoulders to urge him back up.

Harry smothered a gasp as his pants were tugged down with his underwear, and he turned his head into the pillow and bit down *hard* with fever red cheeks as Tom's mouth fully enveloped him and applied hot suction enough to drain all protest from his head like juice through a straw.

He hoped to god his mother was sleeping.

'Cause that door was *not locked*…and Tom was doing that *thing* with his tongue and—*shitohmygoddamn*—Harry should've known. He should've KNOWN.

Beneath the covers, Tom was getting his fix like *woah.* Because cuddling was lovely, and he had wanted to just hold Harry…but his body.

His body ruined all his good intentions. *Wetslurp…softgasp…nghaa…mmmmm…swallow.*

It was all *Harry's* fault.

Tom thought this, even as he *licked* and *sucked* and *swallowed repeatedly*…deep throating his boy like a *champ*.

If he didn't taste *so good*…but who was he kidding? Tom was just…*Tom*.

There was no getting around it.

He loved *cuddling*. And so did Harry.

Full stop.

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Tom disappeared from the Potter household *very fortunately* with none the wiser that Sunday night, smacking his lips in satisfaction with the taste of his boy still lingering thick on his palate—coveted high being *well restored*.

Harry had attempted to pinch him again *much harder* on the way out, but was so *boneless* and *sated* that it only felt like a barely there mosquito bite.

Tom had left him all tucked in tight with brief kiss on well bitten, parted plush lips, and a playfully ghosting peck on his flushed cheek.

Harry went to sleep again pouting and grumbling, but still reluctantly rolling his eyes with a lazy grin up at Tom's blurry, departing figure as Tom saluted happily and crawled back out through the window, sliding down the banister and hitting the lawn at a brisk trot to his concealed vehicle.

All in all, it had been a successful night.

Monday morning couldn’t come fast enough.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I have no words. 😯 This chapter #Literally wrote itself. I was just a (weakly cheering) bystander in the peanut gallery.😄

I had no inclination of it getting this obscenely long, but after Merope did her cameo and Riddle Sr. stepped in, I couldn't leave well enough alone without bouncing back round to Harry and Tom for the remainder of the present Sunday evening gone night.

Would you believe the small bit of smut present was totally #Unintended? 😯 I seriously don't know what came over Tom.👀

He was supposed to do the whole #CuteNightCuddle scene after being #HungUpOn and #LosingHisMind.

It was supposed to be tender and touching and #FLUFFY! Not… #WhateverDaHellDatWas going on up there.🙄😫

#HeadBang – #WhenCharasOverwriteAuthorGoodIntentions.

In any case, I hope no one got bummed out by anything this chapter. As I said before, it wrote itself. I will maintain that #Forever…#JustIgnoreMyFingers which are attached to #MyHands pounding away at the keyboard.

I am but a conductor of words.👼

I look forward to hearing any and all thoughts on this chapter and wherever the heck this fic and it's future violations are taking us next.😄

It is #LooselyPlotted, and yet I do spy quite a bit of possible plot on the horizon. Irony that.💙

Either way I shall now mosey off to hopefully catch some sleep. We all know #FicWritersBeZombies. 🥱

Until the next Violation! Take the utmost of care in reality. 🙏💗💙💚💛

~🌺🐍○

15th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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15th Violation

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Luna Lovegood awoke with the sunrise Monday morning, as was her habit.

Her mother had been a morning person too, and she'd impressed upon Luna the importance of meeting each day when it arrived. Said it was the best way to trick fate into giving you a free pass on all the bad things and letting you have a little extra luck.

Her mother had been quite fantastic and fanatical in some ways about unseen forces at work in the universe acting upon people on a daily basis.

Luna had never grown out of greeting the sun and doing yoga to relax her body first thing before each day. It did wonders for her constitution and mindset. She found that she liked being able to be utterly low-key and relaxed throughout any kind of stressful situations.

Running into Harry on Saturday had been more than fortuitous. And she thanked her lucky stars that she had been where she was at the right place at the right time to help a friend so desperately in need.

His aura that day had been shadowy along the edges, significantly dulled even with the brighter bits that seemed to gravitate to the magnetizing force field that seemed to radiate from Tom Riddle like so much poisonous gas burned off an otherwise innocuous plant.

If Luna were to describe Harry in one word in relationship to Tom, it would be—*inevitable.*

Like the break of a tidal wave descending upon the shore…you could see it, you could feel it, and you knew it had to happen at some point.

Luna had only helped along the natural course of eventuality. Harry was timid when it came to allowing outside forces to disrupt his thrumming rhythms, which otherwise would always be in sync to the point of making music of his spirit so wondrous that he sparkled like an aurora in her eyes.

If Harry was the aurora, Tom was his oval.

Facing directly the two of them in a setting all their own, Luna could only be in awe of their symmetry. Mama had always said that some things were instinctive, and some things you had to work at.

Granted—she had been trying to impress the modes of artistic expression upon her eight year old, trying and failing to make a masterpiece of finger-painting.

Luna still remembered the way she'd said with a tinkling laugh, *"Lunar Moon you can't force these things. If it feels right it will flow. Here…which colors do you like best? If you know what you want to try, just do your best at it. If it doesn't work…try something else. But don't give up. Some things are instinct. Some things you must work at."*

She'd been applying that principal for most of her life now…ever since her mother had imparted it to her.

Speaking to Harry that day in class out of the blue as she had, it had been instinctive. From the moment she'd observed him sitting at the canvas, she'd known this was someone she would mesh well with.

He was shimmering. He made her feel inspired.

So she'd spoke. And he'd responded. It was easy as breathing.

Luna wasn't hard to approach, but people she'd known had always been leery of her. She supposed it was because she was so in tune with the universe, to the point that they felt she was far too much.

When she wore things that made her feel good, no matter how they looked together, Luna always came out dressed a bit strangely.

Most of her peers preferred uniformity or trends. Luna's only requirement was that it felt right and added to her aura.

She knew everyone wasn't as in tune with their aural projections as she was. When she'd been younger, she had often tried to help people, but they took her advice for ignorance of societal norms and deemed her a weirdo, to be avoided or put in place whenever possible.

It got to the point that Luna had begun to turn more and more inwards for satisfaction rather than reaching out to anyone around her.

All of them were broken in some way, and if they didn't want help…she couldn't force it.

The jagged edges of people hurt when you tried to soothe them by force. She'd learned that the hard way, many times over. And after her mother died, outside pain was the last thing she needed when her own aura was so often in flux and Daddy had been a right mess too.

It took a lot of soul searching. And she'd been alone for most of it.

Until Daddy got his own self straightened out enough to accept her back, Luna had done her best to not be a nuisance.

Those were lonely times. But she'd come out of it all the better for getting acquainted with herself intimately.

She hadn't made any friends up to that point because so much of everything hinged on her instincts, avoidance of hurt, and soothing of her own hurts.

By the time she made it to high school, she was well on her way to being a person completed and satisfied in her affinity with everything around her. Be it people or concepts or whatever else made the world go round.

Things like romance or hormones…Luna didn't really bother with in relationship to herself.

Not because she shunned them, but because she knew when the time came and everything felt just right, she'd have it all.

And until that point in her life came, she'd just enjoy herself and living her life as it was as much as possibly possible—without compromising herself in any uncomfortable way.

The closest she'd gotten to being *in love* as you'd call it, would probably be the way she'd felt when she saw Harry.

It wasn't the type of *love* that demanded possession. It wasn't the type of *love* that made you go crazy.

It was the type of love that made you *relax*. That made you *breathe* and want to be there to see how much more *beautiful* something could become with your help.

It was the type of love hinging upon *growth* and helping growth to keep growing and flourishing in the right direction.

She thought it was a love that she could hold safe in her heart and be warmed by because it wouldn't hurt her, because it wouldn't hurt anybody else, and because she understood where it began and ended.

It was the kind of love where you just wanted to see them happy. Where you just wanted to see them sparkle and keep sparkling, whatever it took.

Luna knew…she *knew* her love for Harry was something she could keep for always.

And she was happy with it. She wouldn't let anything poison it.

She knew Harry had *needs* outside of her, and she would do and continue to do her best to facilitate them all. It was how she felt useful and continued to be needed.

Also…there were inevitabilities that never should be altered, that were *dangerous* to disrupt in any way.

Luna was perceptive. She knew when her reach, should it ever actually connect…would bring wrathful things down upon her head.

She didn't fool herself into thinking that what she felt was anything like the magnetism that pulled Harry into the eye of a storm he would never see…because he was standing in the middle of it, and it was guarding him.

She could see and sense so many jagged edges lashing out from the pole to which Harry gravitated.

And she would be alarmed and worried and *dead set* on getting him away from it, if she didn't also see how those impossibly sharp edges softened and curved in Harry's atmosphere, like smoke curling around a field, slowly but surely obscuring it from all eyes…until you'd wonder if there was ever a field at all, because of how well it was being hidden—*protected jealously.*

Luna supposed it should be painful for her to be *in love* when she knew the limit of it.

But it just made her feel *secure* in a way she was sure most people would never appreciate… because it hinged upon the *fact* that even if she could only hover and *be there* and never *touch*…neither could anyone else ever *hope* to approach or disrupt the symbiosis.

It had been fortunate that she'd been able to slip in through the storm when she did.

It had been fortunate that she was smart enough to *see* and not be seen, *hear* and not be heard, *speak* and not be fully understood.

It was how she could slip beneath to radar to be *in love* but never *in trouble* for it.

Harry…*bless his heart*…he wouldn't push her away. He wouldn't ignore her. He wouldn't make her feel inadequate.

Harry would smile. Harry would shine. Harry would be there.

And Luna would smile. Luna would shine. Luna would be there for him every step of the way.

Luna would remain the *moon* to light the dark, while Tom would burn his fingers and break the sky to cage the sun.

Luna supposed she could be considered *bad*…because she didn't mind that. Because if the sun were *caged*, then the moon would never have to worry about *losing sight* of it...or seeing it *disappear*.

She would always know where to *find him*. She would always know where he was being *kept*.

And she could always be there to bask in his light from a distance close by…enough to feel the *warmth* always…but never be *consumed.*

Luna did the final stretch in her yoga routine and shook out her limbs with a deep sigh. It was a little after seven now, the sun was fully risen.

She stared out the window and smiled languidly. Secure in all her thoughts, wrapped safely in all her skin.

It was sure to be a lovely day, birthed on the tails of a productive weekend.

She looked forward to hearing all about just *everything* from Harry.

And it was with this hope in mind that she went about happily getting ready for the school day, humming a lighthearted tune with a perpetual bounce in her surefooted steps.

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It had been twelve hours—twelve hours, forty minutes, and thirty-six seconds and counting to be precise, since James Potter had been brought into the municipal office of Durmstrang Precinct.

Since his arrival Sunday evening, he'd been introduced and made to listen to department head Igor Karkaroff (the driest of dry windbags)—going on and on about the usual suspects they'd encountered in relationship to the string of substances and illicit funds being funneled throughout the area, linked back to the Phoenix Precinct headed by Albus Dumbledore and his ilk from which James had been dispensed on the double by recommendation and request.

A lot of the situation going on was dreadfully familiar. So much so that James had the distinct premonition of them being led in circles around the same backyard.

It was no wonder they'd phoned him in.

"The only warrants we've achieved thus far have been those of Lucius Malfoy and Percival Graves. Both of which are technicalities at this point."

It was only to be expected. They were both heads of distinctly powerful families with interests and holdings in industry and weapons respectively. The issue being that their interests were so far apart and yet overlapping at the oddest of points—was what brought them under joint scrutiny.

It was a flimsy justification.

The Malfoys had a blanket monopoly on luxurious trade and high society industrial advances catering to the wealthiest sectors, ranging from the upper middle class blue collared workers, all the way to the most affluent names in white collar marketing.

Last week they'd purchased stocks in the new international Acolyte Corporation, spearheaded beneath the banner of a man by the name of Gellert Grindlewald, who was only just branching out from the European pharmaceutical front into mainstream medical and preventative therapies, and gaining fast traction as a disreputable contender with a line of lawsuits being alleged against the company being kept hushed up from the mass media by substantial settlements kept on the DL by the higher-ups in governments being paid off for their complicity in the news blackouts.

At this same time—Percival Graves, an old hat entity specializing in stateside arms and weapons dealing falling under Durmstrang jurisdiction, got in random touch with Madame

Olympe Maxime at Beauxbatons Inc., a custom fashion and vogue company in France, who reached out to Malfoy topside and worked out a deal that saw the stock prices over at Acolyte Corporation conversely shoot exponentially through the roof, and bounced a lot of questionable cash back and forth between the Grave and Malfoy holdings tax free.

While this type of *collaboration* between big names wasn't unheard of—the amount of cash transferred had raised alarms and brought on an investigation into the Malfoy and Grave interests.

Malfoy had been brought in overnight for questioning when the issue of his unpaid back taxes got highlighted. And Graves had been brought in for his mismanagement of charitable funds allotted right before the purchase he'd made as an *anonymous benefactor* to a new European company which sprouted up a month ago stateside under the banner of Acolyte Corporation.

This wasn't enough to keep either man beneath the government's thumb, but it was enough to shine a spotlight onto their dealings and find out why so much of their recent commerce seemed to be connected to this European fellow at Acolyte who had been accused of being linked to alleged substance rings and poorly vetted popular OTC products, before getting off on lack of evidence in his home locale.

It didn't help that luxury goods, weapons, and former pharmaceutical specialists had very little good connotations in sync.

And because Grindlewald wasn't exactly a known face topside, and the Acolyte Corporation in question (which had sprung up like a rotten daisy in recent times) was so new, there wasn't enough evidence for Durmstrang to book all three personas on anything concrete.

There were too many tracks being muddled.

Also…Lucius Malfoy had strong ties to branches in Phoenix, and Graves—while based in Durmstrang, was dealing with Malfoy for reasons unknown but seemingly connected enough to see them both benefiting from the arrangements in a worrisomely lucrative way.

With the two men in temporary custody, the clock was ticking on them being released before Durmstrang could ferret enough warrants to achieve any kind of long standing arrest or coup.

It was a clusterfuck in progress.

Should both men walk away, slapped on the wrists and scot free in a matter of hours, the department would be hard pressed to pin them with anything later—as they'd be well on guard from the government snooping through their trash and far less obvious about their dealings together at any future points.

As it stood…it was James' job to crack the combo and aid in un-fucking the knots of characters entangled at their collective doorsteps.

Sigh.

Thirteen hours in counting.

He could maybe be home by Tuesday—Wednesday morning at the latest.

Standing as Karkaroff addressed him directly—James smiled and said, “I’ll start with Graves. Let Malfoy sweat a while.”

Before heading into the first interrogation room behind officers Krum and Gatsby; the best good-bad interrogation cops in residence at Durmstrang. Krum, middle aged and solemn, being the more affable of the two, with Gatsby scowling permanently at his side, looking every stern inch the irascible schoolmaster set on chastising delinquent students.

James thought Gatsby should loosen up a bit.

At this rate, Graves was likely to get duked before they even got past the pleasantries.

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When Harry stepped off the bus at Hogwarts Monday morning, he was met by Luna lingering on the sidelines, decked out in ribbons and her eccentrically accessorized uniform and waving serenely at him.

Harry’s grinned and automatically waved back, adjusting his backpack on his shoulder and making a beeline in her direction.

Luna fell into step beside him, linking their arms together, and Harry slowed his gait to accommodate her shorter legs. “Morning Luna—did you have a good weekend?”

“Oh yes. It was very nice. What about yours? How were things with Tom?”

Harry blushed lightly for the expected query and cleared his throat gently. “Hn…well… things went good. Kinda great actually—thanks for what you did, by the way. Saturday started rough...”

Luna raised both eyebrows as they crossed the school threshold, and she tugged him into the dining hall as his feet began to trudge.

“I did think you seemed off that day. Its good things got better though. Would you like to talk about the morning or skip to the nicer bits?”

Harry scratched his cheek, dislodging her arm as he reached and bagged an apple, cinnamon pop tart, granola bar, and strawberry milk bottle.

Luna chose an apple juice, egg sandwich, and small bag of banana chips. Giggling as Harry grimaced for the last addition to her bag and raised a dubious brow. “I don’t mind the real stuff, but those chips make me nauseous.”

“It’s an acquired taste. I quite like the salty-sweet combo.” Luna replied breezily, appropriating an empty small table out of the way but in view of the dining hall entrance as Harry sat down beside her and hung his backpack off his chair.

Luna started in on her egg sandwich and said around a mouthful, “So…nicer bits first?”

Harry nodded and tore open the wrapper around his granola bar. “We hung out a bit…went to the park. I drew him. He let me draw him for class…”

Luna nodded for him to continue and gave him her undivided attention as he trailed off, eyes going up to a corner in remembrance and cheeks flushing lightly. “After this and that, we decided to go back to his place…and well…you know…”

Luna’s eyes gained a decidedly mischievous gleam, and her lips quirked as she swallowed, drinking a bit of apple juice to wash down her mouthful, “I don’t know. Could you be more specific?”

Harry fidgeted, eye twitching as he stared into her silvery gaze and bit off a chunk from his granola bar to avoid answering right away.

Luna was patient. Harry drank from his milk and grabbed a napkin from the holder on the table to dab primly at his mouth before clearing his throat and saying, “Suffice to say, we made the evening count.”

Luna blinked. “You had sex.”

Harry coughed. Luna amended. “You had *lots* of sex.”

Harry choked and downed half his milk.

“…yes.”

Luna nodded sagely, as if it were a matter of course. And then she asked, “Was it good?”

Harry shut his eyes with a groan, face going redder than his apple. Luna clucked her tongue and nudged his foot beneath the table. “Of course it was!”

Harry opened his eyes with a hiss, glancing around sheepishly before shooting Luna with a pouty glare which she rightly giggled at. “Just checking—good friends don’t let friends have bad sex.”

Harry bit his tongue, amused in spite of his awkwardness, “And if it had been bad?”

Luna shrugged and polished off her sandwich. “Then in good conscience, I’d have to recommend therapy…or another boyfriend.”

Harry laughed outright, feeling lighter than ever, “If Tom heard that, he’d go mad.”

Luna smirked, eyes flashing. “I’m counting on it.”

Harry blinked.

“They say angry sex is good sex.” Luna quoted, matter-of-factly. Harry just shook his head with an overly fond smile.

“I don’t know if I could handle Tom angry.”

Luna winked. “You’d survive.”

Harry rolled his eyes and muttered, “Tell that to my backside…” wincing on cue as it gave the ghost of a sympathetic twinge.

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There were few things in life more annoying than having your day ruined at sunrise, Tom thought.

In the wake of getting a very irritating call that Monday morning, well before he’d been set to depart for school or even wake up, and then subsequently starting the day at school in the most intolerable fashion…namely, without being early enough to accost Harry, because *reasons*…Tom was irked.

Backtracking to that morning—after his successful rendezvous with Harry the Sunday evening before, Tom had done a bit of last minute homework (because he is actually still a student and does have actual student obligations to fulfill) before turning in for the rest of the night; Tom had been awoken at *stupid o’clock* before his alarm to the sound of his *exclusiv*e business ringtone going off on his cell.

The ringtone he set for the express purpose of denoting a non-pleasurable call of the serious variety *never* to be confused for his darling calling him up.

It was just his luck that Karma was indeed *a bitch* and had decided he didn’t get his beauty rest after his long, delightful weekend exploits.

Click.

“Talk.”

“*Hello. Riddle. Long time no speak.”*

“You have ten seconds.”

“Sheesh…always such a hardass. I mean really—“

“Six. Five. Four…”

"*Malfoy's been hooked. Yesterday at Durmstrang. He's in holding."*

Tom frowned and released a muted sigh, glancing at the time displayed on his phone and deciding it was *too early for this shit*.

"How."

"Beauxbatons and back taxes. Also Graves."

Tom bit out a curse and sat up in bed, ruffling his normally immaculate hair into tousled array.

"My father?"

"Haven't told him yet. Came to you first."

Tom sighed. *Dumbass stool pigeons would be the death of him.*

"Good. Let me know when he's out again. Also, shred the account."

There was a splutter on the line, disbelief patent and thick.

"B-but…"

"Did I stutter?"

"No sir. It'll be done before the afternoon."

"Good. If father asks, the deal fell through. Malfoy fucked up. Ignore Graves."

"And the excess?"

Tom massaged his forehead and counted to five—in Latin.

"Funnel it. Spread it as thin as possible."

"Got it."

Tom glared at his wall.

"And Barty?"

There was a loud gulp in his ear. Tom smiled maliciously.

"Let Malfoy know…next time, he's out. Cut off. Completely."

If you could hear a nod, then Barty was doing the bobble head.

"Understood."

Click.

Tom closed the line out abruptly. *Mondays…*

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Barty Crouch Jr. was the family accountant and gopher, for lack of a better term. Barty Sr. had been well and truly within Tom Riddle Sr.'s pocket.

But being that his son, Barty Jr. had beef with him and *intrinsically* knew and had learned the ropes even better than his aged father did, Tom had since gotten his fangs into the younger of the two to exploit for his own purposes.

It had been child's play stealing that particular asset's loyalty initially from under his father's banner once he'd gotten enough dirt on Barty Sr. to rightly bury the Banker, and offered the bulk of blackmail material to his son to use in whatever way he saw fit after having been verbally and physically abused coming up in such ways as to warrant quite a bit of repressed hatred boiling in the blood.

Tom had a soft spot for Barty Jr. in that they shared an affinity for future patricide.

It was an unspoken agreement that neither of them would stand in the other's way of facilitating the ruination of their sires in any of their future dealings or endeavors together.

This suited them both to a tee.

Tom would be hard pressed to find a more diligent subject to use for the overhead management of his personal interests in the funding department. Being that he was under the legal threshold, he wasn't able to pay Barty Jr. over the table for his work, and thus had to get *creative* about the reward system.

On paper, Barty Jr. was very much in the employ of Barty Sr. under Riddle Sr.'s directives.

But behind the scenes he was Tom's man through and through. It helped that while working with Tom, Barty Jr. had built up quite the surplus of funding which would be enough to see him independent from his father and working at his own behest as soon as Tom became legal enough to be named a possible legit employer.

In addition to accounting, Barty Jr. was an information guy. Always with one ear to the ground on the goings on of people related to the Riddle investments and any possible dangers lurking on the horizons waiting to trap and doom them all.

Riddle Sr. thought Barty Sr. had it on lock. But it was his son that took on the mantle and did the real grunt work behind the modern day scenes.

Far be it for Tom to pull his father's coat, lest said pull resulted in the man's untimely fall down a few dozen flights of stairs.

All things said, he was showing quite a bit of restraint in not offing the man outright.

First degree murder wasn't a good look for the scholastic records.

Tom yawned and smiled lazily for his pleasant turn of thoughts. Glancing at the time again, he debated disturbing Harry…but decided his boy should have the rest Tom didn't get and resolved instead to get his fill at school.

The week was only just beginning.

How lovely.

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After dealing with a bit of cleanup on his end with the investments being threatened by so much stupidity on the Malfoy and Graves front, Tom made it to Hogwarts minutes before the bell for homeroom rang—much to his everlasting chagrin.

There hadn't even been time for him to reasonably seek out Harry.

The day was off to a winning start. *Joy.*

It was with a smile that didn't reach his eyes that Tom swanned into Homeroom, greeting his assorted classmates with nods and courteous waves as he took his seat at the front of the class —hoping upon hope to avoid any extraneous conversation while counting down the hours to his officially scheduled *Harry-time.*

"Psst…"

Tom's eye twitched. *Ignore it.*

"Psssssst…Riddle!"

No such luck.

The teacher hadn't even made it to the classroom yet, and this fool was whisper-shouting behind him (knowing better than to touch his person).

"May I help you, Dolohov?" Tom drawled; face a mask of polite indifference.

"I was gonna tell you last week, but I couldn't find you Friday. Diggory wants you at the courts this week after school. Says we're training club newbies and you promised him half a semester."

Tom refrained from rolling his eyes. Tennis captain, Cedric Diggory—of course. Dolohov wouldn't disturb him for anything less monumental than hitting a ball back and forth across a court to the insipid cheering of less coordinated sports fanatics.

Taking a breath, Tom tamped down on his irritation and reminded himself that he did need some fitness and tennis wasn't horrible.

Also, track season wasn't till the spring, and his schedule was booked; otherwise, he could do that instead. Alas—tennis was the only plausible option.

Meaning he had to play nice with the resident ball boy and his master.

"Of course. You can inform him I'll be there."

Dolohov grinned, shooting Tom thumbs up. "Right on. I'll be sure to pass it along. We're getting a new round of freshies this year and Diggory wants them trained right."

Tom nodded and turned away from Dolohov just as the teacher walked through the door.

"Good Morning class. It's good to see you're all here. No weekend accidents. No deaths in the family, I presume."

A few weak laughs were all that met the semi-dry salutations of Professor Burbage.

Tom's smile was fixed and he tapped his foot noiselessly as she began the roll call. In Junior homeroom, there was little going on besides roll call and the rush to complete forgotten (ignored) weekend assignments, obligatory study, or test cram sessions before official classes.

He would've been out the door already if not for the sudden influx of attention his peers seemed bent on giving him.

It didn't help that Tom was the tallest thing in the room—although his placement at the front of the class stemmed some of the less tolerable attentions from the ne'er to do wells lurking in the back, leering at his profile.

One in particular was staring at him blatantly from their position in the far corner, ignored by most everybody, including Tom himself.

Breathing shallowly and making a study of the tall, handsome teen with no little hero worship in his beady, greedy little eyes.

That would be Pettigrew—*the Rat*.

Everyone tended to avoid him, and Tom was no actual exception, save his lack of open hostility towards the rotund, unfortunately rat-like boy.

Pettigrew wasn't a *wall-flower* or any kind of *flower*…he was just disturbing. It wasn't in only his looks. The way he comported himself, made him seem smaller than he was.

And he slipped unnoticed in and out of spaces where you'd always swear he *wasn't*.

Tom didn't make a study of noticing *the Rat* particularly, but he was aware of when he was being stared at. It would've been enough to make him shudder if he were made of less stern stuff.

As it stood, *the Rat* had never done anything to harm or inconvenience Tom ever in his memory, and therefore…Tom was tolerant and allowed him to look his fill.

After all…even the oddest individuals could be useful under the right circumstances.

There was something to be said for flying so far below the radar as to be *nonexistent*.

You could get away with a *lot.*

Tom could grudgingly respect that. Perhaps even use it someday.

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Second period found Harry taking notes in Biology, mind wandering in his own little bubble at the back of the room, as they went over parts of the cell and cataloged the differences and similarities between osmosis and diffusion in provided bubble charts.

This at least was something he'd been over in eighth grade, and was very much just a refresher course.

Harry wasn't bad at science. It was just when science and math got together to create abominations of study (like chemistry) requiring mastery of both scientific facts and equations that he became a struggling dunce.

He was quite good at remembering straightforward information. When all you had to do was read and remember, school life got a whole lot easier.

Once again—his thoughts turned to Tom, and he smiled as he continued to write, wondering what the other was doing right now. It would have been imprudent of him to have called first thing Monday morning when he didn't know Tom's full weekly schedule.

Harry didn't want to seem needy…or annoying.

They'd seen each other the whole weekend at different points, and they'd come extremely far in the physical aspects and from a historical facts standpoint.

He could now confidently say he had a profile built up of Tom that was fuller than (*smokin' hot*, *wicked smart*, and *possessive* with *stalker-tenacity*), because he just knew Tom wouldn't be forthcoming about all the things he'd told Harry in the privacy of his home that he'd never even dream of mentioning to anyone else.

Because Tom was proud and had a flawless image to maintain—and Harry was the only person Tom cared to allow to see him behind the veil, because Tom demanded to see Harry in all the same in-depth ways.

Harry felt privileged being entrusted with Tom…*the real Tom*…in all the ways he had been.

He didn't want to accidently overstretch his fascination by getting all weird and clingy and calling Tom at all hours for no reason but to hear his voice…because he actually could do that now.

Tom had gifted him a cell phone. Which rested securely in his pocket, where he could feel it should it vibrate at all with the only number he actually had programmed into it.

Maybe he was being stupid about not having called. If Tom didn't want to encourage his *clinginess*, why would he have given him an open line of communication when he didn't have to?

Nevermind the fact that Tom wanted to always be able to reach *Harry*…Harry was only *slightly* less confident as to how much liberty he was allowed to take with a two-way device in contacting Tom.

Calling Tom at school would be a definite no-no. He didn't actually know Tom's schedule, and to interrupt him at any point in such a public setting when he could be busy or doing something actually productive with his time would definitely get him scolded…he thought.

Brrr…brrr…

Harry nearly jumped out of his skin. Whipping his head around as his thigh vibrated and nobody else seemed to hear the low buzzing of the phone in his pocket.

Swallowing thickly as his pulse leapt, Harry slumped in his seat and slowly retrieved the phone from his pocket.

Sliding it out and flipping it open beneath the desk and blinking as a low *ping* alerted him to a…message?

Clicking the little envelope icon flashing on and off the screen, Harry bit his lip and covered his mouth to suppress a grin as he read the short digital text missive.

Sender Tom: <Breaking from Chem. test in the 1st floor bathroom. Meet me there…now?>

Harry glanced up at the professor checking turned in work at the front desk, then looked at the time. It was twenty minutes till the bell. His classroom was at the end of the first floor hallway and he could be at the bathroom in less than three minutes if he power walked.

Carefully…Harry pecked a stilted reply with the keys. Not actually being used to the text feature and fumbling a little with the letters sharing the number keys.

~Be there 5 mins.~

Harry licked his lips and urgently raised his hand to get the professor's attention, just as a smiley face popped up on his phone screen.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?"

“May I be excused to the restroom? It’s an emergency.” Harry surreptitiously stuffed the cell back into his pocket and affected a rather panicky constipated expression.

The Professor shooed him out the room on the double with a hall pass.

Harry was out the door and hitting the deserted hallway at an almost dead run, heading for the first floor boy’s room.

Upon entering the restroom he was yanked and slammed bodily into the wall, with Tom being pressed hard up against the full length of him, and a mouthful of *hot tongue* being directly imposed.

Parting on a harsh gasp once Tom allowed him to breathe after a few drawn out seconds, Harry panted shakily with his hands clenched in the fabric of Tom’s pressed uniform shirt, “N-nice…*hah*…to see you too.”

Tom smirked indolently, and murmured deeply into his ear, “Miss me, darling?”

Harry’s only reply was to pull Tom back in by his tie and force their lips back together, running his fingers up into the back of Tom’s hair and *gripping* the strands with a shared throaty moan.

The next few minutes were a blur of heated *mouthing* and *grinding* and *hands groping, skimming* just shy of fully discarding their uniforms.

When Harry stumbled out of the bathroom again, rumpled and well kissed after having splashed his face with cold water, tucking his shirt hastily back into his pants and smoothing his hair, Tom strutted in the opposite direction back down the hallway.

Throwing a wink and wave over his shoulder as Harry couldn’t help but look back and blush happily with a sappy grin as they continued on their separate ways.

It was good to know they’d be seeing each other again soon enough.

Harry re-entered his Biology class with a relieved expression, handing the professor back the pass and taking his seat at the back of the room again.

Brrr…brrr…

Harry carefully checked his phone again—snorting softly at the message *pinging* on his screen.

Sender Tom: <See you fifth period. Our chamber seventh floor, be punctual or I’ll come looking.>

Harry could feel his insides fluttering for the commanding tone of text. And he bit back a wide grin as he pecked his reply.

~yes your majesty~

Closing and pocketing the cell, Harry finished off his notes and jotted down the homework with a pleased smile on his face—never noticing the set of eyes boring into his back from the opposite far corner of the classroom, engulfed in shadow.

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xXOXx

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Deviation—it was easy to spot, if you spent as long as he did watching...*just watching*.

That was the only good thing about him. He tended to fade into the background. The only time *the other* ever noted him really was in homeroom. Of course that was only to be expected.

He was smart like that.

It didn't help that they didn't really share any classes in common; being that *the other* was so high above everyone else. And he was just mostly skating by, waiting to hopefully graduate in his appropriate year.

It was pure chance that he'd seen them. Both of them. Together. *When he did.*

It had started last Wednesday when he'd been skulking in the shadows of the 7th floor corridor. Keeping an eye on *The Secret Chamber* which *the other* had disappeared into as was often his custom for study hall.

He didn't have to actively announce his presence because he knew *the other's* schedule. And so, he was always where he needed to be to catch a glimpse.

And if he took a few (dozen) pictures for his album later…well, *the other* was a prime specimen of maleness. He could be afforded a bit of admiration.

But back to last week, that Wednesday afternoon, when he'd been *lurking* as per usual.

He'd never be so bold as to try and enter *The Chamber,* because heaven forbid he actually disturbed *the other*. But he was content to spend his own free time waiting for *the other* to be on the move again.

It was like a sport. He thought. And *the other* was always punctual and on schedule in all things.

It made it easy. It made him relax. It made him feel *secure* in knowledge of *the other* that most did not actually possess.

For when the other disappeared, people just let him. Nobody knew where he went because he didn't broadcast it. Even though *the other* had specific habits and haunts if you were mindful of his patterns.

It just happened to be a known hushed fact that *the other* laid claim to that room on the 7th floor specifically, because nobody else could get in and he'd been known to disappear on the seventh floor, which was basically vacant, in a regular fashion.

The only logical location for him to disappear to on that floor was that locked room. *The Secret Chamber.*

But moving right along—he'd only been watching since sophomore year. As a freshman he'd still had some notion of maybe finding a niche.

But being as he was…he quickly gave up on fitting in like that. And therefore, looked around and decided to do the next best thing with his scant few talents. It wasn't easy at first.

He'd had to find the proper target, and then work around his own schedule which differed a lot from the advanced placement schedule of *the other*, which he'd picked out.

That was probably why he'd so spectacularly managed to fail Biology freshman year. Because he was rarely where he was supposed to be and he only liked studying…*certain things*.

What he knew about *the other* was that he was fundamentally *perfect*. He had no flaws. It wasn't *natural*.

That made him a *freak*—a freak in all the ways that counted. Just like him. They were both *freaks*.

It was a funny thing to take solace in and have in common. He knew *the other* was far more attractive than he could ever hope to be, but that was fine. It didn't detract from his *freakiness.*

Case in point…*the other* was a loner. It wasn't as apparent to the untrained eye as it was to him, but he knew forced separation when he saw it. And it was like a balm to his soul.

To know a kindred spirit was flourishing in the limelight…while maintaining all his separateness.

It was gratifying. It was *inspiring*. It made him want to *watch*.

And watch he did…and watch he'd been doing—when he'd seen the first *deviation*.

That red tie freshman, that boy…that completely unremarkable, *non-freakish* boy, with no qualities worth mentioning in the same breath as *the other* had traipsed his way…bold as you would please, into *the Chamber* last Wednesday, doubtlessly disturbing *the other* with his unwelcome presence.

He had watched this in righteous affront. Watched with bated breath as the (usually *locked* door) swung open at the boy's touch and he'd walked into the room *the other* had been in for half an hour already doing whatever it was *the other* did in his free time.

Now…being the watcher that he was, he had seen *the other* in a few select states.

Courteous by default to authority figures, *tolerating* to noisy classmates below himself, and *tactfully suppressing* irritation at the audacity of certain pushy individuals draining on his valuable time—being the main modes of expressions he had captured, in photographic film… *reverently.*

It was because of his familiarity with *the other* in these various states, that he could very well imagine *the other's* reaction to being disturbed by the uppity freshman entering his territory.

Therefore—he had waited, patiently suppressing a smirk for the altercation and subsequent ejection of that freshman (sure to be *scarred* for life) by Tom's *fury*.

This was an event that never came to pass. This was an event he had expected, *anticipated* with all of himself—and it never happened.

He was stupefied.

The freshman had stayed in that room until the sixth period bell rang, and he had lingered just long enough to see the boy come tumbling out the door, looking markedly *different* from when he'd went in.

No.

Was his only horrified thought.

It couldn't be.

The other would never have lowered his standards so. He was a freak like him. He didn't *do things like that*.

He was above it. So far above it the very notion was *laughable*. That freshman…surely he had seen wrong.

But it had happened again the next day. And the deviations continued until the end of the last week.

It had been enough to set his nerves alight—making him *jittery* with the notion that *the other* could remotely be turning into something *less lonely* than himself.

That the only thread *connecting* them was being or had been irrevocably *snapped*.

It was untenable…to the point that he'd been staring blatantly at *the other* during homeroom (the only actual class they shared) that day, willing *the other* to acknowledge their commonality—to acknowledge his *existence*.

Because if that slip of a freshman could enter *the other's* world being so utterly *non-freakish,* then surely he could stand to garner some attention himself.

But this was a dangerous concept.

He recognized; and had since turned his attention to more viable forms of retaliation. Namely…paying attention to the one disrupting *the other* and causing such *deviant* behavioral patterns.

It just so happened that he was still in a few freshman classes that the boy was in, given his rather abysmal academic records.

It had been easy to switch his attention to the *non-freak* that had entrapped *the other* so. And the more he watched…the more he *despised*.

It came to a head when that boy had looked down at his lap during Biology, obviously pecking away at some device, before raising his hand and leaving the classroom.

He'd counted the minutes in growing *suspicious dismay* as the boy remained out of sight. Until finally, the boy had returned…and he could see…he could see so well what must've happened.

He stared at the boy until a black, tarlike substance began bubbling in his guts and choking his throat with bile.

It was *sickening.* It was *unacceptable.*

The other could not be with *that. The other* could not be like *this*.

For he knew it had been *the other* and no one else that had left that boy glowing like heaven had shone a light on his unworthy little heart, leaving him blessed in such way as to be untouchable by the very laws of *nature*.

This couldn't be happening. This *shouldn't* be happening.

At no other time had this happened in the past. *The other* had been beyond this. *The other* had been above this. *The other* was letting himself be pulled *down*.

This had to be stopped.

He knew.

It had to be. He would see to it…*someway, somehow*.

The other needed his help. He would help him. He would see him separate again—as always he should be.

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xXOXx

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Third period found Harry reuniting with Luna at the canvas, and working in companionable silence on the portrait he'd begun of Tom for the assigned project.

Referencing the sketch he'd done Saturday with soft eyes, and rendering a changed likeness of Tom onto the canvas with loving strokes and muted watercolors. Briefly glancing at Luna's canvas next to him, Harry blinked and tilted his head.

It was interesting is what it was. Definitely busy and abstracted.

"Is that what my aura looks like?" Harry asked curiously, earning himself a dreamy smile from the girl as she added more green to the canvas.

"It is now. Last week, it was beautiful but not quite so bright. Now it's practically blinding. *Splendid*. I can't pick what to focus on, so I just capture everything as best I can. It's pretty, no?"

Harry nodded, thinking it reminded him somewhat of a rainbow through a kaleidoscope.

Surely he wasn't so needlessly complex in her eyes…but it was captivating. And yea…he could say pretty, for all the blending colors.

"It is. Pretty…the way you paint it."

Luna nodded in satisfaction and continued adding to the palette. "I only paint what I see. You're *beautiful* Harry."

Harry blushed and blinked rapidly for the way she so readily stated that. How she could say such things so easily, he'd never know.

Smiling sheepishly, Harry refocused his gaze on the *Tom* appearing live and in color beneath his hand working with his brush, tenderly over the canvas.

"I'm honored you think so." Harry murmured softly, missing how Luna gave him a significant look, smiling slightly before saying, "Anybody with the right eyes can see it. Tom sees it too…I know."

Harry felt like his face was going to be a permanent cherry at this rate. He refrained from saying anything back and merely focused on completing the portrait of Tom coming so wonderfully alive.

He wished he could take it with him after. Because suddenly…he was feeling as though he didn't *want* to share it—didn't want to leave it behind to collect dust beneath a tarp in the classroom.

Even though it fit the theme…*something very special to him*...he suddenly felt he didn't want to share. He wanted to keep it private. Because no one would quite be able to appreciate it for all that it stood for to him…

Luna was the only one who would perhaps come close. But everyone else, they'd just see… well…Tom was very *handsome*, wasn't he?

Harry's hand stilled on a stroke, and he just stared silently at all he'd rendered.

He wanted to kiss it…

"My my…Harry…this is quite lovely. I do hope you'll allow me to show this piece to Mr. Riddle. I think he deserves to see."

Harry jumped as Professor Trelawney materialized at his shoulder, smiling widely and nodding her head at his project.

Harry spluttered around his deepening flush. "P-Professor!"

"Don't be shy. This is quite a nice piece of art. Your subject is rather spectacular. I can't say I know the depths of your thoughts on the matter, but I can see you treasure him from how well you've captured his likeness. Although…I can't say I have ever seen him look so softened… it's quite revealing."

Harry chewed his lip and murmured, "He always looks like this to me. I guess…it's the only way I can see him in my mind."

Trelawney's eyes gleamed knowingly and she squeezed his shoulder, "Then I will say you are a very fortunate young man, to have seen such a face and be able to hold it so well in your memory. Yes. He is very special to you."

Harry nodded and felt something tight loosen up in his chest.

Huh.

Maybe it'd be okay to share it…just for a bit…after all.

"Could I possibly have this portrait back at some point?" Harry inquired.

Trelawney smiled, "Why of course. As soon as the week is out and I've collected from all my classes, we'll hold a viewing the following Monday in each period to admire all of the submitted projects—and you may each collect your pieces to take home once they're off display."

Harry relaxed. "Perhaps I'll even have the principal make an assembly of it in the gymnasium, and we'll allow the whole school to look and appreciate the fruits of our class's labors for an afternoon or evening. We can include more than just this project; we'll make it a midterm showing."

Harry blinked and felt his pulse begin to quicken in rising panic. "Err…"

"Yes, yes. I think that's what we'll do. Each department is supposed to do at least two assemblies a school year after all. This will be perfect."

Trelawney walked away from Harry, murmuring rapidly under her breath and floating back over to her desk.

Harry's mind was awhirl and he tried valiantly to steady his breathing, but to no avail. *Oh god…*

“Harry—you’re pale.” Luna frowned slightly at him and tugged at his sleeve.

Harry, on the cusp of hyperventilation turned to her with dilated pupils. “Assembly…?” He squeaked.

Luna’s brow smoothed out and she squeezed his arm reassuringly. “Don’t worry. There’ll be enough pictures that no one will really remember who did what. And your work really is lovely, so you should not be ashamed of it.”

Harry laughed nervously, “It’s not s-shame…it’s just…do you think he’d be alright with being on *display* like that? I mean…I *arbitrarily* used his face…”

Luna sighed and slid her stool over to rub Harry’s back in soothing circles, “He let you draw him, didn’t he?” Harry nodded. Luna continued. “And you told him it was for class, didn’t you?”

Again, he nodded. Luna patiently explained. “He’s taken Trelawney in the past, and he knows her methods. If he had a problem with you using his face in an assignment that she’d possibly have on display, then he wouldn’t have let you draw him to begin with. Tom is sensible like that.”

“I’m sure he’d be pleased to be seen on *your* canvas as something you deem *special to you*.” Luna finished with a serene smile, patting Harry’s back and making sure he saw her sincerity and was no longer *freaking out* unnecessarily in his head.

Harry released a long sigh, and finally, gave a shaky smile.

“You’re right. I was being stupid…”

Luna shook her head, softening her gaze, “Not stupid, considerate…and careful. You don’t want to hurt him in any way—especially not inadvertently…because you *love him*.”

Harry sucked in a sharp breath and stared at Luna with wide eyes, cheeks aglow with telling warmth.

Luna tilted her head and smirked. “You *do* love him, don’t you?”

Harry’s mouth opened and shut…then opened again, voice cracking a little, “I—I do…?”

Luna laughed softly, patting him gently on the cheek. “Of course. And I love *you*.”

Harry blinked—with lips parted and saying nothing, utterly speechless as a riot of butterflies began fluttering around causing a mess inside his abdomen.

“Luna…” He whispered, not knowing quite what to say. He’d barely known her a day…and Tom for a while longer…but still…

Why was everything spinning so fast?

“Breathe, Harry…in and out…that’s it.” Harry sucked in a breath sharply and did as Luna bid, having not noticed he’d stopped sucking in oxygen.

Still consciously breathing, he felt unnaturally hesitant as Luna smiled and squeezed his knee, saying soothingly, “You don’t have to say anything back. It’s just a fact. But you need to know…I’m here. For as long as you want me.”

Harry relaxed and covered her hand on his knee with his own. “I do care for you…”

Luna smiled, “I know.” Harry continued earnestly, “And I love Tom. I really do.”

Luna nodded, “Of course.”

Harry bit his lip and said, “I want you around for as long as you want to be.”

Luna’s mouth morphed into a significantly broader grin, “You may be stuck with me for quite a while then.”

Harry laughed and playfully rolled his eyes, “Now where have I heard that before?”

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xXOXx

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In the wake of so many confessions, Luna and Harry left third period arm and arm, leaning comfortably on each other and walking to their next class…each settling in their own thoughts.

Harry had completed Tom’s portrait, and Luna said she was nearly done with hers. *Just a few final touches*, she maintained. It was quite interesting to try and capture something that fluctuated and grew in splendor by the day.

Harry thought Luna was swell—but he did worry a little about her *love*. He knew it couldn’t be like what he felt for Tom, because he could never just be *beside him* and not want to literally jump his bones, or vice versa.

There was absolutely nothing remotely platonic about their interactions.

Luna and he were physical only in the way that she didn’t mind touching him, or linking arms and such, but she never pushed for anything more intimate.

But he felt like he was getting far more out of their acquaintanceship than she was—especially as she claimed to *love* him. Harry just didn’t want to accidentally give her a wrong impression or wind up hurting her.

Because if there was one thing he knew for certain, it was that he could never give her all of what he’d given and continued to give to Tom.

He didn't want her to think it was anything against her, personally…and he did like having her around. She was like the sister he'd once had in Hermione, but had lost and found again in recent times.

Although she and Hermione were quite different in temperament, with Hermione being the bossier and more opinionated of the two, but there was still that kinship he felt when either of them had been or were around him.

It was familiar and familial.

He just didn't want to accidentally wreck that in some way.

But she'd told him he didn't have to respond. So…he guessed she was alright with what they had.

Tom would be *pissed* if he found out though. Harry cringed. *And he'd only just gotten permission to keep her.*

Was it him or was this day getting longer and longer? Harry wondered—as they crossed the threshold of Professor Flitwick's classroom, taking seats next to each other and cracking open their books in unison.

"Today we will be discussing Shakespeare's *Sonnet 116.* Turn to page 234 in your books class. Will you begin reading for us, Mr. Potter?"

Harry gave a start and looked down at the specified piece. Taking a deep breath he began, "Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove; O no! It is an ever fixed mark that looks on tempests and is never shaken…"

"Very good. Pick up Miss Lovegood, dear."

Luna opened her mouth, reading from where Harry dropped off, "It is the star to every wandering bark whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come: Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, but bears it out, even to the edge of doom."

Harry couldn't help but meet Luna's eyes as she finished, and Professor Flitwick eagerly started the dialogue within the class.

Something passed between them, and Harry smiled softly.

Luna blinked and quirked her lips, shrugging winsomely—as if to say, *'What can you do?'*

And wasn't that the kicker?

What could you ever really do…*about love*?

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I must say…this Violation really put me through it.😐 Even though it basically flowed… I had gears turning in so many directions that even I was shocked at everything actually happening.😳

I am #LegitScared at this point of you guy's reactions. 😯Because we literally just threw a whole bunch of new characters into this fic's soup. 😨

Is it okay to #Panic now? ☹

I feel like panicking. Also…#TheRat…was that too much? Not enough? How did I do? (That was a POV I didn't wanna do so much as felt utterly compelled to add…). 😕😄😖

I'm still going where the muses direct, and I had to actually draw a #Timetable for Harry, Tom, and Luna at school in order to keep #SchoolGeographics from getting screwy.🤦♀ I almost cried when I couldn't remember what floors all the classes were on. ☹

#WhenFicsGiveAuthorsHomework 👈👀

In any case, I've got it pretty much sussed out now. If anyone's interested in seeing the schedules laid out, let me know in the comments and I'll do my best to oblige.😀👍🧡

If it becomes a serious issue, I may just add a segment to the next -Violation- in order for everybody to get their bearings.

Otherwise, if nobody really cares, I'll just hang on to the written schedules for my own benefit because it is #NecessaryForWritingContinuity.

Beyond all the school crap, we got a lotta mischief happening on the James front. Also, Barty Crouch Jr. 😍

I've read him used so well in many other fics at this point—that I just had to take a whack at writing him. I hope you guys like his character here!❣️💕 #Sigh🙄 I feel like we covered a lot and so little this chapter.

But a lot of important things did happen or are beginning to happen. So yeah. I think we dun good. ☺

Until the next Violation, I look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you.

Also…feel free to help plot conspiracies on the James front because I am a #Newbie at writing actual criminality, and could use all the extra inspiration you can #ShootAtMe. 😄

I promise…I will seriously consider any plot devices you see fit to plonk down in the comments.

As always, stay safe in 2020!~

~🌺🐍○

16th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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16th Violation

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He hadn't planned it.

But sure enough, they'd had a test in Professor Snape's class and he'd finished early. It had been spontaneous to text Harry directly after. He knew his boy had Biology that period on the same floor. It would've been a shame to sit idle when there was another more…*appealing* option. And so, swiftly he'd typed—after excusing himself from the classroom to the baleful glaring of Professor Snape—

~ Breaking from Chem. test in the 1st floor bathroom. Meet me there…now? ~

He hadn't been sure he'd get a reply. His boy may not have even had the phone with him (which would've been something he'd have taken umbrage with).

But no sooner had he made it to the restroom, than his phone had *pinged* with a return text.

Sender Harry: <Be there 5 mins.>

It was game on.

Tom sent a random smiley back to Harry, then snapped his phone shut and waited hidden in the restroom—heartbeat ratcheting as he listened for the sound of footsteps approaching.

He heard Harry coming down the deserted hall long before he got his hands on him. His boy had to be running with how fast those steps were falling.

Tom grinned crookedly and licked his lips, eyes dilating to pinpricks as the footfalls slowed in the bathroom entryway—he heard the soft panting of Harry catching his breath before the boy's body drifted into view around the wall buffering the entry from the hall.

Tom's arm shot out and he *yanked*—seizing Harry and pinning him (once again *breathless*) against the wall beneath him. Their bodies pressed hard together as his mouth greedily plundered Harry's own, like a man *possessed* with hunger…a burning need to *completely devour*.

Harry tasted so good.

It was like coming home and diving off a mountaintop, plunging headlong into a hot spring… *all at once*.

Tom lost coherency of thought—(*hearing but not hearing* "N-nice…*hah*…to see you too.") —as he briefly allowed Harry up for air, just long enough to smirk indolently (*punch drunk* on endorphins) and whisper hotly into his boy's ear, voice deep and husked over with *want*, "Miss me, darling?"

His boy's only response was to reel him forcefully back in for more…and more…*and more*.

It was a wonder they weren't naked against that wall with the way their hands were just *everywhere* on each other…*tugging* and *pulling* and *feeling* every bit of skin hidden beneath cloth so utterly *unwanted* but necessary for public decency.

Harry ground up against him, and Tom met his boy thrust for thrust—large hands *squeezing* and *gripping* until the danger of cumming in his pants was more than prevalent.

How they stopped themselves would forever be a mystery.

But…Tom supposed it had been *Harry*—coming back to himself in the midst of things enough to choke Tom with his own tie, forcing the other to pull away from his lips on a strangled breath, glaring halfheartedly with rosy cheeks, wheezing at his heavily flushed boy —before rolling his hips forward in an *indignantly adamant* fashion against the suddenly unyeilding line of Harry's body—which boasted a cock hard enough for Tom to feel poking angrily into his groin beneath the tautly stretched material of their uniform slacks.

Harry panted shakily, chest moving up and down against Tom as he *graciously* loosened his hold on Tom's tie—*just enough* for the taller teen not to be seeing spots continuously from lack of oxygen.

"T-Tom…class...bell…"

Tom made a horribly disgruntled sound deep in his throat, irritated to no end for Harry's panted out, *untimely* warning.

He gave Harry's backside a last *punctuated squeeze* for paltry vengeance—refusing to be the only one so thoroughly *dissatisfied* with things as Harry's breath hitched tellingly, and his boy *moaned* and *trembled* against him—right before reluctantly stepping away, releasing Harry from the wall far enough for the boy to stagger against him, then into the sinks— turning the faucet immediately to cold, and splashing his heated face and neck with frigid water repeatedly.

Tom adjusted his pants and smoothed his uniform over until nary a crease reflected back at him in the mirrors above the sinks.

Perfect as could be once more—he leered down at his boy, who was stepping wordlessly out of the restroom after having cooled his head; hurriedly adjusting his own (significantly more rumpled) uniform as best he could without actually pausing to look.

Tom followed suit, starting off silently behind Harry in the direction of his own class at the opposite end of the hallway—his strut purposefully slowed, enough to glance around in time to catch Harry staring back at him and toss his boy a wink and wave, feeling gratified and utterly *charmed* by that familiar *flustered blush* and *goofy grin* which wonderfully lit Harry's entire countenance.

It went without saying they'd be seeing each other again soon enough.

With that in mind, Tom paused outside Professor Snape's classroom and fished his phone out. Again pecking a quick message and sending it off to Harry with a smug smirk before reentering the room.

~ See you fifth period. Our chamber seventh floor, be punctual or I'll come looking. ~

"How nice of you to join us again, Mr. Riddle."

Professor Snape drawled, deep voice cutting through the otherwise silent air as soon as Tom sauntered back through the door. He raised a highly skeptical dark brow when Tom merely smiled back politely and insisted, "Apologies Professor. My stomach was a mess."

"Perhaps you should have visited the nurse then. Stomach bugs should not go untreated."

Tom took his seat and folded his hands primly on the desktop before him. "I assure you, sir. I do not require medication. It was merely bad eggs."

Professor Snape snorted, begrudgingly pacified and amused as he ever let on—before switching his attention from Tom to snap up the class at large, "Those of you still struggling with this test have likely failed already. Holding onto your papers longer will not change this fact. You have until the bell."

Tom felt his phone vibrate in his pocket with a text against the backdrop of his classmates low-key panicking, and he fished it out discreetly to check the screen. His face split with a slight, affectionate grin for his boy's cheeky reply.

Sender Harry: <yes your majesty>

The third period bell rang a scant few seconds later, and Tom was out the door again swift as a bullet.

School bag in tow, he largely ignored any dismayed classmates hoping to catch his attention bemoaning their collective misfortunes for a Monday test as he exited the room—making a beeline for his next period up on the third floor—satisfied with every step bringing him closer to his next encounter with Harry.

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Third period was uneventful.

The only good thing about *Government* was that it covered the law, and Tom was very much interested in knowing all about the law in detail…being that he needed very much to always

be (or appear to be) on the right side of it.

This was a class that he paid attention in and took good notes on (all other boredom aside).

It was also a class in which he asked a lot of *hypothetical* questions. He was quite certain his professor either thought him an aspiring lawyer or criminal at this point (possibly both), but Tom couldn't be arsed to *really* care.

The Professor this class was a retired Prosecutor after all, and honestly gave a lot of *good insights* into the system, from:

"No Mr. Riddle, it is actually illegal for lawyers to give any advice outside of the bounds of client confidentiality."

All the way up to and beyond:

"You would not be accused of murder if a person just happened to fall off a building in front of you, should there be no outside trauma to the body. It would always be classified as suicide."

Also:

"Yes. Insider trading is illegal mainly because it is unfair. Yes. If you are the only one privy to information which you share with someone else who invests because of it even if not on your direct behalf and it gets back to you in any way shape or form, the benefits of said transaction, you will be prosecuted."

It never hurt to have it spelled out.

Tom was a stickler for *knowing* the rules (as it was ever so important if you wanted to *bend them)*.

"Of course, I was just curious Professor Giles. No, there is no need for you to be concerned. (*Glib laughter*) I approve of the law and all of its holes. Yes sir. That was a *joke*."

Plausible deniability was a thing—a useful thing.

It helped that Tom was such a *good* student, and very handsome with the nicest *smile*.

Everything got put past him.

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Most students would hate to be in Calculus I, or any other math class—for the longest period of the day, but Tom didn't mind, as the work was straight forward numbers and calculations which he could do and be done with without any unnecessary details draining on his mental space.

It was the perfect class to exercise his multitasking skills as he drew up plans for investments in progress and future stock shuffles in his notebook, in between completing whatever lesson

they were rehashing for that Monday's period.

It helped that their teacher was the type to not care what else his students got up to during the longest 4th period hour, so long as they turned in all work on time and didn't make a nuisance of themselves.

Professor Kumar was good like that. He also tended to skive off and do *whatever it was he did* in his spare time when lunch rolled around, leaving his (decidedly small) class to their own devices for the remainder of the period.

(Saying once primly, *"You're not preschoolers. You can make it to the dining hall and back here without a chaperone. Now shoo."*)

Calculus I was largely an elective. Only those actually good at math or who were intellectually inclined enough to enjoy numbers in any advanced manner took the course.

This meant—Tom respectively didn't get bothered often during 4th period, by inanities of students focused on anything besides academics or padding their college resumes.

It also helped that he was the only Junior taking the course. As it was split into two semesters, with the second part beginning in the spring…and most juniors were more worried about the grueling end of the year cumulative finals rather than adding more difficult coursework to their loads before their (hoped to be largely empty blocked) senior year.

Tom was just capable (…*special*...) like that.

And crunching numbers was a good exercise in detail orientation. After all, if you didn't use a skill…you lost it.

It just wouldn't do for Tom to remain other than sharp and fully aware at all times of what he was doing and all it entailed. He wouldn't stand for careless mistakes.

Calculus was a good exercise for his infrequently called upon skillsets.

In all actuality, Tom was well above his junior class peers in most all things. The only reason he elected not to be skipped forward to his Senior year after testing out was because being a student even after he was technically legal at eighteen would afford him an extra layer of anonymity which could be a nice concealer for anything he did background wise in the matter of his business dealings.

After all, he was a responsible high school student not yet graduated.

The authorities would be hard pressed to open an investigation into such an upstanding young member of society, yet to actually be unleashed into society.

Also…you met some of the most *interesting* people your age when you were in the right demographic.

Case in Point: *Harry Potter.*

Though unexpected…Tom would be loath to leave his boy behind before absolutely necessary. He may have it all laid out prospect wise, but Harry was that *something extra* he'd been lacking for so long that made his life more…*just more.*

A scant week ago, he wouldn't have imagined himself plotting around holding onto another person.

He wouldn't have imagined himself digging out cubbies in his future for the insinuation of Harry into previously nonexistent blank sectors of his plans.

Harry had yet to develop a full skillset, so Tom would be keeping close tabs on all his boy's interests, in order to facilitate the smoothest transition possible for the boy into his exclusive orbit after graduation.

Before that—they'd have to be even more careful to keep in touch once Tom was officially released into the wild.

Perhaps Tom should look into any positions opening up in the school that he could take up, if only to have an actual excuse to remain on site at Hogwarts.

What was that he'd heard about a *Self-Defense* class being tentatively offered to the lower years within the next year or so as an extracurricular?

He vaguely recalled Avery, his classmate in *Social Studies* (which split the block with *Government* three days out the week)—mentioning the post was a new one being offered with no permanent teacher as of yet, because Principal Dippet was being pressured by the school board to add more physically driven classes to the curriculum outside of the sports clubs and teams which students could always voluntarily avoid.

Apparently the board thought teenagers having the option of not sweating out at any point during the academic school year (after elementary and middle school) was untenable, and felt they should at least be *offered* some physically demanding class which would serve the dual purpose of an unofficial elective true *Health and Physical Education* course.

At the time Tom had scoffed and cited the fact *("Society is largely sedentary. You can't force action upon the paralytic and slothful."*)—much to Avery's amusement.

The teen being rather physically active in his spare time without being a meat head in any sports clubs, had said rather optimistically in return, *("Maybe if they had the option that would change. I hear auditions for the post are to be held during the summer, and so long as you're an adult you can apply.")*

Avery was a senior just over Tom's age, and would be nineteen by the time the summer in question rolled around.

He'd expressed his interest in maybe trying out for the post as a part-time job in between college interviews and preemptively deciding an agreeable field of study to go into. He thought it could be fun.

All Tom could hear now echoing in his head was an *opportunity.*

If Avery held the post just long enough for Tom to graduate, Tom could certainly take it up right behind him after getting the guy to quit the post on *Tom's schedule*.

It would be easy for Tom to do a *Self-Defense* course, because he was no slouch physically. And thinking further on it…he'd definitely be able to get Harry in his class at some point, which meant having even more justified cause to see the boy.

And if he founded an *after school club* attached to the class…Tom smirked as the wheels in his brain kept turning. He tilted his head and idly worked a Calculus problem as he considered.

Harry may or may not be athletically inclined. He didn't know. *He needed to find out*.

His boy wasn't out of shape. Tom could attest to this fact, being so *intimately acquainted* with that body. *Harry had a nice set of legs.*

He was quite a bit smaller than Tom in height and build, enough that Tom could carry him no problem. (This would always be a plus in Tom's books. He liked being able to *handle* his boy.)

Possible (unlikely) growth spurts aside, Tom was sure he could get Harry working up a sweat and *enjoying it* in no time. His boy was artistic and mild *yes*, but there was ferocity there too…and *daring*…

He would like to see Harry doing something *active.*

On that train of thought, Tom completed and began the next problem in his Calculus book—mulling over this new Harry related issue and flashing back to his promise to Diggory for the tennis team new recruits—*half a semester indeed.*

He wondered…maybe Harry could be *convinced* to try out. If only for Tom to assess his true *physical readiness* and know how hard it'd be to get Harry committed to a physical course of work sponsored by Tom.

He would be…*reluctant*…to share Harry with a whole team of guys for any *stretch* of time… but Harry could always quit after the initial tryouts, and even if he somehow made the cut Tom could always talk him out of becoming committed to the course…a *thank you for the consideration* but no thank you, type situation—in which Harry declined actually joining the team (at Tom's *encouraging behest*).

After all—academics would always come first, and Harry needed to *focus*.

Tom huffed inaudibly and ignored the way his general plotting time was being consumed by his new favorite mental diversion.

It was in this way that Tom passed fourth period, until lunch time. Alternating between mapping out Harry's and his future time and doing Calculus problems offhand until his stomach complained and he broke for lunch alongside his dispersing classmates.

He was actually quite hungry.

It was twelve o'clock—lunch would end in half an hour; and the freshmen had likely been and gone already.

Tom still held the slightest anticipation for glimpsing his boy in the dining hall.

He'd caught him that once after all. Nevermind he'd been with that girl.

She was *tolerable*—but only just.

If there was an extra spring in his step as Tom made his way to the ground floor dining area, waving and smiling politely at a few clamoring passersby (*saluting without engaging*), he didn't note it so much as everyone else seeing him on the go did.

Everyone else including certain persons catching up to his shadow and trailing well behind with a permanently devoted air, travelling quietly and unobtrusively enough to be well and truly overlooked in the backdrop of milling students and professors on break.

If Tom were more alert, he may not have missed the eyes on his back, glued manically to his broad shoulders floating above most everyone in the halls.

If he were less focused on the *one thing* consuming his mind now…perhaps he would have noticed, perhaps he would have seen.

As it stood—he wasn't.

More's the pity.

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xXOXx

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Harry and Luna sat shoulder to shoulder eating a later lunch than usual, being that Professor Flitwick's class had gotten so very interested in their discussions of Shakespeare as to have neglected the usual break time they took as a unit to go to the dining hall.

Professor Flitwick had followed them down before everyone dispersed and the dwarflike man had taken his own lunch presumably back to the teacher's lounge, leaving his students to mix and mingle as was their wont until lunch ended.

They all knew how to get back to class by the lunch ending bell after all.

Harry and Luna sat in view of the dining hall entrance, eating in companionable silence and trading absent nudges with little smiles exclusively for each other above and beneath the table.

Harry liked to think he had made such a good friend already, without any strenuous effort on his own behalf. The ease which he felt next to her quenched his deprivation for his former *Griffin* posse.

Not only had it been because he was new in town that he hadn't socialized (at all) since arriving, but he really didn't want to try and replace Neville or Hermione in any way…*not just yet*.

It had been a strange peripheral aversion. He still didn't know most of his classmates. They didn't go out of their way to know him either.

And that was fine for Harry. It had been fine for a while—until Luna.

Luna was just un-ignorable. He couldn't explain the draw exactly…it just felt right that he allow her in. It felt good to have her there.

They didn't even need to be talking and he felt giddy and content enough to just be next to her, eating and basking in her calm as a counterpoint to all the cacophony of randomized students all around them.

Luna came easy…like a midsummer's breeze, floating through the air and cooling him down when his body and brain so wanted to overheat.

Conversely…Tom was encompassing. Tom was an ocean on fire…if that made any sense.

Harry felt like he could drown in Tom while being burned to ashes with the way his bones disintegrated and his mind latched onto Tom in every blank instance of thought not even related to the other teen.

It was like he knew being with Tom could ruin him for anyone else. As instinctively as he knew Luna was welcome in his heart. Tom was…*he was*…he was coming straight towards them.

Harry blinked rapidly and swallowed reflexively as Luna stilled next to him, staring at the taller teen approaching their table with a loaded tray—only to gracefully plonk himself in the chair in front of the duo, cross his legs at the ankles, and smile—mouth stretched in a catlike expression of contrasting glee and veiled *hostility* as his eyes traveled over them and *glinted* at Harry and Luna sitting so close together as to be touching sides.

"Hello *darling*...and Miss Lovegood—don't you both look cozy."

Harry flinched for the ice layering that statement, and as happy as he was to see Tom again (so much sooner than he'd anticipated), he knew a brewing storm when he saw it.

Tom appeared too pleasant, much too *placid* as he speared his fork through *whatever that was* on his plate (*Harry wasn't sure, it might've been vegan*) and opened his mouth to bite down.

As Tom chewed he gazed directly at Harry, raising an eyebrow and tilting his head to the side like a predator quaintly considering his next meal.

Harry felt his gut clench, and he automatically pressed closer to Luna (earning a *displeased glare* from Tom) as his insides began to roil with the deep-set, molten heat Tom always ignited.

Harry couldn't get a word out around the sudden lump in his throat.

"Hello Tom. It is good to see you again. I hear you and Harry had quite the lovely weekend." Luna chirped lightly, unaffected by the tensions building in both boys (for different reasons) as she drank from her juice bottle and smiled back at Tom, no little amusement curling the corners of her mouth in a conspiratorial fashion.

Tom's eyes slid lazily from dissecting Harry to appraise the happy blonde girl, apparently unaware of her precarious status of *not-quite-interloper* in Tom's calculative estimation.

"Yes…quite. I suppose I should thank you for your timely intervention."

Harry's ears burned, and he averted his eyes to his plate, poking ineffectually at his food as he listened raptly to Tom bantering with his friend. *Oh god*...

"Oh, it was no bother. I was happy to assist a friend in need." Luna's smile turned teasingly feral as an inspired gleam lit her silvery eyes, "*Two friends* in need…I reckon."

Tom stared silently as his mind registered the *almost blasphemy* exiting the girl's mouth.

"You reckon…" Tom drawled. Luna grinned, "I do."

Harry cleared his throat in the loaded silence which followed. Piping up in a voice laced with nerves, "I didn't think you'd be here at this time. I mean…we are quite late for our class today, but running into you here is…err…"

Harry trailed off, feeling bashful in an irritating way and blushing lightly as Tom looked at him with eyes lit by unvoiced laughter for his boy's running commentary.

"Fortuitous?" Tom completed for Harry, voice light and smoothly imposed.

Harry's eye twitched, "—I was going to say..."

Tom interrupted again, feeling mischievous, "Utterly delightful."

Harry opened his mouth and tried again. "By all standards—"

Tom broke in, gaining momentum. "Invigorating. Mystifying. Beyond the pale."

Harry groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose. Tom continued, "Stop me when I hit the mark, *darling*. I know you think highly of me."

Luna playfully interjected, "Try extemporaneously brilliant."

Tom snapped his fingers and nodded in her direction, smirking with his eyes glued to Harry as his boy finallypopped a fuse and snapped, "Initially maybe—but now unbearably

annoying."

Tom pressed a hand to his chest and mimed a hurt expression. "Why…how rude, *Harry*. And here I was—thinking you actually liked me. After all we shared, after all we did…you only wanted *my body*…"

Harry leg reflexively jerked out, and his foot connected *hard* with Tom's shin beneath the table. Tom winced and grinned smugly, saying offhand to Luna as she continued munching and enjoying their theatrics, "My *darling* is quite abusive, no? Perhaps it is a lack of discipline."

Luna swallowed and offered, "I hear the right amount of spanking can be cultivating."

Tom hummed thoughtfully as Harry bristled and pinched Luna on the arm. Luna blinked. "Ow. What was that for?"

"Stop encouraging *that*." Harry hissed lowly, pointing a finger at Tom and all his Tom-*ness*. Luna giggled coyly and stage-whispered, "But he's having fun."

Harry blinked and glanced dubiously at Tom, who by now was staring back at the both of them looking rather relaxed and far less ruffled than he was when he sat down.

"Yes. I am enjoying myself." Tom replied succinctly to Harry's unvoiced inquiry, lips quirking as his boy seemed to sputter and deflate all at once.

"Must you be so…" Harry pouted and made a motion with his hand in the air. Luna snorted softly. Tom raised an eyebrow and cocked his head, "So what? Magnificent?"

Harry's eye twitched. Tom continued, "Breathtaking? Fascinating? Marvelous?"

Harry bit into his lunch and deadpanned around his mouthful, "Sure sure…whatever you say, your egregiousness."

Tom smirked. "I'm horrible now? You wound me."

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. "You could do with some wounding."

Tom took another bite out of his own meal, chewed, swallowed and said, "If you wanted to *hurt me* you need only request. I can be accommodating."

Harry's eyes widened and his mouth fell open. He just stared at Tom. And stared…and *kept staring*.

Luna giggled and poked Harry's cheek. Saying softly as Tom raised a brow for Harry's lack of response, "I think you broke him."

Tom grinned and reached across the table, tweaking Harry's nose and chuckling as Harry came back to life and batted at his hand midair. "Nonsense, Miss Lovegood. He was merely caught up in visualizations, such a *dirty little boy*."

Harry spluttered indignantly as Luna replied, “I think you’re right. The lad doth protest too much.”

Tom nodded sagely, and dodged Harry’s foot beneath the table. Clucking his tongue in amusement and spearing another forkful of his diminished meal. “Now now…we’re in good company. No need for embarrassment.”

Harry glared and snappishly replied, “You’re the biggest embarrassment here. Honestly. The things you say in public.”

Tom’s eyes glinted, and he purred. “So if I say them in *private* you’ll be more amenable?”

Harry blushed darkly and stared into Tom’s hazel eyes, catching his breath as a red light seemed to enter the irises. Harry murmured thickly, all thoughts of lack of privacy exiting his mind, “Try it and we’ll see…”

Tom blinked. Luna grinned. Harry smirked.

Tom sat back in his chair and crossed his arms, pinning Harry with a heated look. “No take backs, darling.”

Harry bit his lip and suppressed an excitable little grin as he murmured, “Yes your majesty.”

Tom chuckled.

It was so on.

Luna merely polished off her lunch and smiled serenely for Harry and Tom’s symmetry. It was lovely to watch such things up close. What she wouldn’t give for a camera…

She was sure they didn’t realize how picturesque they were sitting across from each other, falling into each other’s eyes so obviously and ignoring the rest of the world.

It was visual poetry.

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They were multiplying.

He clenched his fists and stuck to the shadows as he observed the unlikely trio seated in a location appointed well enough for him to see everything but not hear a word.

It was like a silent horror show—he thought. All his worst nightmares come to life.

The other was well and truly in thrall. It was centered on that *Potter boy*…and being added to by that additional girl. *The other* never would have lowered himself to be in the company of

such plebeians (in a public venue no less) before that boy showed up.

The other had been out of reach and always took his meals in solitary fashion, where he could observe and watch from the shadows to his heart's content. He'd gotten some of his best relaxed zoomed in shoots of *the other* sitting in this very dining hall before.

Always solitary, always undisturbed—alone.

It was galling—*utterly vexing* to have seen the way *the other* collected his tray (as per usual) before spotting the *damnable duo* and altering his whole itinerary to slum it at their table.

For the first time in *ever* he had seen *the other* animated with laughter. *Honest laughter*. Enjoying himself to the exclusion of other people who had surely noted the unusual sight of *the other* sitting with two *freshmen* and being *personable.*

The other was RUINING everything. His whole image was being jeopardized. And all for *that boy*—that horrible, horrible little *non-freakish boy*, not worthy of a *split second* of the notice *the other* was showering him with.

Reject. Reject. Reject. Reject.

Delete. Delete. DELETE.

This couldn't go on. It couldn't. IT COULD NOT.

He was chewing his cuticle, and he tasted copper on his tongue as his teeth bit through the skin as *the other* reached out and *touched* the boy's nose.

Looking for the entire world like a *besotted fool*. Inasmuch as *the other* could appear being who he was—who he had *always been*.

Unacceptable. Unacceptable. UNACCEPTABLE.

He was seeing red, eyes blacking out and blurring around the edges. (*Stop it you're changing it won't be good stop it)*

His thoughts were beginning to fracture—the pieces of his sanity breaking off and lodging somewhere in the floor beneath his feet, being crushed beneath his heels as he zeroed in on *that boy* and felt a *searing hatred* consuming his soul.

If only he'd *disappear*. If only he *didn't exist*. If only he was *gone*.

Gone. Gone. GONE.

The other would turn back. *The other* would be okay. *The other* would be perfect again.

It was still fixable.

He had to move fast.

Fast. Fast. Fast. FAST.

A bottle of pills rattled unheeded in his pocket, and his focus narrowed on *the boy* as *the other* finally got up from the table with the preemptive bell marking the end of lunch.

The *damnable duo* followed suit not long after and ditched their trays.

He got up and ditched his sparsely touched own, appetite having been ruined for good, and detached from the shadows to drift after *the boy* at a safe distance.

Heedless of his own fifth period class looming in the background. He followed the boy until he and the girl disappeared into their classroom on the third floor.

Hunkering down in an alcove, he waited for the fifth period bell to sound and determined that the day would not end before he nipped this whole issue in the bud.

His head gave a riotous twinge, and he winced and shook it jerkily to clear the spots from his vision.

What a bother.

He would endure. Endure. Endure. Endure.

The other depended upon it.

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Luna and Harry went their separate ways as the bell sounded for 5th period, saying their goodbyes and going in separate directions.

Harry had to use the restroom, so he found the nearest one and did his business.

Coming out the restroom a few minutes before the warning bell, the hallways were basically deserted. Harry started off up the stairs to the seventh floor.

He was looking forward to seeing Tom again. For all the irritability he displayed in the lunchroom, it had mainly been in jest.

He'd been happy to see the other teen. So happy and flustered he let his attitude to take over, as often it did in their interactions. Tom—*of course*, had taken everything in stride, not even biting Luna's head off in the least.

Bantering back and forth with him and interacting with Luna in a *non-hostile* manner Harry still could hardly believe.

It was nice. It had been *really nice.*

Harry huffed a little at the top of the 6th floor staircase and stared out and upwards at the next long flight of stairs leading to the seventh floor corridor he'd have to climb.

Really…did the stairs have to be so fiendishly long? Hogwarts really was *stupid big*.

Looking over the banister Harry swallowed as he could see down over quite a few floors he'd already gone past. Amazing was the only word for the construction of the historic school.

Even *Griffin* hadn't been nearly as big, and that was counting the dormitories in separate towers.

Geez...he could get a complex about his lack of activity if the stairs weren't so gigantic as to be winding either way when taken one after the other from the 3rd floor.

Slowly he walked down the hall and stepped onto the bottom stair of the final staircase leading to the 7th floor.

Up and up he ascended.

By the time he reached the top he was quite tired. It didn't help that it was right after lunch period that he was being expected to make such a climb.

Maybe he should start exercising more…

Harry sighed and stood up straight, but paused mid-step away from the stairs as an unfamiliar figure a bit shorter than even himself appeared coming towards the stairs, blind-carrying a massive, teetering stack of books which hid his face from view.

Attempting to side-step the person, Harry instead somehow wound up in the direct path of the fast coming, heavy laden, determined figure.

The sudden impact of their collision knocked the remaining wind out of him—and then he was flying through the air, falling backwards beneath a rain of books and tumbling back down the long flight of stairs before he could even cry out.

Pain exploded around him as Harry went head over heels at unstoppable velocity.

His head hit the floor with an audible ***CRACK*** at the very bottom.

The world grayed out to black.

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A dark red pool of liquid spread slowly in a morbid halo beneath the boy's head—there was no movement.

He stared fascinated at the slightly twisted, prone and bleeding body.

He wouldn't touch it. His work was done.

Collecting the fallen books from their positions spread over the stairs with a happy little smile, he piled the books back up and stuffed them into his empty backpack—for once not lamenting the bulging sack and its unfortunate load on his shoulders.

He disappeared down the stairs to make his next class on the lower level, which he was late for.

With any luck *the boy* wouldn't be an issue ever again.

The other should thank him.

It was all for the greater good.

Poor stupid boy.

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Tom was in *The Secret Chamber*, having gone up almost directly after lunch (only visiting his previous classroom to collect his things)—in order to better prepare for his boy and their tutoring session cum rendezvous.

He did have a lesson laid out. After all, it wouldn't do for his boy not to benefit scholastically from their *faux tutoring premises*.

That would reflect poorly upon them both—and would be counterproductive in the long run for maintaining their *sanctioned time* during school hours without obstruction.

Tom was very much looking forward to getting his hands on Harry again.

When the final warning bell sounded for the beginning of 5th period, Tom expected to see Harry coming through the door.

A few minutes passed with no sign of Harry and Tom frowned.

Fishing out his cell phone Tom pecked out a message. Perhaps his boy had gotten held up for some reason or wound up visiting his 5th period class for no good reason even though Tom had told him to come straight up.

Tom's eye twitched.

~ I'm waiting. Where are you? ~

No reply to his text came. Tom's frown deepened and he made his way to the chamber door.

This was very unusual. Harry would have replied at the very least if Tom messaged him. Some excuse would have been given.

Something was off.

Something was wrong.

He left the chamber and made his way down the hallway to the stairs. Everything was quiet, utterly silent.

That was the reason he liked it up here. *No witnesses.*

At the top of the staircase he stared down and laid eyes on the prone body at the bottom, from a distance.

Even from way up at the top, Tom knew who it was.

His heart stopped working.

He was frozen until he *wasn't.*

He couldn't have said if he'd *jumped* or *flown* to the bottom, but suddenly he was on his knees, kneeling in a puddle of red staining his perfect trousers…pressing long, trembling pale fingers to Harry's neck.

The only relief to be had in his body was the fact that Harry was *ALIVE*—as could also be noted by the continuous *red* spreading around his knees.

Maintaining his composure enough to not move the body (…*oh god...not the body*… HARRY), he took his cell from his pocket and rapidly punched the number for Madam Pomphrey's emergency line at the Hogwarts infirmary.

"You've reached Madam Pomphrey—"

"A student has fallen from the seventh floor stairs. Harry Potter. Freshman. He's in critical condition and bleeding out."

Tom voice was steady even as his eyes dilated and his heart restarted to pound restlessly in his chest, threatening to burst from his ribcage.

No…no…no…NO!

"On my way. Call the office. Tell them -Code Red Level 7-."

She hung up. Tom dialed the office. He spoke mechanically, voice deadened of emotion. *Harry kept bleeding*.

Tom hung up. His eyes remained rapt on Harry, on Harry's blood, on Harry's pale face devoid of *life.*

Tom didn't know that he was breathing. He wasn't blinking. All he could see was Harry.

All he could hear was *Harry*—his name…reverberating, echoing *over* and *over*, *again* and *again*, in his head—escalating in crescendo to the point that his thoughts were drowned out beneath the cacophony.

What happened…what was happening?

Tom's breath came faster.

How did this happen…how could this be happening?

Medical personnel had arrived.

This shouldn't be happening…this shouldn't have happened.

He was being gripped beneath the arms and stood on his feet. Somebody was talking to him. He couldn't hear.

They were moving Harry. There was a stretcher.

He was being held back, someone was holding him back. *Harry was being taken away.*

Harry was leaving. Harry was leaving. Harry was LEAVING.

Why couldn't he move? He was being restrained. Someone was yelling. *Someone was screaming.*

His throat hurt. It hurt so bad it had to be bleeding.

Bleeding…bleeding…bleeding...*like Harry*...

There was a pinch in his neck, and suddenly the world went black.

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"All classes will remain in 5th period. Repeat. All classes will remain in 5th period."

Luna frowned as the message sounded on the school wide intercom in lieu of the usual 6th period bell ringing. She was on the 6th floor in Arithmetic 101 with Professor Vector.

The woman calmed the restless class and phoned the front office. After a beat, she hung up the phone.

“It seems there’s been an accident. Medical personnel and cleanup are in the halls. We are to remain in this room until the situation has resolved.”

Luna blinked and a sense of *wrongness* overtook her.

The certainty that it *wasn’t an accident* was lodged in her mind. She couldn’t voice how she knew. Some things just came to her in fits and spurts like this.

Whatever was happening out there…it had been *malicious.*

She just hoped Harry was safe wherever he was at the time. What a thing to be happening at the beginning of her first full week back at school.

The unease persisted.

Luna wished she could call Harry. His very atmosphere, even distantly…would calm her.

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xXOXx

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Tom opened his eyes to an unusual sight.

“I must say, when you crack you go all out.” That was his father’s voice. Tom frowned. He pushed away from the surface of a white sheeted bed.

The sterile smell of the infirmary assaulted his nose. His mind was muddled. He turned his head to look at his father, who was sitting calmly at his bedside—unconcerned as ever.

“What are you doing here?” Tom croaked.

Ouch. Why was his throat so sore…what happened to his…*voice*…?

“Apparently you had some kind of breakdown. Never thought you’d be the squeamish type. Some kid takes a tumble and you lose your mind.”

Tom’s eyes widened as it all came flooding back to him. Riddle Sr. flinched as his son’s arm shot out and the teen yanked him forward by his shirt—very near snarling in his face.

“Where is he? WHERE’S HARRY?!”

Riddle Sr. frowned and grabbed Tom’s wrist—wrenching at it, but he was unable to dislodge Tom’s grip and gave up with a disgruntled sigh, “They took him to *St. Mungo’s*. Last I heard he’s in the Emergency Room.”

Tom’s grip fell away from his father, and he was up and off the bed in a flurry of movement. Ignoring his father’s protests as he stumbled to his feet, head swimming, mind whirling with implications.

Harry was in the Emergency Room. *Harry was in trouble*.

"Hey—HEY! Where do you think you're going like that?"

Tom froze halfway to the infirmary door, and whirled around with a poisonous glare to his father, hissing aloud, "*St. Mungo's*. Do not stand in my way. *You will die*."

Riddle Sr. rolled his eyes hard and gestured to Tom's clothing. "You look like a beat up homeless person. At least change your pants."

Tom looked down at his slacks, which were stained reddish brown from the knees down. Remnants of Harry's blood soaked into the legs.

Silently he looked back up, expression closed off—eyes distant. *Harry's blood was on his pants. That was Harry's BLOOD*.

"Will you calm the fuck down?! Sheesh…" Tom's father stepped forward, shoving a bag into Tom's chest. Saying by way of explanation to his near hyperventilating son, "There are clothes in here. New pants, new shirt—fix yourself before leaving. You have an image to maintain."

Tom grabbed the bag and his father left the infirmary, unsympathetically shutting the door behind himself.

Mechanically—Tom unzipped the bag and stripped out of his rumpled and stained school uniform. The clothes were obviously his father's, but they fit him well.

He shoved the dirty clothes back into the bag and stepped out into the hallway, ignoring his hair, which was only a little less perfect than usual from when he'd been lying down—unconscious.

Handing the bag off to his father, who was stood wordlessly in the hallway waiting on him, Tom murmured, "Thanks." Then he left the man in the dust, staring after his tall, rapidly departing figure.

Riddle Sr. stared after his son with a deepening frown as he clutched the bag.

It was the first time he'd ever been called to the school on premises such as this. Although he didn't show it, he'd been *shaken*.

They said Tom had *snapped*. Tom had *raged* and *screamed* as they took that boy away.

They'd had to tranquilize him for his own good and the safety of their medics. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to depart the premises safely with the student.

He'd never heard of his son doing anything so uncharacteristically erratic.

In all things, Tom Jr. was calculated and methodical—an almost despicably uppity and *controlled* brat.

It was unheard of for Tom to be shaken by anything like the misfortune of some random kid. There had to be a story here.

Could it be?

Had Tom made some kind of *human connection* which he'd never done or had during all the years Riddle Sr. had known him?

It was unimaginable. It was incomprehensible.

It was scary.

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xXOXx

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When Lily got the call from the school that afternoon, she'd been in the middle of weeding the garden.

Hearing what had happened—she'd dropped everything and driven straight to the hospital. Harry was in surgery when she arrived, being tended to by the doctor.

Beside the door, situated on the bench there was a familiar stone face.

"Tom…" she'd whispered wonderingly, staring at the young man leaned over on his elbows, face expressionless and contemplating the wall as he waited.

He looked up when Lily said his name, and Lily felt her heart clench as recognition flooded his face and a distinctly lost look flashed through dull, hazel eyes—once so *cocksure* and full of life, now deader than a corpse.

"Tom." She repeated, stepping forward until she was in his space.

"Mrs. Potter…*he fell*…"

Never had two words sounded so damning to her. A sob burst from her throat and her arms were around Tom's hunched figure, wound *tight* before she even had the conscious thought to touch him.

Clutching Tom's head to her chest, Lily sank down beside him and rocked them back and forth, receiving no resistance to her motions.

Her tears fell hotly, one by one down her cheeks into Tom's hair.

"I heard."

There they sat, Tom imploding and being held together by Lily falling apart for the both of them—as they waited and *waited* for the results of Harry's surgery.

It was a very grim day.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

This feels like a quiet moment.😶 Yeah…I think we all need comforting now.

Free hugs will be issued in the comments—but bring your own tissues, I haven't enough. 😭

I have to ask…who saw this coming?🥺

~🌺🐍○

17th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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17th Violation

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Hospitals were hateful.

He should know. He practically lived there now.

In the first week following the *accident*—Tom had taken a leave of absence from Hogwarts. He wouldn't have been able to be productive there anyhow…not with the way he had been.

Not with the way he had *felt*.

The only thing in his mind had been Harry—his *darling*…his boy, his…*always.*

And would he survive…would either of them *survive*.

It had been up in the air for a harrowing few hours. Coming out of surgery, the first good news had been imparted by the lead surgeon.

Bone tired and decked out in bloodstained scrubs, he had smiled wearily at both Lily and Tom sat posted silent in the hallway for the past six hours…waiting…*for anything*, for everything…to be *okay again.*

They'd lurched to their feet synchronically when the man emerged, like an angel of death from the operating room behind those heavy metal doors.

"He's stable." Were the first words out the man's mouth, followed by, "The bleeding has been stopped for now…and his brain is no longer in critical danger of internal hemorrhaging around the swell."

Lily's hand had trembled, squeezed as it was in a death grip around Tom's own. They both took in the doctor's words with relief and building trepidation.

If Harry was in no critical danger now…if his brain was okay…*why did the man look so very somber still*—with that smile fading away like so much chaff in the wind as he released a deep sigh?

Before either Lily or Tom could question the doctor further, he spelled it out for them in grave detail, “There’s nothing we can do to ensure when he will wake up. Right now, he’s in a natural coma. This could be good because it means his brain is in the process of repairing itself. How long the process takes…is up to him. We’ve done all we can to facilitate the process.”

Tom stood stock still, soaking in the doctor’s words like droplets of water to a man on the verge of dying from thirst.

It wasn’t enough. He needed *to know…*

“What are Harry’s chances…of waking up intact?”

Tom hated the words as they left his raw throat. The doctor’s eyes were distant…gently *pitying.*

“We cannot say to what degree he will be impacted by the damage when…*if*…he should wake. How much of himself will be there…how much will be altered is a roll of the dice.”

Lily had covered her mouth, smothering a gut wrenching sob beneath the unsteady hand not crushing Tom’s own, and she’d backed away and dropped back down onto the bench.

Tom remained standing, shoulders squared, and eyes hard as flint as his arm stretched with the pull of Lily’s collapse.

After that…it had been a blur of days and nights in and out of the hospital, lingering at Harry’s bedside as the boy remained nonresponsive but *breathin*g…head bandaged and shaved entirely as his body atrophied hooked to cold monitors and screens and an IV dripping constantly at all hours, alongside a feeding tube.

Tom had known Harry was small…but never had his boy seemed so *frail*…so breakable—*broken* as he did lying against the white of that bed. Dead to the all the world, chest moving up and down as the only indicator of there being life in his body.

In those first days Tom had been at the hospital day and night, right alongside Lily.

James was notified almost directly after the surgery, and he flew back from wherever he had been stationed as soon as he was able the next day.

Between Harry being moved to a room and Tom moving into the hospital alongside Lily, neither of them leaving Harry’s side for long, and both holding vigil in shifts when sleep deprivation became a collective danger—eventually Luna was notified.

Tom had the decency to get in contact with the girl once James showed up at the hospital and he was shuffled aside for the actual family members to talk with the doctors and be appraised in private.

That had rankled. But he’d kept his head about him.

Calling the Lovegood household had been a simple matter of searching the town directory for the surname. Xenophilius had brought his daughter to the hospital the evening of the same day Tom called, which had been right after school let out for the girl.

When Luna had showed up, she'd taken one look at Tom and clenched her teeth against a violent shudder wracking her limbs. On unsteady feet, she'd gone in to see Harry…Tom had followed behind the girl and sat down across from her staring at their mutual friend.

When Luna finally spoke, it was in a whisper, "This wasn't an accident. He was *pushed*."

That got Tom's attention like nothing else. Tom's eyes grew deadly sharp and his gaze locked with *stifling gravity* onto Luna's own…once so warm and airy, now steely grey with subzero fire burning in the depths.

Tom didn't ask how she knew. Luna didn't try and explain. What passed between them then was mutual…*ominous accord*.

The next word from Tom's mouth was simply, "Who."

Luna's eyes went distant and she murmured…most delicately, "I don't know…a vicious *little rat*…I'm sure."

Tom's eye sparked with the unholy light of *recognition* for the particular phrasing. He blinked slow…staring unseeingly down into Harry's unconscious…*precious face*…and then he looked straight at Luna and said, "I will handle it." In a voice decked to the nines with *promise*.

Luna relaxed in her chair and graced Tom with a smile reminiscent of all the happiness she'd radiated when she'd first met Harry.

"I know you will." She said, satisfied with her *well-played* part.

And that had been that.

--

Tom had remained at Harry's side the entirety of that first week, going home only to shower, pack clothes and edible (*non-hospital*) food…before turning right back around to be at the hospital.

There was no such thing as *visiting hours* for him. *He was there always.* The hospital staff didn't attempt to bar him at any point.

He put everything on hold. Trusted Barty to oversee his *personal investments* and keep him abreast of any complicated developments unfolding in his absentia from monitoring the markets.

Nothing drastic happened in the background as he dedicated his time to *Harry*.

The following Monday came and he got a call from his father, urging him (in no uncertain terms) to return to school…saying he was *skating on thin ice not* keeping up with his important coursework.

Tom had internally *seethed* for the presumptuous demands…but frigidly informed his father that he'd be at school that Tuesday, and to not attempt to call him again for anything less than the apocalypse.

It was with this assurance that his father left him well alone, and Tuesday morning of the second week came to find Tom back stalking the halls of Hogwarts.

--

Going with his gut, Tom attended homeroom. His eyes travelled through muted room at large, over the faces of each and every single one of his classmates—who stared back at him in blatant awe as he committed each of their young visages to his permanent memory bank.

By the time he found the corner and his true suspected *target*, Tom stood relaxed and smiling as if all was indeed right with the world.

His lips curled into a fine parody of polite humor as he stared straight into the shadows concealing the beady wide eyes, and unabashedly thrilled diminutive personage of Peter Pettigrew—*the Rat* in human form.

For the first time in what felt like forever, Tom was happy—*truly exultant*.

There would be a reckoning.

Allowing his attention to carry him wordlessly to his customary seat at the front of the room, Tom made unimportant small talk with his other less remarkable classmates—all the while being *disgustingly aware* of the eyes boring into the side of his neck from the most *unsavory* of sources.

How could he have been so blind?

His blindness had nearly cost him something too precious. *Never again* would that be allowed to happen—never again.

There would be blood in the water.

He could taste it…*so much blood*…he felt utterly *parched.*

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xXOXx

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On the day of the accident, waiting after school at the bus stop for Harry to arrive—Luna stood twisting her hair ribbons roundabout her finger as she peered through the milling

students, all eager to get home at the end of a long first day back.

She strained her eyes trying to find Harry, but he was nowhere to be found.

Lingering as long as she had dared…Luna wound up climbing onto her own bus in the nick of time before it departed.

A slight frown marred her otherwise placid features and that niggling sense of unease grew to be irritating as a festering sore. She made it home and immediately snatched up the phone.

Dialing Harry's house number from memory in something like a hurry on the kitchen phone, Luna stared blankly ahead as it rang…and rang…*and rang.*

She called three more times to the same result. There was no answering machine set up, so she left no messages.

Luna knew then that something was *horribly wrong*. Something in the world had been *dislodged*.

The sun…was no longer in the sky.

--

She'd taken it upon herself to visit the Potter household that same evening. Hoping for the best and expecting nothing but the worst.

The worst was what she got.

Nobody was home when she rang the bell. No cars were in the driveway, no lights shone through the windows.

It was as though time had stopped in the area…like the house had been abandoned in a hurry.

The next morning came, and Luna forewent her yoga, asking her Dad to drop her off to school before the buses arrived because she had urgent business to take care of before classes.

The next person she sought out was Tom Riddle. Because if anyone knew where and *what had happened* to Harry…it would have to be him.

Unfortunately…he was nowhere to be found.

After going the whole day attempting to catch glimpses of the hard to miss older boy, Luna visited the office during study hall to ask after his whereabouts.

It was there she found out he'd taken a leave of absence.

The alarms were blaring in her mind now. Worry unlike anything she'd felt since the days leading up to her mother's passing entered into her body, and a low thrumming *insidious* tension threatened to evaporate her calm façade.

That Tuesday evening she had been prepared to do the *unthinkable* and contact Riddle Sr. for his son's precise whereabouts; that Tuesday evening—her father had received a call from Tom Riddle, and relayed that Harry was in critical condition at St. Mungo's.

Luna didn't even have to ask.

Her father had her on site that same evening.

--

It was during the car ride to St. Mungo's that she began actually thinking—putting the pieces together.

Whispers of the *accident* Monday had been drifting through the school all that day. People saying it had been a freshman, a boy…nobody knew who exactly, but apparently he'd been on the 7th floor for some reason and had taken a dive off the stairs.

Now…Hogwarts' stairs were long but not nearly treacherous. And being that there were strong banisters lining both sides of said stairs, there had been few reported accidents of students stumbling to their deaths traveling to and fro from classes.

It would have had to be a freak accident for anyone to stumble the whole way from the top to the bottom of the staircase without catching themselves once when faced with the normal momentum of a *trip.*

This led Luna to the obvious conclusion: *Nobody had tripped.* He'd been pushed.

The velocity of the push from the middle of the stairs, well away from the bannisters would be enough to send him tumbling all the way down the stairs if *done right*…with the proper amount of *force*.

Harry wasn't very big, it wouldn't have taken much to knock him off balance, and based on the applied force—leave him disoriented enough to not be able to right himself in time to catch hold of anything on the way down.

Luna was certain. It had been *no accident.*

This led to the obvious question of why anyone would want to push *Harry*.

He was a new student…not particularly well known, and he'd only been at Hogwarts for little more than a month already. The only notable thing about him at this point that anyone outside of his immediate small circle of acquaintances could cite would be his relationship…*with Tom*.

The pieces were falling together more quickly now.

Harry had been *attacked* because someone knew about *him and Tom*. Harry had been *pushed* because someone *did not like him with Tom*.

Somebody had been watching Harry…no…*not Harry*…someone had been watching *Tom*. Tom didn't know about it, or he knew and never paid attention to it.

Tom was popular, quite the figurehead. A lot of people would have their eyes on him in the background.

It wasn't a large leap to say he was practiced in ignoring the masses of his fans. But Luna was at a loss still…who would possibly be able to watch Tom, or have been watching Tom long enough to actually catch him and Harry together.

As far as she knew…they were a very *recent* development.

This someone would have to have been watching Tom long enough to *really know* Tom…or at least be practiced at watching him.

Practiced enough to notice when Tom's interests got piqued by Harry's presence—practiced enough to be *pissed off* when Tom got distracted from his normal behavior patterns.

Luna's wheels were turning…*rotating*…paging through the catalogue of every face she'd seen in the halls of Hogwarts throughout all her years.

For someone to effectively *stalk* Tom…it would have to be somebody very low on Tom's list of priorities. Someone easily *overlooked*…someone who faded into the background often enough to never draw attention.

Someone with some kind of *strange history*…

A face came to mind. An upperclassman Tom's year that she'd crossed paths with a scant few times before. Someone distinctly *rat-like*…who she remembered glimpsing taking pictures to submit for the Hogwarts alumni charter.

She vaguely remembered this person.

She remembered hearing the eighth grade year book advisor *gushing* over the many candid shots she'd gotten from the High School edition of the year book—of *Tom Riddle* to accompany the chapters dedicated to star students and their accolades in the cumulative edition of the Hogwarts year book which she'd been asked to add material to on behalf of the lower middle and elementary years for overall collective continuity.

They'd been taken by an amateur…not on roster for the year book committee, but who had volunteered to submit the coveted shots of *Tom Riddle* based on his proximity to the subject and general ability to be unobtrusive in candid moments.

They had called him (derisively) *The Rat*…but taken his talents and used them for the greater good.

No complaints had been filed during the process of *The Rat* gathering the coveted shots, and the book that year had sold quite a few copies all around. So everybody was happy in the end…and *The Rat* faded from memory after that.

Luna could recall nothing more spectacular about that person…but that made him a far more likely candidate than anyone else. Despite what people thought of Luna herself—that she was *spacey* and *disconnected*—Luna actually took note of a lot of people.

This didn't mean she kept track of everybody in a room, but it meant that she looked at everyone in singular and had profiles built up in her mind for individuals with even the most *innocuous* backgrounds, because she *listened* and had a *good memory*.

It also helped that her *gut instinct* was telling her she had lit upon the true culprit of all the recent *madness* which had occurred.

It didn't matter that she had no *actual proof*. Her mother had always told her to trust in her *instincts*. They only led you wrong when you doubted.

Luna didn't doubt.

Her mouth pressed into a thin line…and her eyes glinted with a simmering cold rage as she stewed upon the knowledge circulating through her head.

She would be sure to tell Tom of her suspicions…one way or another…in the least mistakable fashion.

She was very good at *subtlety.*

--

Tom had taken her words directly to heart.

Luna had been vindictively satisfied. For once not having to explain herself or entertain doubtful questions to which she had no actual lawful answers…just being taken wholly on *her word.*

It was enough to make her want to crush Tom in a hug tight enough to bruise his ribs. But she'd contained herself.

Instead, she had sat at Harry's bedside across from Tom stewing over her revelations with obvious desire to immediately follow up on the lead he now had…though he could not yet bring himself to leave Harry's vicinity.

Not so early on. Not when the wound was still *tender and fresh*.

They hadn't made any small talk. Harry lay breathing on the bed, utterly unaware of the two sets of worried eyes drinking him in and wishing to see his own again…*shining*…*sparkling*…*alive* with green more vibrant than all the shades found in nature.

Of course…their wishes were not granted that day.

And so—when Luna's father paid his respects to Harry, greeting Lily in the hall before whisking his daughter away again, she had gone without protest.

It went without saying that she would be visiting as often as she was able…though she didn't have nearly the freedom of movement which Tom possessed, evidenced by him not leaving his seat at Harry's side even after Luna was long gone and the sun had set.

That night…Lily had been taken home by James, and she'd left Tom keeping vigil with a whispered, "Thank you…" and "Call me (at this number) if anything changes while we're gone…"

James had stoically accompanied his weary wife out the hospital room, nodding to Tom with assessing frankness and no small amount of respect as the tall young man acquiesced to Lily's demands and ushered both parents out the room.

The only extra disturbance that night had been the hospital nurse coming in to check Harry's vitals before smiling softly for Tom's continued presence and murmuring softly on the way out, "He is very lucky to have a friend like you."

Tom didn't deign to reply. But the words echoed tauntingly through his ears after she was gone and Harry remained lying there.

Lucky…she'd said. His *darling* boy…lucky….

No one was around to hear Tom's breath hitch, nor to see him curl over, cradling his head in both hands…fingers tearing through his hair in a painful way.

It was no accident.

Tom hissed.

I don't know…a vicious little rat…I'm sure.

Tom's eyes glared unseeingly at the floor, watering ineffectually as he swallowed repeatedly around the lump in his esophagus.

He breathed in and out—steadying his heartrate which had turned erratic in something like a suppressed panic attack.

So much blood...there had been...*so much blood*...there would be.

"Harry…Harry…*Harry…"*

Tom muttered his boy's name like the most fervent of prayers. Willing him to *wake*, willing him to *be alright*…willing him every *ounce of life* he was nearly *denied.*

Straightening again in his seat, Tom pushed close enough to the bed that he could cradle Harry's limp hand within both his own. Tenderly…*so tenderly*…as though any sudden movements on his part would see those delicate bones *shatter.*

He would fix this. He would make sure this never happened again—no matter what it cost him.

Harry already had *his soul.*

Everything else was *garbage*.

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xXOXx

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Tom didn't immediately pounce on *the Rat*. He waited him out…some miniscule, still *rationa*l part of him needing to be more than certain of *that creature's* duplicity.

He went through his days at Hogwarts from that following Tuesday on mechanically, never visiting the 7th floor but pacing himself rapidly through all his scholastic business.

Catching up on the lessons he'd missed in short order, Tom also took it upon himself to visit each of Harry's own teachers at different points in order to keep abreast of his boy's own piling up assignments and assure the Professors that when Harry recovered, Tom would be on site to aid Harry in getting through the workload.

And no…he didn't mind the *responsibility*—he assured them each and all—he was already Harry's tutor.

Harry was his charge.

At the end of every school day, Tom drove back to the hospital and stayed until actual visiting hours ended before removing himself—after a few select stops *here* and *there*, back to his apartment and starting all over again.

He got to know Lily, and subsequently James—much better over the course of his many visits, and Luna was always on hand to help collect work and materials from teachers which she shared with Harry in order to pass directly to Tom—keeping the older teen from being stretched thin running from classroom to classroom throughout his busy days.

The only *alteration* Tom made to his visible dealings was keeping *unerringly strict* tabs on just *who* was dogging his steps peripherally.

Sure enough…he began to notice *the Rat*, who was rather more obvious when you knew to be *looking for him*.

Tom concealed his *awareness* very well beneath daily activity and didn't let on when he knew *that creature* was following behind him through otherwise deserted corridors of the school.

Tom had even spotted *the Rat* lingering in the background a scant few times after school as he made good on his word to Diggory for a few training sessions held directly after school let out, before leaving the premises to get to the hospital.

It was in this fashion that things continued for the following two weeks.

It was in this fashion that Tom lulled his prey into a sense of *security* in the overall success of his machinations.

It was in this fashion that Tom finally trapped *the Rat* on one heavily overcast, chilly Friday evening of the last week of October—the day right before Halloween, *his boy's birthday*.

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xXOXx

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He had been worried when *the other* had disappeared for the rest of the week following the *accident* he'd staged so well for that *Potter boy*.

He'd almost gotten it in his head that *the other* was well beyond reach of his help and it had all been for naught. Because with the *issue* fixed…*the other* should have naturally fallen back on old habits.

It had frayed his nerves to a state worrisome enough that he'd begun doubling up on his anxiety meds in the days leading up to *the other's* return to civilization.

When the second week came round and *the other* resurfaced that Tuesday in homeroom…he had been so relieved. It had been like watching the rebirth of a *deity*.

The other had shone…*the other* had flared…*the other* had nearly burned his retinas out from sheer unparalleled *brilliance* when *the other* looked into his shadows and seemed to peer for a moment straight into his soul…before gracing him with a smile unlike any other he'd ever seen *the other* wear.

He had been ecstatic…*overjoyed*—carried away completely by *pride.*

The other was back to normal. *The other* was a freak again. *The other* was as *the other* should be and have always been and would never change from…for *anything*—least of all some random boy he'd so punctually gotten rid of for the good of everything *wonderful* in his world.

He'd been floating on air—falling readily back into the familiar routine of watching…*just watching*…admiring *the other* in all things.

It was all good—*so good*.

He'd even started staying after school for extra special peeks of *the other* during tennis practice and tryouts. Now *that* was a picture worth his album. *The other* was simply *radiant*.

The only thing that would have made it *better* would be if he'd been able to get into the shower rooms unnoticed and take a fully candid shot of *the other's* perfection.

Aaah…one could only dream.

Life was as it *should be*. Life was as it should *always have been*.

After weeks of *sheer bliss* he had rightly forgotten all about what had caused the *disruption* to his universe in the first place, so utterly unimportant was the *obstruction* now.

When the last week of October rolled around, he had treated himself to another after school session watching *the other* who had incongruously decided to linger long after all the students were gone, even though there were no scheduled tennis meets and *Halloween* was the next day.

Not that he expected *the other* to be into *Halloween* of all things…*the other* was far too advanced for such plebian rituals.

He trailed behind *the other* at a safe distance, and he'd watched as *the other* finally exited the school building, walking to his fine car in the parking lot…*the other* froze, looking irritated at his vehicle.

He watched as the other stepped around the car, before glancing all around and actually locking eyes with *himself*.

Suddenly his world was upended, as the other waved at him, obviously beckoning him over.

What could he do but point to himself. What could he do but mosey over. What could he do but hang off *the other's* every embarrassingly *apologetic* word as he asked for help changing his tire…which indeed looked to be flat.

"I would normally be able to do it myself, but my shoulder has been killing me today and I would hate to tear something by working the crank. Would you mind?"

He had nodded, perhaps a bit too quickly and taken the crank from *the other*.

Although he didn't know much about cars, he could work a crank. And the other was ever so polite in his directives as he affixed the device and gestured for him to begin working the lever up and down.

It was rather difficult to do and he had to put his back into it. Kind of embarrassing really… but *the other* made no comment, only went to the popped open trunk and returned with the spare tire.

He helped *the other* position and put on the tire, handing off the old one to *the other* for safe keeping, before waiting as *the other* returned with a long metal wrench to tighten something on the wheel area before gesturing for himself to begin letting the crank back down.

Bent over he pumped. Up and down…*up* and *down*…*up* and *down*—until the car was at last level with the pavement again and he was winded but satisfied to have been so helpful to *the other.*

Ready to stand upright, he turned his head to look up at *the other* who must've been behind him since *the other's* shoes were no longer in view of his eyes.

Standing carefully so as not to overbalance, he started to turn around—quite eager to see the delight upon *the other's* face, when a sudden *massive pain* **EXPLODED** in his temple, and he hit the pavement *hard—**reeling**, **confused***.

Another ***EXPLOSION*** came, this time in the back of his cranium…and his last coherent thought before everything faded to black was…*where was the other?*

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xXOXx

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Dead weight was no joke.

Tom realized this as he hefted the smaller, rotund boy's limp body into the trunk of his car, dumping it unceremoniously with a huff onto a prepared plastic tarp lining the entire significant space before slamming the lid, and putting his crank in the backseat area of the car.

He wrapped the bloodstained wrench in a large black towel to be disposed of later…at his leisure.

The Rat would be out cold from those blows which Tom didn't hold back on in the *slightest*, so he didn't bother tying *the thing* up when he'd packed him.

It would've been a waste of time and the rope he'd brought.

He drove in silence down the road, turning off the well beaten path and down into a thickly wooded area which was home to no few abandoned factories and warehouses which he'd scoped out during his nights travelling alone back from visiting *his darling* at the hospital.

There was one particularly dilapidated space Tom had taken a liking to.

It had a sublevel below ground which was perfect for all sorts of shady activities. He recalled fondly the old vault below and lack of breathable space hidden behind the rusted heavy metal door leading into what had once been a meat locker, but was abandoned in the past *industrial revolution* and to this day remained outfitted with iron hooks and empty shelves, once used for storing harvested organs and limbs of large *beasts*.

Tom was all too happy to appropriate the forgotten space for his own uses.

It was ever so convenient after all. And he had a lot of *stress* to kill.

When he pulled up next to the building, he nixed the engine, stepped out of the car and wandered into the ground level of the building.

There he retrieved a large black wheel barrow, which he'd purchased *very recently* for a specific purpose.

Rolling it out to the car, he lifted the trunk and was both *pleased* and *displeased* at what he found. The Rat was still unconscious, but he'd been bleeding out all over the tarp.

It was a good thing the *damn thing* was of heavy durable stock—else he'd have been working with a mess.

Speaking of mess…how could he have forgot?

Leaving off on moving the body, Tom opened the backseat of his car and unzipped a large black duffle bag. He extracted a long, see-through plastic *over-suit*, which would cover him from foot to neck, zipping all the way up to protect his body and clothes from any arterial spray which would doubtlessly get just *everywhere.*

He also pulled on a run of the mill hair cap—which shielded his locks nicely and tightened securely around his skull, and he slipped on a pair of black industrial rubber gloves which stretched up his arms to the elbows.

All alien looks aside—he was ready for *work.*

Shouldering the lightened, but still hefty duffle bag, Tom threw it on the ground beside the barrow before loading up the body wrapped securely in the heavy plastic—*like a burrito*.

He shut the vacant trunk and threw his bag atop the plastic covered mass, wheeling the whole thing swiftly into the building and down to the sublevel without further ado.

He was going to enjoy this.

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xXOXx

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*****Obligatory Warning: Graphic Violence Lies Ahead. Take Caution. Take Heed. And proceed…or skip to the next official break. *****

When he came to, it was to a massively uncomfortable drilling localized in his head. As though his brain had been thrown into the street, ran over with a car, then passed through a meat grinder…before being stuffed back into his fractured skull.

He grimaced and moaned loudly.

In an attempt to grab and hold his head, he realized…he had no use of his arms. They were stretched up above him, pulling with his body weight which he could now feel dangling… swaying slightly…as if on some kind of vertical swing.

He didn't have the upper body strength to move his arms in any way. He could feel a rope binding his forearms and wrists, leaving his hands dangling outward in opposing directions.

Testing his legs next as the pain in his head intensified, he realized that both of them were locked at the ankles.

He must've been *strung up.*

Blearily he opened his eyes with painstaking slowness—seeing nothing but shadows all around, and a low lamp flickering on a shelf beside a metal rolling cart…upon which many *surgical implements*…seemed to be laid out.

He opened his mouth and groaned aloud again. His lips were dry as the desert and his throat was no better.

He worked his mouth open and shut, brain struggling to work beneath the *pain in his head* and all the strangeness of the situation he found himself in.

"H'lo…" he slurred in a coarse tone, swallowing thickly and breathing heavily as his body swung. His shoulders *ached.*

Just how long had he been hanging?

"Hello Peter."

He blinked, and his heart skipped a beat in surprise. That voice…*THE OTHER!*

*"*Y-you're h-here…I…*nghh*…dintkno…mmm…you…were…there…" Peter breathed laboriously as a sudden breeze passed over him—and goosebumps pimpled his flesh.

Wait.

His flesh…?

Oh.

"M'nakeeed…" Peter slurred again in patent shock, blinking as he shivered, and realizing the only clothing he felt on him was his underpants. *Absolutely nothing else—not even socks.*

"How very astute you are."

That familiar voice was as smooth and cloying as he remembered. But it sounded…*odd*... also…*why was he still hanging*?

"C-could you heeelpuh…meh…down? Plea—hn..puh…lees…" His tongue was too heavy and dry for his mouth to work right. His mind hadn't caught up enough to even begin panicking.

It was just a *very strange situation.*

"Tell me…" *The other* spoke, voice bouncing around the area, as though *the other* were moving…slowly round and round. He couldn't really make him out.

“Itsss…too…haa…dark…”

The other seemed to sigh in languid exasperation, before murmuring placidly, “My apologies. You deserve to see.”

Suddenly there was *brightness*. *Too much brightness*. It burned his eyes enough that he slammed them shut on a fractious wince and horribly *garbled groan*.

“Better?”

Peter unscrewed his face up as the light dimmed just enough for him to brave opening his eyes again, and he squinted into the suddenly well-lit area…eyes lighting on the tall figure of a very familiar visage…dressed very oddly…

“W-why…?”

He began…not processing *at all* what he was seeing. The question was loaded.

Why…am I here?

Why…are you wearing that?

Why…am I hanging?

Why…am I naked?

“You broke what was…what is *mine*.” *The other’s* voice sounded rather…*angry*. Cold as Peter had never *truly heard* it before. *The other*…was *frightening* him.

“I-I n-never…” Peter tried, licking his dry lips—wanting to pacify *the other* and *explain* that he didn’t know what that *meant*. He would *never do such a thing*. *The other* was mistaken.

“Harry Potter.” The words came simply. So simply that Peter was sure he’d misheard. His confusion must’ve shown on his face as he spoke in a stilted voice, “Whutabout…*himmm*?”

The other’s voice came silky, almost sweetly…*cloying.*

“You pushed him down the stairs. Didn’t you *Peter*?”

Peter blinked and groaned as his head *throbbed—throbbed—THROBBED*…but he didn’t *lie*. He would never *lie* to *the other* about *anything*—especially not *saving him*.

“Ooof…cooooursss…h-he was *b-baaad*…I *f-fixed* himmm…”

Peter continued, words stumbling through the air like a drunkard down a dark alley… clutching at walls, running headfirst into the *ground*…

The other was moving, walking silently over to the cart and all of its *implements* as Peter spoke.

“Waaass…baad fur yeeew…nooot wannnt…to seeee…*nhhh*…youuu ruuuinned…*aaah*…”

The other was suddenly right in front of him, close enough for Peter to stare straight into his perfect face…holding his breath in *awe*.

It was the closest he’d ever been.

If not for his splitting head…and being completely immobile…he would be very *happy right now*…

Peter smiled as winsomely as he was able at *the other*—and it was a *gruesome thing*…ruined not only by his pained *grimacing*, but also by his *rat-like features*.

The other’s arm stretched upwards, and Peter could feel *the other* spreading his numb fingers apart and holding onto one…before he spoke softly.

“You didn’t want to *ruin* me…but *Peter*…I very much want to *ruin* ***you***…”

The gentle cadence of *the other’s* words took away from their actual *construction*…and made Peter feel as though *the other* was *crooning* at him…all the way up until the end, when a ***VICIOUS*** pain unlike his *head*, unlike *anything he could have imagined before* bloomed at the base joint of his left pinky finger.

Crrrack…SNAP…

A spew of *red* was all Peter saw in his peripherals as he choked on a *S C R E A M*…and what *had to be*…but what *couldn’t be*…his **pinky finger**…dropped through the air and hit the plastic covered floor beneath them in a fleshy lump.

Peter’s mouth hung open, his eyes bulged from their sockets…his heart pounded rapidly against his chest—a bird in a *burning building*, fluttering ineffectually to GET OUT NOW—as the first elongated SCREAM finally tore free from his throat.

“AAAARRRGGHH!!!!”

The other whistled lightly to the backdrop of his wails. Peter stared blindly down at the floor where his *finger* had dropped, and he began to sweat and tremble everywhere.

It was quite disgusting.

“Shhhh…you’ll want to save your strength. We have so many more to go.”

That was the last thing Peter heard before his world became nothing but **SCREAMS** and **AGONY**.

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~V~

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SNIP…TEAR…SQUELCH…

RIP…SCREAM…SQUEAL…REPEAT~

Tom felt his eardrums were close to bleeding from the amount of *screams* every severed finger wrenched from The Rat's abused pipes.

He was bloody *sick* of it…and really…***just bloody***.

A feral grin stretched his lips as flecks of blood flew through the air, dotting his cheeks whilst red rivers *poured down* The Rat's naked quivering arms, *gushing* from the empty joints of both his *utterly maimed* hands…bleeding profusely just *everywhere.*

Tom flexed his hand around the pair of metal pliers he'd been using to clip through so much *flesh* and *bone.*

The Rat needed to stop screaming. It was giving him a *headache*.

Tom grabbed the lower half of Peter's face as The Rat's eyes rolled back so he could see nothing but white showing back at him.

Tom glared into the open gullet of Peter's noisy throat, and he brought the bloodied pliers up again without sparing another thought.

"Since you can't seem to be *quiet*…we'll just remove ***this…"***

The pliers clamped down on the tip of Peter's lolling tongue, and Tom *pulled…and pulled… and* ***RIPPED.***

The noise Peter made then could not be classified as *human.*

Nothing about him was human anymore.

Tom just stared in fascination as Peter *gargled* and *choked* on the blood filling his throat from the *forceful* ***extraction*** of his *tongue*.

The noise had diminished to pitiful *drowning* sounds and *horrible* ***gurbling***…as Peter worked his throat and tried, but failed to swallow around the *thick blood*…*so much blood*…pouring from his mouth, down his chin…*hitting* the floor and *splashing* Tom's over-suit.

It didn't take long for Peter to stop breathing—Tom watched The Rat's body begin to seize… *jerking* like a *demented fish* on a hook as foam exited his mouth.

It was quite disgusting.

Tom swallowed and silently witnessed *The Rat's* death throes.

Finally…everything *stopped.*

Tom dropped the pliers still clamped down on the length of Peter's detached tongue, and he released a long breath.

The room stank of *blood*…*piss*…and *shit*—all courtesy of *The Rat*.

Tom just let it *sink in* for a few drawn out moments—staring at the dangling *corpse* with his chest heaving up and down, his pupils dilating in the white light cast from the battery operated lamp he'd left on the shelf.

He hadn't even gotten to use all the other *toys* he'd bought. But…it had been most *satisfying*.

Harry would be ***safe now.***

Harry would be his…**forever.**

Nothing would change that—***absolutely nothing.***

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It was with that last comforting thought that Tom set about cleaning up all the *mess*.

Huh.

Who knew so much blood could come from just ten *fingers* and a *tongue*?

He'd wait to cut the rest up once the body stopped *leaking*. If he hurried he could make it back to Harry well before the stroke of midnight.

It'd be after official hours, but he was sure Lily or James would be there for his boy's birthday to let him in.

He wanted nothing more than to put this whole evening away and *never think on it again*.

Now…he had only to be there for whenever Harry opened his eyes.

That was the moment he was living for.

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After dark at the hospital, Lily, James, and Luna were sitting around Harry's bed.

Luna had her father drop her off earlier that evening after she made it home from school, and he'd greeted Lily before leaving with a promise that she'd make sure Luna made it back to the house safe.

Luna had wanted to stay the night, but Lily had smiled warmly and said they could have an actual party in Harry's honor Saturday afternoon at the hospital, and today was just for

preemptive well-wishes.

James had smiled and promised he wouldn't let Lily cut the cake before Luna made it back on Saturday.

And with that, they'd all sat in companionable ease talking about Harry and everything in between the three of them.

Privately…Luna wondered after Tom, but she figured he'd be along before the day officially ended…because he wouldn't want to miss the midnight arrival of Harry's birthday.

It was a pity she likely wouldn't see him, as Lily and James were now packing up to leave… but Luna supposed she'd see him again on Saturday.

He never failed to turn up. He'd never missed an actual day.

"Harry…" Luna whispered into her sleeping friend's ear on her way out the door, "You need to wake up now…we miss you. He's missing you…"

She'd then kissed his bandaged forehead and followed the Potters out the room.

Ironically…no sooner had they left the room, did Tom exit the elevator—freshly washed and groomed, sporting a forest green, cashmere sweater and long black slacks with comfortable loafers, all beneath an open long black trench coat.

He stepped onto the floor and wandered down the hall to Harry's room, a tall shadow unhindered or met by anyone.

He didn't check in. He didn't pause.

He entered Harry's room and took off his coat, draping it on the back of a chair and taking up his usual spot right next to the bed where his boy remained prone…peacefully comatose in the lowlight of the hospital.

He reached out and took Harry's hand in his own, gingerly as ever.

He sighed and stared longingly down at his boy, running his thumb along the fine lines of Harry's veins winding beneath the skin of his limp hand.

Tom leaned down and kissed the back of Harry's hand, lips lingering for the longest while before he stretched out his arms and pillowed his head on Harry's stomach.

It rose and fell beneath his cheek, and Tom stared up unblinkingly at Harry's face.

The bandages around his head had been lessened and changed, a little hair had grown back along Harry's scalp…not nearly the full mop he'd once had, but enough for it not to be utterly cubed any longer.

Tom slid up the bed and repositioned his head until his cheek was pressed down with his ear directly above Harry's beating heart.

He never let go of that hand.

He let the sound of Harry's heart lull him into a relaxed state, feeling a tension he hadn't realized had been weighing down on him all day long…*just fall away* from his broad shoulders.

He just wanted him to wake up.

He just wanted to see those eyes again…hear that voice again…*saying his name*…

Tom's breathing deepened, and fairly soon he drifted off to the lullaby of Harry still breathing…*always breathing*…beneath him.

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xXOXx

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There was a strange weight on his chest.

It was solid…but not overmuch. More grounding than anything…

Every breath he took moved the weight…and his head throbbed dully with pain localized in his forehead and behind his eye lids. Groaning softly…he attempted to crack his eyes open.

They stung with the effort.

He felt weaker than a newborn.

What was happening…what had happened…to him?

He slowly lifted his free hand (…*his other hand was being held…warm…secure*…) and touched his forehead.

Bandages…he could tell…

"Wha—…." He croaked out, wincing at the gravelly sound of his voice—so familiar…*but not.*

His eyes finally slid open all the way and he blurrily stared at a shadowy, low-lit, white ceiling…he wasn't wearing contacts…somebody must have removed them.

Swallowing thickly he opened his mouth to try again. The words came much slower than he was used to.

"*Hah*…w-what…am I d-doing…*here*…?"

The weight on his chest shifted. He groaned and reached down to still the movement, his hand meeting something… (*--furry..?)*…no…that wasn't fur…it was hair…ebony hair which he sifted his fingers gently through.

The dark tendrils and curls felt like silk…were slightly damp…

Suddenly there was a deeper groan…and then the head beneath his hand rose up…slowly dislodging his weak fingers.

He stared up into wide…very wide…very *lovely*…hazel…eyes…

Fixed within a very pale…*no*…*flushed*…face…a very *handsome*…no…*beautiful*…slack jawed…face…being streaked with tears falling one by one, rolling off a quivering chin.

He knew…he just *knew*…that this face—*should not*…should *never*…be crying…not like this. *Not at all.*

"H-hey…" He tried for a soothing tone, reaching out with a shaky hand towards that *face*… and then it was buried in his neck, and he was being pressed down, gently crushed…(*like rose petals*) feeling shudders wracking the tall figure clinging to him with the beautiful… *crying*…face.

Why was he crying...?

"Harry…Harry…*Harry*!"

He blinked slowly, listening to his name falling repeatedly…*wrenched* from the sobbing throat of the man pressed all up against him. His arm came up, draping weakly along those shoulders as his hand travelled unbidden back into the man's hair, carding his fingers automatically through the strands…wishing he knew how to *calm him down.*

"I-I'm h-here…why…are you…c-crying…?"

The man rose up again, leveraging himself against the bed—reddened hazel eyes locked feverishly with hazy emerald green…and without another word, Harry found himself being kissed gently…*breathless.*

And he didn't know why…but his eyes drifted shut…and he pressed forward into soft lips, tasting *warm*…*salty tears* soaked between them…

He didn't know why…but this felt *familiar*…

This felt right.

Harry's heart hammered in his chest. His head began to *hurt*…and then he was sucking in much needed air as the handsome…*beautiful* man pulled away.

Hovering directly above him and saying reverently, "*Darling*…I've *missed* you…"

Harry blinked slowly, he could feel his own eyes beginning to sting with unbidden moisture…and he reached up with a shaky hand to touch the now smiling, soft lips he'd just been kissing with his own.

Throat tightening as his own breath hitched, Harry choked out around a *pitiful sob*—feeling *pained* in a visceral way as his head *throbbed* and his eyes grew blurrier and blurrier… distorting the features of the man smiling down at him with so much radiance…*it hurt.*

"D-d-do I…k-know…*you*?"

And just like that—the world came tumbling down.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

Happy Halloween! 🤗♥💗💓💙💚💕

I hope there aren't any glaring errors.😅 I did try to edit along the way…but I figure you'll all forgive for any grammatical stupidity seeing as we got a double update this week! 👍

I felt like I could almost breathe until that ending…but before you all collectively #LoseIt…let me say we will NOT be losing out on the future TOMARRY DYNAMICS! ☹

Because first off, Tom would not be content to leave Harry alone at any point after having been without him already for so long. 😘 So there's your #Hope.

Put that in your pipes and keep smoking it!❤

I look forward to hearing any and all of your thoughts on this Violation.

Also…I hope nobody got scared off by the #Violence mid-chapter.😩😱☹ I think it fit the Halloween theme at least. 😗

Talk to me! I can use so much love right now…I'm not even #Kidding. 😭

~ Happy Holidays and Cheers ~🥂

~🌺🐍○

18th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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18th Violation

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His ears were ringing, echoing the last words his boy had so gut wrenchingly spoken to him upon the cessation of their intimate kiss.

Retrospectively…he should be relieved that Harry was awake *at all.*

It had been nearly a *month*…and those *eyes* were finally looking at him again, welling tears beading at the corners upon long lashes he wanted to press his mouth to and suck the moisture from.

That *voice*…hoarse as it was…*unused* and *soft*—was *finally* talking to him again.

But those *words*…stuttered so nervously around a delicate sob he wanted to *swallow* down his own throat and *keep swallowing* until there was nothing left of it within *Harry—his darling, his boy*...they cut him to the quick.

He felt the knife twisting deeper into his chest as Harry stared beseechingly up into his dismayed hazel eyes, weeping and distressed by Tom's own drained and fallen face.

"I—I'm….s..s..sorry...I d-don't…mean…to be…l-l-like th..is…"

Even on the verge of a facilitated breakdown, Harry was trying to *apologize* to Tom for being *wounded*…for accidentally, without even remembering who he *was*…wounding Tom's *heart.*

Even now—after everything, in spite of it all…his boy showed that he *cared.*

Tom gently cupped Harry's cheeks in both hands, and he stroked the damp sides of Harry's face with tender thumbs…wiping at trickling tears *over and over*, *again and again*…with a soft smile once more stretching his mouth, until the flow slowed to an infrequent drip…

Wordlessly—Tom held Harry's shimmering gaze…and he leaned in slow, giving his boy plenty of time to indicate any reluctance to touching him…*a stranger*…again.

Their lips met once more, in a kiss that was both an *apology* and a *promise*.

An apology for Tom allowing himself to feel *hurt*…when Harry was the one lying tethered to a hospital bed, unable to do anything but *wait* and *heal.*

A promise that he would not let himself *falter* again…not in the *slightest*—because too much had happened, he'd gone *too far* to be put off by the memories of a few *priceless days* being stolen away when he'd long since determined to reserve an *eternity* to get to know *Harry*…to get to *feel* Harry…to get to *fully experience* and *be with Harry*.

His boy was *alive*. His boy was *conscious*. His boy was *kissing him back*…however *unsurely.*

His boy was *holding onto him*…*tugging* him closer with fingers wound through his wavy dark hair as Tom's mouth *moved*…*opening* and *closing* and *languidly pressing* harder and *deeper* against Harry's own plush lips…until neither of them could resist the pull of fresh oxygen any longer.

Harry's head gave a *twinge*…and he moaned softly, panting with his chest heaving up and down as Tom's own warm breath fanned against his parted lips, *whisper soft* as Tom finally spoke again.

"My name is *Tom Marvolo Riddle*. We've been together for a while now…but your parents don't know. To them…I'm your tutor *foremost* and friend *secondarily.*"

"T-Tom…Ri…riddle…" Harry spoke his name, and Tom rested his forehead against Harry's bandaged one, applying very little pressure and simply enjoying his proximity with Harry's wide, *beautiful eyes*…which were looking at him with such *awe*…caught up in *fascinated wonder*.

"Yes. You call me…*Tom*."

Tom breathed and smiled, feeling *pleasantly charmed* as Harry averted his eyes to the side, as if *flustered*…or unsure how to look him in the eye any longer without combusting.

Tom brushed the tips of their noses together, and he reached up and stroked the back of Harry's hand…which held on, still loosely burrowed within his hair. He smirked slightly—amused, as Harry made an aborted move to pull away, only to be gently thwarted by Tom's firm hand keeping him frozen in place.

Harry's Adam's apple bobbed with a swallow, and he blinked repeatedly before once more meeting Tom's warm gaze and murmuring, "H-how…?"

Tom raised a coy brow and he turned his head slightly to drop a kiss upon the underside of Harry's wrist, right above his fluttering pulse point—maintaining leveled eye contact throughout.

"How what—*Harry?"*

Tom's voice remained mild, *casual*—even as his eyes *sparked* knowingly…*glinting* in the low light of the room. Harry felt his breath catch and he pressed his lips together, frowning and struggling to parse his next words out.

Tom waited patiently for him to collect and display his thoughts.

"Us…w-we…*how?*" Harry offered meekly, at last—being at a loss for just *everything* and hoping Tom would provide an answer to all the questions his mind *wanted to ask* but couldn't seem to filter correctly through his stunted mouth.

Tom chuckled deeply, and didn't suppress an affectionate…*guileless grin* for Harry's visibly *frustrated* line of questioning. *Of course*…his boy would question it—*them*. *It was only natural under the circumstances.*

Even so, as his initial levity fizzled out—Tom found himself replying in a rather sober, *slightly wistful fashion.*

"We met at school. And it was destiny….from the moment we spoke. Everything after just fell into place…like the final pieces of a long incomplete puzzle."

If Harry had the energy or *articulate* ability at present—he would surely have objected to the *stupidly vague* explanation…Tom could tell this from that familiar, helplessly irritable light *flashing* through twin emerald orbs.

At any other time…Tom mused internally, *Harry would've attacked his person by now in some small way.*

"Y-you're b-b…beau…tiful…" Harry haltingly stammered aloud—and it rang like an *accusation* between them, far more than a simple *compliment*.

Tom licked his lips—*listening* and *hearing* the undertones of *unspoken disbelief* and *disgruntlement* for their imagined *incongruities*.

His eyes bore deeply into Harry's own, being fervently heated and *settled* with the essence of utmost *gravity* as he spoke—deliberately, so there could be no mistaking the *truth* in his words, "So are you."

Harry averted his eyes to the ceiling, unable to stare any longer into those *too sincere* hazel eyes…which were so *familiar*, yet *so strange* to him.

It was *no good* for his heart…which still pounded *strongly* in his chest from the last kiss they'd shared.

From the last kiss he'd *allowed* to be pressed upon his lips…by this *familiar*…beautiful… *thoughtlessly honest* in all his beliefs...*stranger*.

The pain in Harry's head became more pronounced as he met those hazel eyes again and stared bravely into their depths.

How on *earth*…had *this*…between *them*…*whatever it was*…

How had it really come to be?

He couldn't imagine…

“S-sense…it d-doesn’t…m-make…sen..se…” Harry whispered faintly, feeling an unaccountable *pang* in his chest for a tremulous *desperation* he could feel threatening to *choke him now*.

Because *what if* this stranger…this man…this *luminous being*…took *that* to heart…?

What if *Tom* believed *him*?

What if *he*...*what if Tom*—woke up next…?

And then his eyes were *blurring* again, and the tears were *stinging* again…and he was *hiccupping* and *crying* and *making an utter travesty of himself* all over again in front of Tom…Tom…

“T-T-Tom…!”

Without another word or instance of hesitation—Tom carefully maneuvered his long limbed body, until he was stretched out fully upon the hospital bed beside Harry.

He cradled the sobbing boy to his chest with Harry’s head tucked beneath his chin, and pressed their bodies as closely together as the cords and tubes and looming beeping medical equipment would allow.

He kissed and petted the shorter, regrown locks on Harry’s head repeatedly; wiping at trails of *salty wetness* streaming off gently flushed cheeks, and murmuring soothing nothings into thin air to drift their way into Harry’s *straining heart* through the channels of his delicate ears…as they both simply *held on*.

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Eventually—Harry cried himself back to sleep, and Tom was left staring into semi-darkness…wondering if it’d be so bad to just stick around until his boy *woke up again*…and sighing as he thought about having to explain to the nurses why he hadn’t *called for them* the moment Harry regained awareness.

It wasn’t like he didn’t know *why he didn’t* want them to have been interrupted.

It would have been completely out of his character to not *monopolize* the first moments of Harry’s time checked back into reality.

But now that Harry had awoken once…he *knew*…certain things had to be done.

So—while he would’ve *loved* to hold his boy all night long into Saturday morning, until Harry woke again *naturally*…it would be more prudent for him to do the responsible thing now and *alert the media* (so to speak) and background *associates*.

He certainly wouldn’t be *disturbing* his boy and possibly rattling his brains by attempting to disrupt his natural sleep cycle…so soon again.

No matter that a *small part of him* had this fear…this irrational *everlasting paranoia*…that if he left Harry to the throes of sleep…he may not *wake back up again*.

But that was ridiculous.

So Tom…with a last lingering kiss to Harry's unconscious lips, slid quietly out of the hospital bed and made his way to the nurses' station.

There—he apprised them of the situation, in a less damning manner than would have painted him *neglectful* of their professionality and needful presences.

"Harry woke up just briefly tonight…he spoke a little…then fell asleep again. I thought you all should know."

So—maybe he varnished…*a bit.*

The nurses swarming into the room behind his departure to check on Harry's vitals and alert the attending doctor didn't think twice about him once they were back officially working on the clock.

Tom let them do their thing in peace, and was on the phone next calling *Lily* directly and then *Luna.*

The echoes of sobs and relieved excited exclamations were still ringing in his ears afterwards for the longest while, as he reluctantly left the hospital and returned to his apartment—to the tune of being back at the hospital bright and early Saturday morning, to join Harry's family and friend in welcoming him back to the land of the *consciously living*…and low-key celebrating his 15th birthday in a quaintly subdued fashion, alongside Harry's unexpected but *timely* awakening.

Also...he had a wrench left to properly dispose of…which was still bundled in the back of the car.

All in all…things were *definitely* looking up again.

He could hardly wait for morning to arrive. He was nearly too wired to imagine sleeping at all.

Because Harry—Harry was back…had come back to him.

Mostly…*at last.*

He was *receptive* to Tom…even if he didn't know *why*…even if he thought they didn't make *sense.*

When had they ever?

Tom's mouth pulled into a grin as he drove down the highway a little too fast to be safe.

Tom would be around to help Harry *come to terms* on the daily.

No matter what…he'd have his boy *comfortable* in his arms once more, leaning on him *in all things*…and with any luck…should the *memories* resurface…Harry would only be *that much deeper* within his influence…to the point of not wanting to let go *at all*.

As if Tom would allow him to…*ever.*

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xXOXx

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Saturday morning—Harry awoke a year older, to the sun streaming in his face through partially closed blinds—and the softly chatting, blurry figures of his mom and dad, one non-familiar…and one almost *deeply familiar* face—encircling his bedside.

The first to notice his eyes opening was inevitably…*Tom*...whose own eyes were staring straight at him in unconcealed relief for his reawakening.

The second to immediately notice his state of awareness was his Mom, who exclaimed his name and delicately pounced upon him, hugging him to her bosom and showering him with kisses in between words of worry and happiness.

His father's slightly choked up voice urging his mother to let him breathe a little was the next thing he registered, as well as the unfamiliar tinkling laughter of the fourth person in the room…whose voice and visage he didn't recognize at all…but *nonetheless* seemed as though she belonged, as oddly dressed as she was.

Harry found himself smiling and weakly squeezing his mother back before she pulled away, wiping at her eyes and allowing his father space to warmly stroke his head and say his own piece about being glad to see him alive again.

"T-tha..nks…s-sorry for w-wor—rying…you a-all…"

Harry stared down at his lap to avoid all the *suspiciously bright eyes* staring back at him, doubtlessly noting his messy speech patterns…but tactfully refraining from commenting.

It was just so much harder than he remembered…forming all the sounds…

"T-Tom…?"

Harry found himself calling the name and looking up in the man's direction as Tom was swift to move to the head of his bed, hovering well within arm's reach.

"Yes Harry?"

"W-who…?" Harry spoke softly, eyes darting once in the direction of the pretty blonde girl and back to Tom…*beseechingly*…*trustingly*…

He could hear his mother gasp and begin whispering frantically to his father. Words he couldn't make out.

Tom took his question *gracefully* and considerately replied, "That's *Luna*…Luna Lovegood. Your…*our* good friend." He amended smoothly at the last moment, looking in Luna's direction—nodding for her to introduce her own self, and smirking a bit as she immediately rallied and smiled back at the both of them in her usual dreamy way…seemingly unruffled by Harry's *non-recollection* of her.

"It's wonderful that you're awake, Harry. I'm Luna. We were…are…very good friends. *You*, *me*, and *Tom*."

"O-okay…hi…L-Luna…"

Harry was decidedly embarrassed, but he muddled on through the words. Tom reassuringly settled in a chair, slid close and grabbed his hand, lacing their fingers together and stroking the back with his thumb.

It was a rather i*ntimate gesture*, but effectively soothing…and Harry was more than *thankful* for it.

His parents had both quietly drifted from the room, and now it was just the three of them—Luna…Harry…and Tom.

"How do you feel?" Luna asked, in a voice both gentle and inquiring.

Harry worked his mouth open and closed as he took careful stock of himself—feeling a significant *throbbing* at his temples and somewhere far behind his eyes…but it wasn't nearly as *pronounced* as the night before, so he merely shrugged a bit and replied, "M-my…b-body…feels…w-weak…a-and m-my h-head…is a l-little…s-sore…ha…ha…"

He attempted a laugh at the end, but it came out more *brokenly* than lighthearted as he'd intended.

Luna only nodded in understanding and took up his other hand. Harry didn't know why, but his eyes went straight to Tom…as if expecting *something*…he didn't know *what*…to occur after Luna's *touch.*

Indeed…Tom was holding himself very still, and a tension radiated from his body in *semi-palpable* waves, as he stared unblinkingly across the bed—focusing oddly on Luna and her hand wrapped loosely around Harry's own.

After an elongated beat, the thickness brewing in the air faded away and then Tom was *sighing*—raising a *slightly* sardonic brow at the blonde, who only grinned a little back at him and tilted her head (impishly) in Harry's direction—as though sharing some exclusively transmitted *joke* that only Tom could appreciate.

Harry didn't know why…but the little exchange made something *unpleasant* lurch and knot in his stomach.

The hell…?

"Is something wrong, darling? You're pale…"

Tom's voice floated through his ears as if suddenly underwater, and Harry blinked slowly… mind fuzzy and clouding further with a thickening fog.

The world was *swimming*...he opened his mouth, shutting it again on a *pained grimace* as his head began to *throb* and *pound* riotously.

"*Nnghh*…" Harry tried again. Luna's hand left his own—and then a button was being pressed repeatedly for medical personnel.

Harry's heartrate was increasing. Tom was saying *something*, pressing his own hand to Harry's cheek and speaking slowly…*deliberately*...rather loudly.

"*Breathe* Harry…come now…*inhale*…exhale…*inhale*…exhale…that's it…"

Harry found himself obeying that voice instinctively as his hand in Tom's own grew warm and clammy, and the palm on his face migrated behind his neck as Tom propped him up further with an extra pillow and continued coaxing the breaths in and out of his lungs.

The doctor entered the room trailed by Harry's parents and a nurse just as Harry began to feel (relatively) normal again.

Tom addressed the doctor while staring Harry in the eyes…*worried.*

"He was panicking. His heartrate went up out of the blue…he spaced out…stopped breathing right…"

"It's good that you calmed him down. That could've been dangerous to his brain's recovery. It's not good for patients coming out of head trauma to be unnecessarily worked up."

The doctor stepped forward on Luna's side, and the girl moved over for the man to begin examining Harry's eyes, chest, and monitored brain waves on one of the machine displays.

"Your parents tell me you couldn't remember your friend. Tell me Harry…what is the last thing you recall?"

Harry's stared blankly ahead…squeezing Tom's hand unconsciously as he struggled to connect his brain to his mouth and his mouth to his thoughts in a feedback loop.

"O-orien…tation….H-hogwarts…nngh…m-moved h-here…T-Tom…m-my tu…tor…"

Tom stared at Harry unblinkingly—squeezing his hand back encouragingly, his face devoid of anything but obvious concern…even as his brain began rapid firing synapses in no little disbelief.

His boy…was being *slightly disingenuous.*

Making it sound as though Tom was someone he remembered *naturally*…rather than having been told about just the night before.

Tom got the feeling that was done purposefully…even as Harry struggled to articulate things he truly *did recall*.

The doctor was nodding and conversing with Lily on the side. Lily filled the doctor in briefly about the rather large gap between what Harry was describing and everything which had happened in between leading up to Tom as his tutor which she was privy to.

The doctor frowned slightly and jotted something down on his clipboard.

"The gap is strange…but not unheard of. It is likely a matter of his mind forgetting the most traumatizing aspects of his memory and holding onto the less stressful, emotionally loaded components. Namely arriving at his new school and later getting a tutor. Everything else has been blocked out, including the events leading up to the accident."

Lily's hand pressed to her throat, and she glanced at James before asking, "Should we be trying to get him to remember more right now? Would it be best if we tried filling in the gaps?"

The doctor shook his head. "I would not recommend that. The brain is a complex organ. If it has erased anything in the wake of a trauma…trying to forcibly uncover the information could do more harm than good."

"I'm not saying you should never hope for him to remember. What I would suggest is that he be allowed to recuperate *physically* and once in a healthier…normal state of body, focus on rebuilding his mentality. I would recommend keeping him calm throughout rehab and perhaps allowing his friend…the one he cited from memory…to spend as much time with him during this process as possible. This could be a good catalyst for his latent thoughts to resurface. And his friend (*Tom was it*?) has already proved capable of reaching Harry through a state of heightened distress."

All Tom could hear now was the bleating of *opportunity* in the back of his mind as the doctor continued supplying him with the perfect alibi to affix himself deeper into the grooves of Harry's cracked reference sphere.

His boy was a marvel.

"My professional recommendation would be to allow the natural rehabilitation of his mind to occur in a facilitated stress free environment. Once he has recovered enough strength physically, it should be safe for him to go home and be left amongst family and friends for the sake of his mental rehabilitation."

Here the doctor addressed Harry specifically.

"Would you be averse to having Tom be around more often for your personal comfort and the subtle prodding of your memories throughout your recovery? I understand if you'd like more

privacy in these matters…or if you're only comfortable with your parents seeing you in your weakened state…"

Harry responded as abruptly as he was able, "N-no…I d-d-don't mind…Tom…"

Tom felt rather smug, but he did grace Luna with a slightly apologetic look to which she shook her head and said reasonably, "Harry's recovery comes first. We can reconnect more once he's stronger. I know he'll be safe with you."

Tom nodded, and both Lily and James seemed to accept the doctor's suggestion—as well as agree with Luna's estimation.

The doctor continued, "Very good. Young man," he addressed Tom, "If you will permit me to know the amount of availability in your own schedule, I would like to work around your presence and Harry's rehabilitation process. Also…should you want to be an active participant in his physical rehab, do say so and I shall walk you through the regimen with our onsite therapist."

Tom nodded and said, "I would like to be on hand to help Harry as much possible. My schedule has gaps and is rather adaptable. If you give me a chart, I can make my own adjustments and have it to you presently."

The doctor hummed in approval, "I'll have you that as soon as possible, then. Now that that's settled," he addressed Harry, "Do try and enjoy your day with all of your family and friends. Now that you're awake, I will have the hospital start you on solid foods beyond the tube. Take it easy on your system today. I know it's your birthday but you must be mindful of not straining your stomach before its ready. Broth and crackers should coast you for now. Save the cake for next week."

Harry blinked—expression mildly perplexed as the doctor said his goodbyes and left them all to it, with the unobtrusive, silent nurse trailing out behind him after unhooking the feeding tube and collecting Harry's current vital information.

"I-It's…m-my…birth..day?"

Harry looked around from face to face, finally settling on Tom. He seemed to have no problem gravitating to the man.

Tom smiled and pat Harry's knee over the top of the bed sheets. "Yes. It is."

"Oh…" Harry breathed and dropped his eyes to his hands, one clenching the sheets, and the other still being held by Tom's own…before looking up at his mom and dad—who were blurring in and out of focus.

"C-could I have…m-my g-glass…es?" Harry softly requested, hoping they were somewhere on site. He didn't trust himself to deal with contacts just now.

Lily gave a start and went over to the table where she's deposited her purse across the room. Shortly, she fished out a hard case which she then opened for Harry to retrieve his familiar

round framed, silver rimmed glasses.

Harry repurposed his hand from Tom in order to carefully take the glasses up, settling them on his nose and blinking as the world gained sharper clarity.

Ah…that was better.

Automatically…his eyes travelled again from person to person, cataloguing the details he's been missing on each of their faces.

His mother looked weary—bags hanging beneath her eyes, which were so reminiscent of his own…and her fiery red hair has been collected in a messy bun at the nape of her neck, as though she'd thrown it up in a hurry before coming to see him…which she probably had.

His father looked marginally better…not quite as exhausted, but less than bushy tailed—definitely more than a little relieved and in need of rest with his own dangling shadows beneath his lined, warm brown eyes.

The girl…Luna…she appeared dreamlike, swathed in pastel colors and floaty material with her long blonde (highlighted) locks done artfully in braids and a few ribbons and curly waves.

He smiled waveringly in her direction…feeling bad that he couldn't *remember s*omeone so obviously *memorable*…

She did seem one of a very special kind.

And finally, heart clenching in his chest…*thudding* for reasons unknown…Harry turned his eyes to take in Tom…in the morning light, unobscured by shadows, staring back at him as if he was the only thing that mattered in the universe.

Huh…

How could he have missed *that look*…have not recognized the sheer *startling amount of devotion* being reflected back at him…

Harry's lips quivered, Tom was…he was even more…*everything*…now that he was seeing through corrective lenses.

It made him want to take his glasses *back off*. Because his heart would surely fail…if he kept being faced with so much undistorted, unrivaled…*beauty*—just complete, *utter beauty*…that somehow belonged…to him.

If his ears hadn't been having auditory hallucinations the previous night…Tom was *his.*

Tom and he…*they* were a *thing*…together…for a while now…

Secretly…covertly…like an addled Juliet and her Romeo…

He could picture it in his mind…or was starting to…and it was…*a whirlwind*…

"H-hello…I didn't know anybody was in here."

"Who are you?" Harry tilted his head curiously and stepped closer to the couch.

"Tom. Tom Riddle. It's a pleasure to meet you…Harry." The way Tom pronounced his name made it sound like a decadent thing being savored. Harry hadn't known his name could sound like that off someone else's tongue.

"You do this…haah…with all your friends, Tom?"

Harry gasped, finally a fully participating member of their encounter, because dammit, he was a teenager, and horny, and Tom was stupid hot and he needed…he needed.

His head was *throbbing—**throbbing***, as he slipped in and out of recognition…falling through those eyes…those hazel eyes…boring into his soul.

"Only the ones I especially like. But Harry…I don't especially like anyone, I'll have you know…"

"Haah…nggh…" Harry gripped his head; it felt like it was splitting in two. "M-m-make it… s-slow…down…" he gasped out, eyes watering as he stared pleadingly…*unfocusedly* at Tom…Tom... *"Tom…"*

"I can't help it Harry. I am very attracted to you. I don't like to waste time." Tom's voice rolled and settled between them, trailing off towards the end like a ball coming to a slow stop.

There were hands on him, pulling him close…a chest beneath his cheek. Words being spoken on top of words, soothing rocking…his hands came away from his head to gather fistfuls of Tom's sweater from the night before in his hands.

His eyes were shut against the flooding awareness…the stream and *snatches* of information…stumbling through his head.

Tom pulled Harry in by the waist in front of the door to his suite. "With such a ringing endorsement, how could I possibly resist?"

He was panting like a racehorse and beginning to sweat, and *Tom*…Tom was rocking him, stroking his back up and down, whispering into his ear…words he didn't *understand* but held

onto the unshakable tones of…allowing them to ground him as he *slipped* and *slid*, swinging nauseatingly back and forth between recognition…*so much halved recognition*…and the blanker slates of the still obscured…*the still forgotten*...

"I'm *here* Harry…*darling*…relax. Don't do it all at once. You have time…*breathe*…*just breathe*…I'm here."

Unaware of himself in full, Harry was murmuring Tom's name over and over…hearing nothing of his parents' worried voices beneath the cacophony of so many *random snatches* of thoughts being *returned* to his conscious mind.

Some things…*a lot of things*…were still well beyond his grasp. Falling through his fingers like so much sand in the desert, blowing in the wind.

But the beginning…*those beginnings*…they were there. They weren't *gone*...*!*

He had something left—of Tom…*always of Tom*...

Harry trembled and buried his face in Tom's chest, inhaling deeply in and out, ignoring everything else but the arms of the older teen…the *young man*…rocking him, comforting him, *cradling him* in his time of need…

So much need...

They were a *secret*. *The best kept secret.*

His parents may *suspect* by now…but they didn't *know*…he did not remember telling either of them *anything*…not that that said much right then.

He felt like he should care that he wasn't being *discreet*, that he was openly *clinging*…*crying* and *hyperventilating* in Tom's arms.

"Perhaps we should shelve the party for later this evening. Let Harry rest up a bit."

That was James, ever tactful…ever *perceptive.*

"You'll call us if anything dangerous happens, Tom?" Lily's voice was *cautious*…obviously tight and worried for Harry's welfare as she addressed the tall teen, not wanting to further *provoke* or *upset* her son in any way.

"Of course…I will be here—I won't leave Harry's side. Rest assured. I think he's just having minor flashbacks…"

Tom trailed off, situating Harry more securely against himself now sat as he was—directly on the bed, as Luna softly piped up with, "You'll hold him together—won't let him damage himself trying to recollect all the pieces too fast."

Tom only nodded, holding the girl's silvery eyes with his own and smiling slightly as she came around and squeezed his shoulder, before departing the room behind the Potters to leave Harry to recover in private from his most recent distress.

As the door to the room closed, Tom turned his attention down to Harry…who by now was much *calmer,* still clutching onto him and not being arsed to pull away in the *slightest*.

“You do know how to clear a room, *darling*…”

Harry snorted softly and merely snuggled further into Tom’s chest, pinching Tom in the side ever so slightly as the older teen chuckled softly…*relieved* and amused at his expense.

“S-shaddup…you m-make…my h-head h-hurt…”

Tom hummed and smirked, “So…nothing new there then?”

Another pinch—Tom winced, utterly *delighted*. “I-if m-my brain…ex—plodes…it’ll…b-be…your f-fault…”

Harry tried for a *cross hiss* at the end, but it came out sounding like the world’s most *watery pout*.

Tom huffed a bit and squeezed his arms around Harry, stroking his hand through Harry’s shorter—regrown locks, not nearly *wild yet* in their currently trim state, but prevalent enough to cover Harry’s entire scalp beneath the partial bandages wrapped around his forehead and cranium, bisecting his skull.

“If that happens, I promise to kiss it *all better*.”

Harry sighed shakily, and leveraged himself in Tom’s arms enough to directly pin Tom with a *weakly miffed* glare.

“I-If…that h-happens…I’ll b-be d-dead…y-you d-dumb…*ass*.”

Tom snorted, biting back a spontaneous *grin*, “That would’ve hurt more had you not looked like an *adorable kitten* when you said it.”

Harry’s eyes fell as he emitted a feeble groan, a*nnoyed* that his heart conversely *skipped a beat* for Tom’s overly fond expression, and blushing *hotly* when Tom leaned down and kissed him on the cheek.

“How I’ve missed your rude *spark*.”

And before Harry could attempt to defend himself, verbally or otherwise—Tom was kissing his mouth…greedily swallowing any *halfheartedly* forthcoming protests.

That was all it took for any fight to leave Harry’s body and have him utterly pliant within Tom’s arms, moving his lips against Tom’s own and moaning as Tom’s tongue prodded him, before Harry sighed and allowed Tom *inside* to do as he pleased with the whole of the *internal warm cavern* of Harry’s mouth.

The *slip* and *slide* of Tom’s long, *hot tongue* against his own had Harry stirring to life slowly between his legs…and he panted as Tom stroked his stomach over the thin fabric of the hospital gown, slowly plundering his mouth as his fingers skated lower…*and lower* beneath

the bed sheets…feeling the *swell* of Harry's most private member, and giving a testing *squeeze* to the concealed, sensitive lump of flesh…he was so *intimately acquainted with.*

Harry's mouth hung open, saliva slipping down the corner as he *trembled* and lapped at Tom's tongue with his own, running his hand up and down the hidden contours of Tom's solid chest, even as Tom returned the tactile favor *languidly below.*

Their lips parted and Harry spread his legs, arching into Tom's *petting*, *elegant*, *long-fingered —big* hand…coaxing him steadily, gently to a *bubbling climax*…with nowhere to come but *out.*

"*H-haaah…nnghaa*….T-T-Tom…*haah*.."

"*Easy darling*…there's no rush…." Tom's hand stilled briefly, earning him a displeased *whine* before he merely *relocated* his hand to *underneath the gown*…wrapping directly around the *naked rod* of Harry's stiffened member, *pulsating* and *sticky* already with precum *dribbling* down from the *tip*.

"Let's see if we can't relieve some of this…*pressure*…shall we?"

Tom's lips were stretched wide, relaxed and lazy upon his face as he *sultrily crooned*…and his boy began falling apart for *entirely different reasons* beneath the touch of his *well-appointed* grip.

Gods…how he'd missed this…

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xXOXx

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When Saturday evening rolled around, well after Tom *debauched* Harry and cleansed him of the *evidence*…cradling his utterly boneless form to himself afterwards, and allowing his boy to sleep the sleep of the *naturally sated* for however long his body needed to recuperate—Harry's parents, followed by Luna bringing up the rear reentered the hospital room.

Lily smiled at the sight of Tom sitting comfortably affixed on the bed with Harry leaned back against him, bright eyed and smiling—obviously in much better…*stable spirits*, as he waved and haltingly greeted them all.

"E-evening…t-that c-cake f-for me?"

Lily grinned and drifted over to the bed alongside James and Luna, carrying the small buttercream iced vanilla confection, with Harry's name and age spelled out in calligraphic lettering on the top, surrounded by piped yellow roses around the borders.

It was simple and elegant. Harry liked it.

"Happy Birthday, sweetheart!"

For whatever reason…Harry's eyes began to water, and as he smiled up wider at his loved ones…some of which he couldn't even *properly remember* anymore, but who'd thought enough of him to go to so much trouble celebrating his birthday anyhow in a *hospital* where he'd only just regained his consciousness…he found himself feeling humbled and warmed through and through.

With Tom's body and arms anchoring him, and his Mom and Dad…and Luna…looking so happy to be back there with him…Harry rallied his wits and began wheedling for a slice of that cake.

To which his mother unpredictably replied, "You know what the doctor said dear. But I suppose…after you've eaten something lighter from the hospital, a thin slice won't hurt. Just try not to throw up."

Harry had simply grinned and said, "C-call t-the k-k-kitchen…m'hun…gry…"

Lighthearted laughter and good natured teasing surrounded him well into the evening, and when he was sufficiently fed on a small bowl of broth, a few crackers, and the promised contraband thin slice of birthday cake…it came time for a small gift giving segment.

"I didn't have time to put together much…but here you go, Harry. I hope you like it." Luna's voice was soft and airy, her gift bagged and wrapped in tissue paper.

Harry reached inside and extracted…"O-oh…wow…"

"It's a slightly modified dream catcher. You can hang it from the bed or put it under your pillow. It should work on the pain of returning memories the way it does on nightmares."

Harry stared at the intricately woven patterns and dangling beads and colorful feathers, enjoying the way they came together and brightened up the area.

"T-Thank you…L-Luna…it's l-lovely…"

Luna's face was aglow as she smiled back at him, and Harry felt Tom's arms around his waist *tighten* fractionally. Next his mother handed him a small box, giftwrapped in shiny yellow paper with a silver bow.

"I had ordered it mid-month...thought it'd make you smile."

Harry tore into the paper and unveiled a palm sized box, obviously for some kind of jewelry. Opening the lid on the box, he bit his lip against a laugh.

"M-mom…"

"What? You used to love that guy!" Lily grinned unrepentantly at Harry's lightly flushed, but no less *exasperatedly charmed* face.

Harry fumbled to unclasp the latch on a gold charm bracelet, with dangling *Big Birds* hanging all along the links. It was *so ridiculous*…that she even remembered such a thing…

Harry glanced up at Tom behind him, and lifted the bracelet to him with a questioning blink as Tom took it into his own hand with a strange little smile…before affixing it carefully to Harry's proffered right wrist, where it rested and shone.

"T-Thanks…I a-actually do…l-like i-it…"

James smirked a bit and winked at Harry, "That's not all you're getting this year, but your mother and I wish to see you home and well into recovery before giving you the rest."

Harry made a show of huffing at that, and watched the rest of the evening slink on by until his parents and Luna were once again ready to depart.

"Take care, Harry. Daddy sent his regards. I'll see you at school, Tom." Harry waved at Luna and his parents said their own goodbyes before leaving him in Tom's vicinity alone once more.

The other teen had been rather quiet, seemingly content to be holding Harry and not doing much besides enjoying the ambiance of a family atmosphere.

Harry relaxed against him and remarked softly, "Y-you d-don't…have to…g-go?"

Tom sighed and rested his cheek against the top of Harry's head, tangling their hands together and murmuring into Harry's ear, "I don't have to do *anything* but be here…with you."

Harry felt a pleasant shiver crawl its way up his spine, and he swallowed against his heartbeat spiking and a low *thrumming* starting up in his head.

Funny…every time Tom said things like that, his *body* and *brain* started *acting up*...

"Okay…" Harry breathed, and feeling slightly playful said, "…y-you d-didn't…get…m-me any…th-thing?"

Tom stilled behind him, before taking Harry by the chin and tilting his head for their eyes to better meet. "What do you want from me, *darling*?"

That I haven't already given—was the phrase which hovered *unspoken* between them.

Harry stared into Tom's darkening hazel eyes and thought…*if he were to ask for the world*… Tom would *give it to him*.

If he were to *request* a heart…it'd be already *bloodied in his lap*.

This man…*his man*…would do *anything—everything*…for him.

The *power rush* this realization gave him was as *frightening* as it was heady…and *endlessly seductive*.

Harry swallowed, and it was a noisy thing in the suddenly loaded silence. As if the entire universe…was *holding its breath* for his response.

"…m-might…need a…r-rain ch-check on t-that…" he whispered.

The gap between their mouths was *diminishing*, and Harry felt Tom's lips ghosting against his own for the briefest of moments as Tom spoke, "*No rush* darling…we've got *time*..."

And then the remaining breath left him to travel *down*…into Tom's lungs, as Harry's eyes fluttered shut and he allowed himself to *just feel*...and *keep feeling* until there was nothing left in his mind but the ephemeral essence of…*Tom.*

Tom

Tom

Tom . . . Forever . . .

God yes . . . ***Tom.***

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End Violation.

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****Side Note:** I found the loveliest google image of Tom which I would like to share in reference to how I enjoy picturing him in my mind for this fic (just add hazel eyes). I've left it here for your (hopeful) viewing pleasure**.****

Chapter End Notes

I love you ALL. 🤗 Really. I do. And I hope you all still love me too! 🥺❤💖

Honestly…this Violation wrote itself so well, I think. 👍 Taking so many avenues into consideration, I couldn't bring myself to leave Harry without at least SOME remembrance of the awesome that is Tom.😊

So there. I caved. He's having flashbacks already. #WhatIsWillpower❤🧡💛💚💙

In all seriousness though, I don't think I could've planned the reawakening better. And the last bit…I #Loved. 😭😘😆

So eager am I to hear back from all you lovely readers! There's still so much to come, and I'd love to know where we all really want this to be going. 😉

As always, my muses #BeGreedy and want whatever crumbs you feel like discarding.

Until next time, Take Care ~ 🌺🐍○

19th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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19th Violation

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Following the celebration of his birthday that Saturday, Harry's life became temporarily dictated by a kind of intermitted droll regularity.

He'd wake up (*thank god*) every day, the nurses would come in—read his charts and check all his vitals, before proceeding to strip and sponge him down lying in place on a bed mat—until he was embarrassed and squeaking just everywhere.

After that (*horrible*) experience, Harry would eat a light nutritionally infused bowl of (nondescript) hospital mush (he only *assumed* it might be *cream of wheat* or some closely related derivative), before taking more supplementary vitamins and medication which he then allowed to sit on his stomach until the nurses and his doctor deemed them sufficiently absorbed.

All this happened from eight thirty in the morning until noontime, where things got… interesting.

On Sunday, Tom (*his Tom* who'd *vowed* to be there as often as possible for Harry's recovery) hadn't been able to be on site…due to unforeseen circumstances Harry wasn't privy to.

Tom had actually left a message with the hospital staff—to be delivered to Harry upon his boy's reawakening, after his late Saturday night departure and before official visiting hours the next day, which in no uncertain terms said—something *urgent* had come up which demanded he be away presently, but that he would see Harry again (effective) Monday afternoon.

Harry had been rather *crestfallen* to hear the relayed message…but in fashion of a true *patient*, he merely smiled and bore with the disappointment as he was drawn into a routine which soon became his life's bane…excluding a few fondly marked apertures.

But back to the interesting bit—his physical therapy, which his doctor wanted him to begin with on a light regimen as soon as possible to get his muscles back in properly working order.

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Assisted by another set of nurses (not *those sponging bastards),* Harry was leveraged from his bed—hooked to an IV pole for the time being, on legs shaky as a newborn fawn.

For one harrowing moment upon standing, he'd lurched forward and nearly overbalanced both of his nurses alongside himself with his sudden, ill-advised movements—where he attempted to *not* be an otherwise partially dead weight between the two (rather *aged* but *sturdy*) women.

Mortified at his lack of control over his legs, and clumsily straightening his precariously perched glasses on his nose (because he'd *apparently* slept in them)—Harry had proceeded to cling to his supports as he stuttered through profuse apologies—to which his nurses had only laughed good naturedly as they righted him and waved well away, with assurances that *('You barely weigh a thing sweetheart,'* and *'We'll fatten you up here at Mungo's—just you wait.')*.

Looking back—Harry was rather glad he'd been *essentially* prone the entire time Tom had been with him upon his initial awakenings.

Having the other *poised* and *strong* young man see him falling on his face and moving like a fish on land would have been…*unsettling.*

He had always been a rather *poor sick person*, the scant few times he'd been bedridden with things in the past; and Harry did think it prudent of him to at least be able to *stand upright* before Tom showed up again Monday.

And *yes*…he remembered *Okaying* Tom's presence throughout his therapies…that didn't mean he wanted to appear *unnecessarily inhibited* to the point of being (quite possibly) laughed at, though.

He really should be *thankful* he had at least a day and another morning before Tom was scheduled to arrive. No matter how even in his relief…contradictorily phantom *aches* kept cropping up within his chest area, whenever he thought about having to wait for the next time they saw each other.

It was more than mildly ridiculous—the way he felt.

He hated being so *weak*. He hated having no ability to *seek Tom out himself* or even *handle himself* on his own right now…without face-planting, *unaided*.

Also…he *knew* the guy still had school, no matter how readily he was making himself available…to Harry. Harry should stop being so…*whatever this was*—and just get on with the important business of his recovery.

Surely, if nothing else—the time he was being granted alone would allow Harry to make some positive strides out of Tom's *enticing* presence to become a (rather *less* pathetic) *presentable* version of himself as a patient.

Speaking of presentable…Harry paused on the threshold of the room, leveraged by his two nurses and the IV pole—in order to request use of the bathroom facilities before attending his first physical therapy session.

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When they turned him around to the in-suite bathroom and then both tried to follow him into it for the purpose of his continued stability and overall safety, Harry *balked* and haltingly requested ('P-please…I w-would l-like s-s-some…pr-privacy…if y-you c-can. J-just o-one of…y-you then...')

The older of the two nurses acquiesced and elected to wait outside the bathroom door, whilst the younger nurse followed him on into the facilities and politely averted her eyes—still hovering always in reach of him as he used his IV pole like a crutch and bumbled unsteadily about.

He went ahead and used the toilet—avoiding the true goal he had in mind with an unusual *hesitance*…for as long as possible—examining the rather spacious bathroom's fixtures with some actual interest in the meanwhile.

There was a roomy, clear doored shower—as well as a long, wide bathing tub with specialized seating affixed into its depths and on the outside (he presumed this was for patients unable to stand for long periods in the shower, who also required monitoring).

Unfortunately, he supposed he fell amongst that category…as he could feel his legs straining beneath even his (*slightly diminished*) body weight.

It was with great care that he leaned in to flush the toilet—before righting himself, and moving to wash his hands at the double sinks…over which hung a wall encompassing mirror, reflecting half the bathroom and his own visage back at him.

Harry felt reluctant to meet the eyes of his reflection, as he was sure he must look like *crap*... if his *instability* and *general frailty* were any indicators of his current *physique*...

But Tom hadn't minded kissing him…or touching him…so perhaps he was being *a bit* overdramatic…

Harry raised his gaze slowly to the mirror as he turned off the tap, still holding the IV pole in a death grip and trembling slightly. He didn't know what he'd been expecting to find… obviously his hair wasn't as wild and thick as he was accustomed to, because he could feel an inordinate amount of airiness on his scalp.

But…he didn't look…*too bad.*

Merely like a (slightly) banged up in the head, *brittle* boy…with startlingly green eyes framed by thin rimmed glasses, and bandages encircling his forehead. His hair was significantly shorter, but it was growing back well.

There were no bald patches from the surgery *that he could see* at least. Harry was relieved.

On the whole…he did appear somewhat rested, if not listless. Considering all the time he'd been unconscious, he wouldn't say *that* was a huge shock.

His body was swamped in the hospital gown with nothing underneath. And Harry froze, feeling the breeze on his nether regions…but it was *freeing*, and *convenient* he supposed.

Huh.

Most people would probably raise issue with being kept naked underneath what was essentially a *shapeless sheet*.

Harry decided he wouldn't think about comparing the feeling to wearing a *dress,* but still *wondered*…if this was what girls in skirts felt like that made them shake their hips so readily —swishing and strutting all over the place…*and what was this train of thought?*

Blushing lightly in remembrance of the ease of *access* which Tom had had beneath that same gown, Harry nodded slightly to himself in the mirror, before clearing his throat and letting the patient nurse know he was through.

She held him steady by his free arm and around the waist, and together they exited the bathroom.

Ah well…what was life if not the accumulation of *simple pleasures* in sad situations.

His head gave a muted twinge, and Harry winced as he moved in unison with the both of his nurses—traveling *slowly* down the hallway and wondering internally…*just how could he have been so clumsy as to fall down a whole flight of stairs anyhow?*

Also...he was still hoping (rather optimistically) that this first session *without* Tom—would have him used to standing on his own, at the very least…even if that may be asking for a bit much at this time (he was already breathing more *heavily* than he ever used to). But he so didn't want to *literally* fall at Tom's feet the next time they met…so to his optimism—he *stubbornly* clung.

Although…the stray thought came to him—he might not mind *falling* so much if the other *carried him again*...

And just where was that coming from?

Far as he could recollect, Tom had never *carried* him before. *Had he?*

Harry scrunched his nose and frowned slightly, as the ache in his forehead *intensified* until he was groaning aloud, drawing the attention of his nurses.

"Breathe dearie, we're almost there. Try not to think too much. The doctor says you should let things come back to you naturally and not try to force anything."

The younger nurse followed up the older nurse's words with her own observations, "Head injuries are a nasty business. You always wind up wanting to dig through your skull and pull everything up immediately in the aftermath. Try and resist the urge. It'll only hurt your recovery and make things take longer."

Listening to and taking their advice to heart, Harry delicately pushed all thoughts of Tom *having carried* or *carrying* him in the future aside…feeling the painful pressure in his head markedly *lessen* in response.

Very much relieved and grateful—Harry suddenly realized, he'd never received their handles. "T-Thanks…w-what sh-should I c-call…you b-both?"

"Oh—how silly of us. You may call me Molly…or Mrs. Weasley if you'd prefer." The older nurse replied.

"And I'm Pomona—affectionately known as Ms. Sprout." Harry nodded slightly and smiled at the both of his nurses in turn. "N-nice to m-meet you…b-both…M-Mrs.W-Weasley…M-Ms. Sp-Sprout."

Mrs. Weasley grinned and said, "Such a polite boy. I should like you to rub off on my sons. But I fear it's too late for all but my youngest."

Harry blinked. Ms. Sprout tittered next to him, rubbing his arm and speaking to Mrs. Weasley in amusement, "Ron isn't all *that* bad now. Just a little rough along the edges…nothing a proper little girlfriend couldn't smooth."

Mrs. Weasley snorted. "But what *girl* would have him? I do try and make him a gentleman, *yet*...he leaves much to be desired."

Ms. Sprout gave Harry a conspiratorial wink, "You should meet the twins. A right pair of mischief makers they are—but cordial and charming enough to hoodwink the devil."

Harry grinned slightly. "T-They a-all s-sound…v-very…i-int-teresting."

What felt like an inordinately long and tiring walk for Harry—being as slow moving and supported as he was—was in all actuality, just three doors (ten 1ft squared blocks apart each) down from his room.

Harry determinedly did not think about how much *effort* just moving that far *assisted* had taken him. It would make him *cry.*

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"Here we are, sugar. You'll be meeting your therapist and physical advisor now. His name is Remus Lupin. You may call him Remus, as he prefers we all do."

And with that, Harry was being supported through double push doors, into an airy—high ceilinged room, with no windows but very good lighting, ventilation, and much assorted equipment; including a few spaced out treadmills with heart monitors and other machinery surrounding them, hand weights of assorted sizes, balls large and small, stationary bikes, and a few massage tables interspersed…to name the ones he *recognized*.

There were also shelves along the wall close to the entrance, with apparent first aid and creams and other bottled liquids for bodily application.

Further across the room, Harry spied two separate doors, one obviously leading to a split restroom for women and men. And the other which looked like an office entrance cocked wide open.

Through the opening—Harry spied a middle aged, rather comely but finely scarred in the face, well-built and healthy looking man, with a calm demeanor and smiling eyes—approaching them.

He wore a light brown version of the doctor's typical white coat, over a white shirt with no tie and darker brown slacks.

"Good afternoon, Molly and Pomona—and you must be Mr. Potter."

Harry's hand tightened on the pole as Molly and Pomona greeted the man and subsequently stepped away from him, giving enough space for Harry to (*rather frightfully*) attempt standing with only the pole.

On quaking legs, Harry stood looking up at Remus—who stared down at him…light brown eyes kindly assessing, drawing closer until he had Harry supported by the waist. Taking the full burden of the boy's weight easily from both hovering nurses, he remarked, "It is good that you can support yourself so well already after nearly (but not quite) a month's atrophy. This will make our time here far more productive than I had been anticipating."

"Y-yes-s-sir…" Harry murmured, holding onto the man, grateful for the sturdier support and blinking as the nurses departed, saying they'd be back for him when Remus was through and to just give them a page.

"It's been brought to my attention that you expressed your wishes for a *friend of yours* to be present during your therapy."

Harry nodded, and Remus kept talking in warm tones as they moved slow and steadily in the direction of the man's office. "I feel the need to ascertain once more that you are fine with your friend's *hands-on* involvement in your rehab. It can be a rather *personal* journey. I would not want you to feel uncomfortable during any of it."

Harry swallowed and kept his feet moving, leaning more heavily on Remus than the IV pole at this point.

"I d-don't m-mind…T-Tom…" Harry asserted, "H-he's g-good…for…m-my m-memory…t-too…"

Remus hummed. "Then he must have been quite important to you before the accident. Often—patients in your condition lose all of their short term recent memories *indiscriminately* in the wake of their prognosis."

"Often…those memories take months to return…and sometimes, even *longer*—indeed, if at all."

Harry cringed and stopped moving. Remus waited for him to catch his breath, which was quite labored at this point. "I-I r-remem…ber…T-Tom…"

"A very good sign of the possibility of a full recovery, I would say. I look forward to meeting your friend." Remus' words were soothing, and Harry smiled as they started moving again.

“H-he w-won’t…b-be here…u-until M-Monday a-after…noon.”

“In that case, I recommend we get acquainted until then. Your physical therapy today will mainly be for ensuring everything in your legs is circulating and responding properly, before we do some easy stretches with you lying on the table.”

“O-Okay…”

Remus smiled down at him, the man being about his Dad’s height, but not quite as tall as Tom (…the needlessly *gorgeous giant*).

Harry thought they’d get along just fine.

And this was indeed the case.

By the time Sunday ended with Harry being sponged down (yet *again*), served a nutritional but bland meal in bed, and then put to sleep at sunset—he was feeling rather positive about his recovery and had indeed managed to stand unaided for a grand total of thirty seconds after Remus stretched him out and put him through the preliminary paces.

Harry felt rather proud for his progress that day.

He fell asleep early, wondering after Tom and hoping nothing too dire had happened in the outside world to have dragged the other away.

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Tom was pissed.

No…strike that—Tom was *bloodthirsty* and *homicidal.*

It was late Saturday night and he’d just made it back home to his apartment after his touching evening spent alone with Harry until his boy had fallen asleep and he’d been ushered out by the nurses—before he’d received *the call* and been made to get back in the car and hightail it to the last place on *earth* he’d wanted to be that night.

Riddle Manor.

Originally…he had wanted to spend the whole night at the hospital and come home in the wee hours just in time for to shower and change into his uniform for the school day.

(But as Harry was now *not unconscious* round the clock, and the nurses were in and out more frequently, Tom had been made to shorten his stay like an actual *visitor*—with only *somewhat extended* visiting privileges…as opposed to his previous inordinately finagled clearance when things had looked so *bleak* for Harry’s awakening prospects.)

Originally…he hadn't been ready to string up his Father by the balls and skin him slowly alive as he roasted him over a pit of fire, feeding bits and pieces of him to stray dogs and other assorted *vermin* as he screamed his lungs out shriveled and dead.

"I already apologized multiple times. Will you get that stick out of your arse and make nice? We do have an image to uphold."

"This could have waited." Tom ground out stoically, through teeth gritted hard enough to inspire *sympathy aches* in Riddle Sr.' s own ticking jaw.

"Nonsense. Do you know how difficult it is to match their time zones? You know as well as I that if we let this moment slip, there'd be *hell* on the markets come Sunday."

Tom's incinerating glare could have pulverized the heart of a *less bastardized* incarnation of his blood in a most *befouled* package.

"You could have done this on your *own*." Tom deadpanned.

"You would *trust* me to? After all this time and your autonomy—I'm suddenly the responsible *adult*?" Riddle Sr. was only *half-mocking* in his flatly parsed curiosity. Tom focused on his breathing so he wouldn't do something inadvisably *hasty* in the name of instant gratification.

It. Was. Hard.

"You told me not to contact you for anything less than the apocalypse. I'm sure this qualifies."

Something in Tom *frayed*...perilously close to snapping.

Not only was he in the very last place he wanted to be after what had been a *fine time* with his *reawakened boy*, but he was being made to suffer the company of not one but *two* related *dumbasses* with a penchant for trying his patience until it splintered—just because they happened to have deep pockets and unparalleled access to avenues he could not afford to have closed off to himself and the Riddle interests in *any way*.

How he *hated* the Malfoys.

Their most recent gaffe in dealing with that damnable Graves and drawing attention of the government had only *just* been smoothed over and swept under the rug, and now…*now* the man was bringing (or rather *had brought*) his son into the mix as contracted partner after marrying him off to some Parkinson *chit* and seizing a number of assets he was just dying to begin spreading about for lucrative gain.

This wouldn't be such a problem if the Malfoy scion wasn't quite possibly the most wretched being (including his own *father*, but skipping Pettigrew *entirely*) which Tom had ever had the *displeasure* to meet.

Arrogant and *entitled* to a fault—with hardly two brain cells to rub together and call friction—was the unfortunate prognosis of Draco Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy's only son and heir, fresh

out of School at some rich boys' exclusive escalator academy, and ready to get his feet wet to really *fuck shit up*, riding his father's coattails and reputation all the way to *bankruptcy*.

In a last ditch effort to salvage his wayward charge, who'd only agreed to the marriage with the stupidly *smitten* (but *connected*) daughter of the Parkinson family—after certain *monetary concessions* were made to him by Lucius's doting parentage, Malfoy Sr. had shown up on Riddle Sr.'s doorstep most *rudely* that Saturday night—with his son in tow, and demanded an audience with both Riddle Sr. and his *genius* heir.

All under the banner of calling in a favor for his years of service and *dedicated efforts* in keeping the Riddle name out of his muddier affairs.

Malfoy Sr. was in effect threatening the Riddles with certain *possible indiscretions* in sensitive matters should they refuse to hear him out and work with his son as a partner in their business dealings, showing the Malfoy boy the ropes better than his own (*supremely preoccupied* father) could, and allowing his son to…reap fringe benefits of further association with the Riddle name and interests.

Oh—and he would like Tom Jr. in particular to be on hand to *advise* Draco in his more personal ventures, which he liked to dabble in with small chunks of the Malfoy inheritance as well as the newer Parkinson branches his farce of a marriage was affording him access to.

Roughly translated—it all boiled down to *this*: Malfoy Sr. wanted his newly wed imprudent son babysat financially and potty-trained by experts, so as to not *shit* all over where he *slept*.

Because apparently he couldn't be arsed to keep cleaning up his own child's messes (alongside his own), and he wanted to relieve himself of the extra burden without bringing the wrath of his socially affluent, but rather *over-protective* wife down upon his head.

Tom was *this* close to strangling him in his own intestines.

All the while, the son in question…kept staring at Tom Jr. like he was some kind of *expensive cake* he was being offered on a golden platter for his (*unpropitious*) birthday.

Fuck it.

No.

Just *no.*

Tom counted backwards from ten in *pig-latin*—twice.

He wanted to tell Malfoy exactly where to shove his platitudes and prettily veiled threats in *very graphic* terms…but what came out of his throat and *showed* on his handsome, shadowed but faux pleasant face as he crossed his long legs and looked back at the man sat on the couch next to Draco, in the drawing room across from Tom and his father in separate armchairs—was, "I cannot promise how helpful my advice will be to one such as your son, Mr. Malfoy—*Lucius*. (Tom quickly amended before the pandering restarted) As I am still a student and very much involved in completing the feat of graduation which your son (*Draco?* Tom

glanced at him as though he'd actually forgotten the *twat's* name—largely out of *spite*) has successfully managed."

"Nonsense, *Tom*. (Lucius spoke his name with *silky relish*) We are both well aware of your (rather *advanced*) capabilities and it falls to me to request that you think of Draco as a… slightly older protégé or *brother*, if naught else. He could stand to learn from your skills and genuinely *spectacular* expertise."

Tom valiantly suppressed a *disgusted grimace* as Draco looked at him with eyes *lit* and rather *tellingly interested*…as his father kissed *professional arse* on his behalf.

It was turning into a long, long night.

He felt *violated* in ways Pettigrew had never managed to inspire, for all his devotion being more that of a distantly stinging mosquito he wanted to smack…rather than a blatant *loathsome cockroach* crawling between his legs—to which he equated Draco's attention.

A shame he couldn't just *kill all undesirables*. It would make his life *so much easier*.

But therein lied the meandering whims of a *madman*, and Tom was still perfectly sane (*thank you very much)*...by his own standards.

As such, bearing the weight of his sanity, Tom addressed the *cockroach* directly with a bland smile never reaching anywhere near his frigid, red glinting hazel eyes, "I will do my best to accommodate your questions and advise you on any ventures you require an extra opinion on. However—I cannot give you spare time in the body which I do not *possess*. My *personal* time is scant and currently booked."

Draco spoke, and his voice was just as *smarmily unpleasant* and *festering* to his ears as Tom would have expected (*others* might mistakenly call it *cultured* and *polite*, but Tom could *hear)*, "I'm sure we can *work around* each other's schedules. I would not want to be an *imposition*, as I do recall what high school was like. I'm not *that* far removed."

Draco…had the *gall* to wink at him with a smug little smile.

Tom wanted to stab that eye out…with a blunt *spoon*, and watch it *spurt*. A lesser man might have *shuddered* and *gagged* in his position. Tom merely smirked and nodded, as though amused in any way.

"Now…how shall I contact you? You do have a *line*…I presume?" Draco was fishing for a leash. But Tom was no *dog.*

"You can contact Barty Crouch Jr., he will put you in touch. I shall get back to you directly if and *when* I am able." Tom's smile was sharp and *uncompromising*.

Draco affected a peevish *pout*. "My *Father* surely has your personal number. I demand the same consideration."

Here, Lucius was quick to point out, "Draco—I most certainly *do not* have a direct line to Tom, who is in fact *not of legal standing* as yet. You would do well to *restrain* your

communication to the avenue he *suggests*. I have dealt with Barty Jr. and he is most amiable. Your contact will be *achieved*—have no doubt."

Tom restrained an eye roll. He could feel a headache coming along, and was again *inordinately* thankful for his effective *minor status* and the fact he had a viable excuse to not be in direct contact with (dumbasses) *thing one* or *two*.

"I see." Draco responded primly, crossing his own legs and lacing his manicured fingers together. "I shall rely upon your man then."

A thing resembling a smile but a little too sinister to be called such stretched Tom's lips apart, "See that you *do.* I would *hate* for some *media scandal* to arise from your perceived *hassling* of a minor for reasons *unknown*…being that you are a *married man* to a rather *connected* young lady."

Lucius's eye twitched. Draco *blanched*—visibly deflating. Riddle Sr. merely sipped at his brandy in a tumbler and regarded the three with an amused smirk.

It was always a pleasure to watch his heir in action. It was a good *reminder* of the double bladed edge he so *perilously* sought to keep in line.

Aah…how nice to not be the only object of his son's *ire.*

He had almost begun to feel *special.*

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The Monday following Tom's meeting with his father and the Malfoys found Tom in a rather foul mood.

He went through his day snappish like, eager to be away from the hallowed halls of Hogwarts and back to the place which contained the only thing *brightening* to his effusively dark world.

Being that it was only Monday and he'd *disposed* of certain *trash* that weekend in a very effective, *spread out manner*…Tom wasn't worried about remains of his *vindictive stress relief* cropping up.

It also helped that Peter hadn't been a particularly *popular* nor well watched entity at Hogwarts.

In making time to see Harry, Tom had effectively bamboozled his way into affecting a schedule which let him be away from school by one in the afternoon.

Effectively he'd always been unchained through 5th period English and the following study hall (matched up with *Harry's*), and his last period was a combination of split *Evolutionary Biology/Anatomy*—which he could beg off so long as he notified his professor ahead and took his daily assignments with him before leaving for the day.

It helped that he was top student in all of his classes, and the more important ones took place in the morning. Otherwise, even he would've been hard pressed.

But he was *Tom Riddle*. And *Tom Riddle* could be trusted to never *fail* in the handling of his obligations.

Give him a less than obligatory *preoccupation* which he *desired* to actually get back to—and Tom was an efficient force to be reckoned with.

He was waylaid for a bit by *Luna Lovegood* cornering him at lunch, and Tom allowed the girl's odd company as he ate. Both of them comfortable enough in each other's presences by now, and their conversation topics encompassing their *mutual friend*—whom Luna never neglected to keep in mind as she kept track of class assignments to pass off to Tom, asking that he relay her regards to Harry when next he saw him.

Tom agreed to and gratefully filed everything she handed him away, for future perusal with *his boy*.

Tom then left the school at the designated hour in order to not be late for his next meeting with *Harry*—steps *springing* and *light* as he all but ran to his car and cranked the engine, pealing out of the school lot with an anticipatory grin and easily blotting out all *undesirable detritus* in his thoughts not pertaining to *Harry*.

He had a *hankering* and couldn't *wait* to see his boy again.

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That Monday afternoon came as per the new usual for Harry, and it was in the midst of being leveraged from the bed for his physical therapy session that Tom came walking through the door to his room again—looking *windswept* and *handsome* as ever, still dressed in his school uniform.

Obviously he'd come directly from there to Harry.

Harry froze with both his arms around Molly and Pomona's shoulders, and they looked back in unison to see what had garnered his attention.

"Good afternoon, ladies…and *Harry.*" Tom smiled and walked further into the room as Molly and Pomona gushed over him, offering their handles and giggling (disturbingly) like school girls when Tom used their given first names and stepped up to offer to take over the lifting of Harry from them.

Harry blushed darkly—as with no reluctance at all, Tom's arm securely encircled his waist, pulling him flush against the other's front, and Tom's left hand clasped his own whilst Harry held onto the IV pole in his other, and stared up with a craned neck at the taller, smugly grinning teen.

Molly and Pomona traded a look, and wasted no time ushering Tom out the room and down the hall, with Harry in tow.

Tom didn't push Harry, allowing his boy to set the pace as the nurses walked ahead and waited for them flanking the doors leading to Harry's destination.

Tom's voice drifted down to his reddened ears as Harry focused on putting one foot ahead of the other, and not *tripping* (as if Tom would *let him*…but Harry could achieve the *improbable*).

"You're lively today; *darling*…I have missed you something *terrible."*

Tom punctuated his statement by squeezing his arm around Harry's waist, and Harry's breath *hitched* automatically at the *feel* of Tom pressed against him *so*…

"I-I missed…you t-too…" Harry murmured softly, pleased to note his words were coming a little smoother today.

Tom stroked the back of his hand with his thumb and whispered into his ear, "Did you *miss* me anywhere in…*particular*?"

Harry nearly stumbled, but Tom kept him upright easily. "I-I…*hn*…y-your…*mouth*…" Tom's breath was hot against his cheek, and Harry's steps slowed further as they reached the midpoint to their destination and Tom *purred*, "What about my *mouth*, *Harry*…?"

"I th-thought about…when y-you *k-k-kissed* me…Th-the way…you *d-did*…"

Tom chuckled, and it was a *throaty*…*arousing thing*. Harry swallowed thickly as heat further suffused his cheeks and seeped progressively *lower*…and *oh god*…not *now*…was all he could really think anymore.

"I'm looking forward to getting my hands *all over you* again. *Don't fret*…I'll take *good care* of you, soon."

Harry clutched Tom's hand in his own, and stared red-faced and *determinedly* ahead as they finally reached the doors to the therapy room. Molly and Pomona departed on the threshold with assurances from Tom that he'd remain with Harry *every step of the way* and make sure he got back *safely to his room* afterwards.

And then they were entering the room together, with Tom practically wrapped around Harry —as they were met by the smiling, familiar countenance of Remus Lupin *beckoning* them both into the man's office.

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If Remus were to accurately summarize his impression of *Tom Riddle* around his newest patient—*Harry Potter*, it would be *possessively* attentive.

He'd had patients request the presence of loved ones throughout their therapies before, and he'd seen many types. But Tom was in a *particular* class unto himself…which led Remus to approach the day's therapy session with Harry a little…*unconventionally*…in order to truly test the waters of the dynamics between the two.

Initially he had sat them both down in his office to make the typical introductions and sound Tom's presence out. Harry had sat politely as Remus made Tom's acquaintance.

Tom was unfailingly polite and interested in every facet of Harry's therapeutic treatment. *In fact*…he was the one to elect to take a more hands-on approach than even Remus usually expected from the support base of his patients.

Typically—most people, while supportive of their own, would be otherwise cordial and standoffish about interfering in any way with Remus's expertise in handling the recovery of their loved ones, because the majority did not want to accidentally not have the job done to professional standards by their own inexperience…effectively hindering the therapeutic process.

Remus never pushed for more involvement than they were all comfortable with.

His patients' comfort came first in all things, but he did try and be diplomatic in the handling of any hangers-on.

Tom Riddle—in contrast, made his stance on taking a hands-on approach with his involvement most vocal and insistent. To the point that Remus almost had to wonder if there wasn't something…more than intimate…between his patient and the young man.

Scratch that….the way Harry was blushing and darting nervous glances between the two of them as they spoke about the mechanics of *full body massages* and *flexibility exercises* was as adorable as it was *telling.*

His patient obviously had no problem being *touched* by Tom, and was in fact quite eager…if not embarrassed by his own eagerness and trying to appear otherwise unaffected by Tom's interest in assisting him…

Remus may have been as professionally graphic in his explanations of each therapy too, in the almost mischievous interest in seeing his patient's reaction and Tom's own responding veiled glee.

Honestly…young people these days—were *bold.*

And if that didn't make him feel all of his forty-six years, he didn't know what more could.

He also wondered what they were being fed that Tom appeared so very well grown into his own skin, because he wasn't short (rather average really—Harry was particularly petite) and Tom was almost *obscenely tall* for his age.

Remus didn't allow himself to linger too long on the size discrepancy outside of professional interests. But Tom's hands would definitely be large enough to do a lot of the harder work in

kneading the muscles and tendons in Harry's body to full awareness, and he had plans to make the utmost use of that.

You wouldn't know it by looking, but certain deeper therapies were hard work on the hands and fingers, and Remus wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth for providing him any respite in the overuse of his own aged limbs in aid of his patient.

He also got the feeling that Harry would more than appreciate the shift in providers during his treatment. And Remus would remain vigilant and monitor Tom to be sure he was doing everything properly regarding the exercises.

"Alright then—I suggest we begin with a rub down and muscle warm up, before our stretches. Depending on your results today, I would like to attempt a few minutes of low intensity workout on the treadmill to assist your blood flow and get your heart back used to pumping again."

"Sounds like a plan, *Dr. Lupin*." Tom stood from his perch along with Remus, who rolled his eyes in exasperated amusement and insisted, "*Remus* is fine. You needn't be so formal."

Harry only huffed a laugh, as Tom smiled and cordially said, "I would hate to ignore your profession, sir. As you are a specialist—and I am but a mere student with no relation to you *whatsoever*."

Remus got the *odd* feeling there was a little underlying s*omething* behind Tom's resistance to being *familiar* with him, but he only raised a brow and took it in stride—before Tom's attention shifted directly onto Harry and he began helping the boy back to his feet, to mild protests from Harry that he could (*maybe*) manage standing without assistance.

Tom only smiled and helped the boy anyway, murmuring that it made *him* feel better to know Harry wouldn't possibly overbalance and Harry wouldn't want him *nervous now would he?*

Remus smothered a smile for Harry's near apologetic acceptance of Tom's help after that (*manipulative*) statement, and felt his estimation of *Tom Riddle* growing to levels of *Mother Henning* alongside the obvious unprecedented intimacies.

By the time they made it to the table for the rub down and Harry was divested of his tied together gown and wrapped in a short towel to preserve his modesty as he was stretched out, on his back, assisted by Tom—Remus was ready to pull up a chair and just let Tom do his job for him.

Because even he wasn't dumb enough to ignore the way Tom hovered, rolling his sleeves up and grabbing the therapeutic oil Remus handed off to him before flexing his long fingers and obviously waiting for Remus's dictated instructions.

Remus stood to the side and began telling Tom exactly what to do. Not approaching Harry with his own hands at all and just watching like a particularly amused hawk as Tom did exactly as instructed and applied the full force of his concentration to getting Harry all ready and warmed up.

It was like running a university class, Remus mused.

And Tom was one *stubbornly dedicated* and *capable* student, who wouldn't stand for his *professor* touching his subject in any *unnecessary* way.

Honestly…young people these days.

Remus resigned himself to giving orders from the peanut gallery, and resolving to grab a stool at least for next time. All this standing in place could get boring quick.

Harry moaned appreciatively, blushing and averting his eyes from Tom bent over him—as the older teen's hands *flowed* confidently over his bare skin.

Remus politely ignored the tenting of the towel, and wondered if his (largely uninvolved at this point) presence was in any way unethical.

Harry *moaned* again, and that was a definite *shudder*. Tom was repeating a portion of the rub down which Remus had not specified required an additional pass…his eyes focused on Harry's face and blocking out all else as the boy's breathing shallowed and a wicked smirk manifested on Tom's lips.

Remaining silent—Remus determined, next time he'd have a magazine on hand, because this…was *surely* skating the lines of *minor voyeurism*, and *that* was a surely a crime.

Another *moan* and *low delighted chuckle* got him thinking about ear plugs and a Walkman.

Heavens above—*he was going straight to hell for this.*

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xXOXx

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By the time his physical therapy was over, Harry's body was feeling looser and much better than before.

Remus had been *hands-off* for basically the entire time, and Tom had more than made up for the man's apparent slack.

Harry was rather mortified that he'd gotten *hard* during the process of *Tom* rubbing him down on the table…but the last time it had happened all on it's on too (and that'd been *worse* because Remus was a stranger and *what the fuck?*), but the therapist had told him it was a natural response to being relaxed and merely assured him that he'd seen it *many times* before, putting Harry at ease with his body.

The only reason he was still antsy about it around Tom was because it was *Tom*…not Remus, his *appointed therapist*…and he knew *this time* it hadn't been completely *involuntary* on his part.

He also knew that *Tom knew* that he was getting inordinately *turned on*, and the look on the other's face when he couldn't suppress his *appreciative moans* had been enough to make him *wish* there wasn't a therapist standing ignored in the background.

Because he knew Tom would have done…*something*…about the problem he'd caused, otherwise.

As it stood, Tom had merely *smirked down at him* and *teased him* horribly with his *hands* before Remus had stepped in with a cleared throat and declared Harry ready to be gowned up again and put on the tread mill.

It didn't escape him that Tom was doing all the heavy lifting.

The tread mill had been slow going, but Harry was still winded and sweating by the time he got off. And Remus was pleased with his progress, insisting his readouts were quite good and telling Tom that Harry could do with a *wipe down* before being put back to bed—as the sweating was good, be he didn't recommend Harry be left to sleep in it.

Tom had nodded and assured him it'd be taken care of—saying in no uncertain terms that *no*, Remus did not need to request the nurses for sponging Harry down or helping him back to his room…as he'd take care of *everything.*

Remus had laughingly stated if Tom kept doing all their jobs he'd want to request a *paycheck*.

To which Tom had merely grinned (rather *predatorily)* and said, "Helping *Harry i*s payment enough. I would never require outside *motivation* to be here for him."

Harry had colored darkly and said nothing, merely leaning further into Tom's hold around him as Remus smiled *knowingly* before waving them out the door, to assurances that Tom would be here at the same time the next day to do it all over again.

The journey back to Harry's room was quiet, with Tom allowing Harry to set the pace again and being content to simply keep his boy from stumbling and hurting himself in any way.

Harry was breathing a lot easier by the time they reached his room again, and Tom had him in the bathroom, stood by the filling tub in short order.

It'd been a minute since he'd had an actual bath, and Harry was actually looking forward to being submerged.

It was only the expression on Tom's face as he untied the gown and revealed Harry's body to himself *unobstructed* that had Harry's pulse *ratcheting* again.

"*Harry*…" Tom breathed his name, and Harry blinked slowly as Tom bent down, and then their lips were being pressed together, and Harry was being gently lowered onto the stoop in the tub, waist deep in pleasantly warm water, with Tom blindly shutting off the tap as they made out in *privacy.*

Harry's eyes slid shut, and he buried his fingers in Tom's hair as Tom's mouth moved hungrily against his own, opening and closing as Tom pressed *harder*…and *harder against*

him, until Harry was panting heavily into his mouth, glasses fogging up badly as their tongues tangled up in a *hot wet mass*.

Tom pulled away briefly, just long enough to tug Harry's glasses *off* and fold them on the wide mouthed side of the tub at a safe distance away, before he dove in once more and settled himself comfortably on the stoop outside the tub.

Harry's pupils were blown, and he chased after Tom's retreating mouth as the older teen finally *relinquished* his partially swollen lips, murmuring they should *get Harry taken care of* before he caught a cold.

Harry's chest heaved up and down, and he worried his bottom lip as Tom stood—finding the towels tucked away in a wall cubby and returning with a hand towel and larger dry towel which he folded on the tub's rim beneath Harry's glasses, before dipping and soaping the hand towel with hospital grade body wash—and beginning to gently rub at Harry's skin with no little dedicated focus.

Harry relaxed beneath Tom's hands once more…and a *hazy* sort of memory floated to the forefront of his mind with little prodding.

Tom entered the dark bathroom and toed the door shut behind them, smiling as Harry stirred in his arms for the shining overhead light hitting his face as Tom brushed the light switch with his shoulder.

In the mirror above the sink, Harry's green eyes cracked open, staring up at Tom leering down at him—his lips parting in question and silent confusion for no longer being on the couch.

"Let's get you cleaned up, shall we?" Tom practically purred, setting Harry down on his delicate sock clad feet in the shower.

"Careful darling…I've got you…" Tom's voice was a soothing rumble in his ears as his cheek pressed against Tom's chest, and he was preternaturally unabashed in his slightly addled, naked glory state.

Harry felt like so much jelly as he sighed and let Tom maneuver him this way and that beneath shower spray, soaping him up and wiping him down with his bathing towel that was hung on a bar affixed to the shower wall, making the whole natural process feel like an exercise in sensuality with every concentrated sudsy wipe.

Utterly languid and blissed out, Harry lifted his arm as Tom soaped him up thoroughly—taking care around the inserted IV, and making sure to rub every inch of skin stretched beneath his fingers.

Harry licked his lips and whispered softly, "You're…a-always…t-taking care of m-me… aren't you…?"

Tom's hand rubbing at his skin slowed in its ministrations, and Tom's eyes were on his face…searching, *hopeful*…as he murmured, "Is that a general observation, or…" trailing off as Harry sighed out in question, "W-why…how were…w-we…in my *sh-shower*…?"

Tom's eyes phased out in remembrance as his hand stilled altogether, and he smiled…feeling deeply warmed and affectionate as he replied, "It'll come back to you, *darling*. For now… just use your *imagination*…"

Harry glared slightly and Tom immediately gave into the urge to kiss the frown from his forehead.

He was elated to know his boy's memories were seemingly still *there*, merely *suppressed* and chewing at the bit to get out again. Tom wouldn't interfere in the process of their natural recovery…Harry would come *all the way* back to him. He had no doubt.

In the meanwhile…Tom murmured, "Stretch your leg for me…a little *further*…*that's it*. "

There was a certain *precious charm* in Harry trusting him so well, when their history was *fogged up* and *curtained off* as it was. Tom took that only to mean they were *connected* no matter the circumstances.

And Harry was *his*.

Would *always be his*…like this…*eternally.*

He would settle for *nothing* and no one *less.*

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End Violation.

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****Side Note:** After figuring out how to insert images, I couldn't resist googling for what Harry and Remus could look like here. I've always been rather partial to anime. And Tom's there again for the obvious reasons of added gorgeousness. I just thought Harry and Remus in

these pics were so #Cute and wanted to give you all the opportunity for better visualizations and assisted fangasms.**

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you all enjoyed this Violation. 💗 I know, it's not really medically accurate… but hey—I'm no doctor, and I don't want to make this hospital stay more tedious than necessary. 😅

Moving right along now—who loves Remus? And that nod to the Weasley clan? Also...that middle bit with Riddle Sr. and the Malfoys making Tom homicidal was particularly #FunForMe.😏

I'm rather looking forward to playing with these new characters. But we shall see who makes the cut for any future Violation spotlights.😙

Feel free to throw in a vote for your favorite renditions and tell me what you'd like to see more (or less) of.

I do so love hearing back from all you #Awesome fans. 🤗

Until next time, stay safe and enjoy our altered realities~ 🌺🐍○

20th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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20th Violation

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They visited. All of them—his mom, dad, and that girl…*Luna*…off and on throughout the three weeks following his awakening and before his release from the hospital.

But the only one who was there, like clockwork, at the same time on weekdays and basically the entire weekend from sunup to sundown (until the nurses saw him out) was Tom—always Tom…*his Tom*.

This was largely because the doctor sanctioned him as *a good thing* to assist Harry's recovery effort and memory retrieval.

The doctor had also told his family and other friend, whom he now *vaguely* recalled—that they didn't want to suffocate Harry with their continued presences, and as such, the majority of his recovery should be spent privately with his therapist and nurses and scant outside interference, or possible stress inducing encounters (aside from the sanctioned *Tom* who was seen as an *endlessly positive boon*).

It was no accident that Tom had made himself so available and *instrumental* to Harry's recovery.

Harry could now remember…quite *a bit* in interconnected *patches*, though still—a lot was like looking through a badly smudged window at a picture with muted colors and blurry outlines.

He remembered their *first* encounter. That day going to the seventh floor desperate for reprieve, and finding that open door to *the Secret Chamber.*

He remembered being startled to find Tom was already in a presumed vacant room…and he remembered being spoken to, assessed, and getting *forcibly acquainted* (most *willingly* at the end there).

He remembered *cumming* in his pants and leaving that room stained, giddy and in a *hurry* with Tom's number stuffed secure in his pocket.

He remembered calling later that night. He remembered Tom *showing up* at his house—sneaking out…riding in the car…going up the *elevator*...working the handle into Tom's apartment before *falling through the door* with said teen attached to his mouth, and then…*hot snatches* of being *physically intimate* on Tom's bed…on Tom's *sheets*…

He hazily recalled having *foreshadowing* words—about Tom *tutoring* him, demanding Harry's time…*demanding* to be included in every possible open facet of Harry's future school goings.

He remembered protesting *halfheartedl*y and then accepting everything…*just everything*… because it was *Tom.* He remembered not knowing that Tom could move so *fast* or be half as purposeful and influential as he *was.*

Looking back and considering his extreme forgetfulness, Harry could only *sigh* and smile a little. How *funny*…that Tom hadn't changed *one bit* before or after his amnesia…except to become even more overtly *possessive* and *obsessed* than Harry could fully justify.

Harry remembered and couldn't *clearly* recall…being in Tom's arms, at Tom's mercy… *giving himself away*…not giving two *fucks*…so many *times*…

It was enough to make his heart flutter and send him into a *blushing fit*. How often had he been so *effectively* swept up by Tom in the past (and even more *recently*)—that he put *everything on hold* and just let Tom have his whole way with him.

His head *hurt* when he remembered painful snippets of that *stressful* Saturday…when his parents had *confronted* him, and he'd been effectively *grounded* in so many ways—before running back into Tom's arms *directly*.

His *substantial* recollections of *that day* made his gut *churn* from both recalled dismay and no little *exhilaration* for all that it'd brought.

He knew what he remembered wasn't *all* that had happened.

There was the book store…being on Tom's *lap*…*marking* Tom's neck—*MINE*…being *bent over* the table with his pants around his ankles and his thighs a damp, *quivering mess* whilst Tom got to *work*…*nngh*…(Harry had to lick his lips and swallow *repeatedly,* contending with a suddenly *too dry throat*)—the ice cream parlor…*Fortescue's*…seeing that girl…*Luna*...her getting on the phone and gaining *him and Tom* a whole day *uninterrupted*…

Absconding to the park by the water…*kissing*…under an open sky—and *drawing*…*sketching Tom* staring back at *him* silently, gaze potent and *luminous*…like there was nothing else in the *whole world* he'd rather be looking at—like Harry was just as *fascinating*, just as *overwhelming* to *Tom*…as Tom's very own *devastating being* was to Harry.

Always to Harry…right alongside every other person in the known world, with any kind of *partially* functional sight—but always Harry *foremost*…because he…*really*…truly…*felt Tom*.

On every dying blood cell's last *breath*, in every shivering pore *electrified* by his hammering pulse—with every beat of his *palpitating* heart going *wild* when Tom elected to touch him, to put his hands just *all over him*…never missing a *beat* or hesitating in the *least* to make Harry and any (not even *necessarily keen*) observer know he was staking *his claim* on what *belonged* to him…*body and soul*.

Harry grew *lightheaded* just considering all the things he *remembered*…and all the things which were still frustratingly *lost* to him.

He'd asked Tom. Of course he did—blushing tomato *red* in most instances (much to Tom's *pleasure*, and *endlessly fond* amusement) and still *stammering* mildly around the words even as the cadence of his speech had improved by leaps and bounds since his fortuitous awakening.

But even in his *elation* with having Harry *slow and steadily* recalling swaths of their time together, Tom *did not* go against the doctor's orders for allowing Harry a *natural recovery* unassisted by outside narration.

He was staunch in his belief that *everything* would come back to Harry, and that Harry could be *trusted* to soon recollect all of what he'd unfortunately *forgot* and allowed to leak out of his grasping fingers—like so much sand fallen through the hourglass, collecting at a bottom Harry must *sweep* and *regather* particle by particle, one by one…throughout his blurring recovery days.

(The memory of his accident was still curiously blacked out…in that all he recalled—when his head stopped screaming at him *not to touch*, was the distinct impression that he'd been in route with the express purpose of meeting up with *Tom* when it happened. And then he was arcing in slow motion, tumbling rapidly…into the arms of *darkness*. All else remained shielded.)

What really *irked* Harry though, like a petulant child tugging always on his *delicate brainstem*…was that Tom remained *hedgy* about just how far they'd *gotten*…and how much *else* they'd done *most intimately* (always assuring Harry in between privately bestowed *sultry kisses* and *proprietary fondlin*g between his legs, that if he didn't *remember soon*—they could always *reenact* every forgotten instance).

Harry was only a little ashamed to say he sometimes brought up such things Tom refused to *volunteer* information about—just to see Tom's eyes *flash* and then get himself partially mauled (as Tom remained *always mindful* of being still on *hospital property*, even when he was getting Harry *hot* and *dripping wet* with his *skilled hand*).

It was the silver lining in this *unwanted* informational blockage.

Tom's *attentions* to him were always *hungrier*…l*ustier*…*rougher* and even more impossibly *greedy* when he was reminded of the fact that Harry *still* couldn't clearly recall the *deepest* of their *past intimacies*.

No matter how often Harry asked—Tom never gave a straight answer about Harry's *virginity* (or *speculated* suspected lack).

Beyond the obvious *doctor's orders*...Harry got the *instinctual impression* that Tom wanted very much not to have to tell him *about it*…for his own more *sensitive* reasons…no matter how he *teasingly* grinned and whispered *huskily* into Harry's *burning* ears—that if Harry wanted him to pop his *cherry* in a *public institution* he need only *say so* and Tom would *oblige.*

Both being mindful of never being entirely alone, even when together behind closed doors and surrounded by four walls of the bathroom or the hospital room—Harry never actually took Tom up on his (doubtlessly playful but *serious*) offer.

If it had in fact NOT happened already…he certainly didn't want to lose his full virginity in a *hospital* bed. *Thank you very much.*

Tom had only smirked and murmured, "More's the pity. We need to hurry and get you *out of here*."

To which Harry had peevishly responded, "N-now I see why you're h-helping...you want me w-walking just so you can make me *unable to*…"

Tom had merely flashed him a *wicked* grin, pecked his cheek, and *praised his intelligence*. Not even remotely mocking.

It was at that point that Harry's strides in physical recovery became marked—and rather *impressive* on the whole.

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Tom was humble about receiving *all the credit* for Harry's sudden doubling down on his recovery efforts…even when he was massaging Harry's body for the *umpteenth* time and working the boy up to a point *ill-advised* for them to be at when monitored (however *non-invasively*) by Harry's *actual* therapist—Remus Lupin.

Harry supposed he really should be thankful the affable man had been (*very much*) downplaying the sheer *daily hijacking* of Harry's therapy sessions by Tom to Harry's *parents*, who showed up off and on during the evenings on spaced out weekdays, and earlier in the morning on Saturday for a couple of hours (generally right after breakfast—or what was the hospital *equivalent*), leaving him alone altogether to convalesce on Sundays.

Luna was only able to swing visits on Friday and Saturday evenings, as she often had her father drive her to the hospital, or rode with the Potters when she could match their schedules.

Harry once asked Tom why he didn't pick the girl up sometimes—since he had a car, and she was a *friend* that even Tom acknowledged and could (still *begrudgingly*) appreciate.

But Tom only gave him a *look* which lasted *a beat* and replied too mildly, "Is my solitary company so *unbearable* to you that to escape it you would *insist* I bring *the girl* without *clearance* whom you do not *remember* well, *here* with *me*?"

To that Harry could only roll his eyes, feeling both covertly amused and *semi-exasperated* (if not *unethically* flattered) by Tom's rather *selfish* and unrepentant antics, as he sensibly maintained, "Maybe I w-would remember h-her better…if s-she was around as m-much as you…"

Harry could admit (if only *internally*) that seeing Tom *ghost pouting* about Harry asking after *Luna* and possibly dividing their *one-on-one* time together up more evenly between the two in a belated bid for *fairness*—was almost unbearably *cute*.

In the way that dangerous animals were *cute* until they unsheathed their *claws* and took a huge chunk out of your arm. But still—*cute.*

He was careful not to push *too hard* on Tom and make the other feel as though Harry were *really* aiming to cut down on their time together. Because he *wasn't*—really, it was just the *niggling* guilt that he was spending so much time with Tom and *enjoying it*…while at the same time having another friend he *hardly saw* but apparently *had ties strong enough to* that she kept visiting him as much as she was able, even in his still *addled* state.

It wasn't even like he didn't remember her *at all*…per se.

But Luna was like a *phantom* in his mind. Far less *defined* than Tom…but she was *there*, flitting like a *wistful butterfly* in and out of his peripherals. And when he considered her privately, or when she stopped by—he felt at *ease* in her presence.

Like…he didn't have to *worry* around her or feel *apologetic,* even though he felt he really *should be apologizing* for forgetting her…and *them* and what all they meant to *each other*… together.

It was weird.

He didn't want to exclude her…but Tom was simply so *encompassing*…that Luna regularly got *eclipsed.*

Harry had more than a *sneaking suspicion* that Tom was happy with this state of affairs—because he distantly recalled a moment…back in the school infirmary, where Tom had… *attacked*…him in a *jealous* fit, and mentioned *Luna* repeatedly in the *negative*.

Harry didn't have all the *specifics* laid out in his mind, but what pieces he'd *regathered*… told him *that* was the day he and Luna had *first* hit it off.

The *first day* Luna had entered into his and (*subsequently*) Tom's world.

And the introduction hadn't been nearly *pleasant* for Tom—more a nuisance in the *extreme*.

Harry could therefore not *begrudge* Tom his monopolizing ways and low-key *blocking* of Luna's presence while Harry was so apparently fragile, and had been *broken*…In a way Tom had been unable to keep from happening…even when Tom obviously didn't *despise* Luna to the extent which Harry semi-*vaguely* recalled he once did.

Even when Tom had handed her the title of *friend*—in front of Harry, like an olive branch Harry hadn't been able to process through his *disoriented* awakening—and then proceeded to introduce her without *denying* Harry the knowledge.

In all actuality…Luna was a curiosity to Harry.

She made him want to pour his brain out and begin rifling for whatever it was that made him special enough in her eyes that she went out of the way to hang around him…still.

Luna was an anomaly that seemed to have been there for some rather important junctures in Harry's haze of a puzzled out memory.

Harry wished he could remember more...

He wished he wasn't so stuck in the rut that was his psychological profile.

Luna was the middle of a rather large, *retarded* iceberg he wanted to melt down and *drown* in. No matter that doing so *immediately* could give him *hypothermia* and possibly kill off his remaining functional brain cells.

But he was a *bad* patient…rather *impatient*, in all truth.

It didn't help that melting down that *iceberg* would give him access to everything about *Tom* which he was being *denied* by his own *stupid broken head*.

He *hated* all the *gaps* and *blurs* and *questions*…it made him want to *scream*, to *rage*, to *cry*… he just wanted to not be *broken anymore*.

It was with that thought making the rounds through his scrambled psyche that he greeted Tom Saturday morning, before his parents arrived—looking more than a little distraught and barely opening his mouth to say a word before Tom crossed the room and had him wrapped up in his arms, rocking him *back* and *forth*…murmuring indistinctly *soothing* words as he carded his elegant fingers gently through Harry's more familiar, puffy dark locks, arrayed like a fluffy halo around the few bandages still obscuring the top of Harry's forehead.

Gods…he just wanted to be *whole* again…*was that so much to ask?*

"Tom…"

Harry's voice was unbearably small, more a *plea* for something…*anything*…really—as he clung to Tom's soft gray cardigan and struggled to hold himself together.

"*Shhh*…I've got you. *Relax darling*, you're alright…*I've got you*…"

Mulishly, Harry ground his teeth and forced the words *out*—even as Tom *shushed* him and his breath began to *hitch* unsteadily, "I w-want to k-know again…*everything*…I want to know it a-all. *Please*…Tom…!"

"You know what's important right *now—me and you*. It will come back. You can't *chase* it or you'll hurt yourself…and *me*…*Harry*, don't *hurt me*—I don't want to see *you hurting*."

Tom's voice was serious—*sincere*.

Harry swallowed against the *bitterness* and bile and *heartache* and frustration and just *every other* unpleasant emotion gate crashing at his *heart*—before whispering plaintively, clutching harder at Tom's cardigan as he deeply inhaled the scent of *musk* and *spices* that was uniquely

Tom…filling his lungs with enough air to fuel the words aching in his chest to be released from his tightened throat.

"What if…it *d-doesn't* come back…w-what th-then…? I'll h-hurt you…I'll *kill* you…and y-you'll *die inside* b-because of me…*ngh*…"

Harry clenched his eyes against the tears threatening to liquefy his sockets, burning like so much *acid* as he dissolved into a shuddering mess in Tom's steadying arms.

Falling apart in ways he hadn't since the beginning of his recovery.

Tom just held him *tighter* and continued rocking him *back* and *forth*—making *damn sure* Harry could *feel* him there…even as the boy *fell apart* against his chest. Even in this…*trusting* Tom *never* to drop him…or *throw him away*.

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xXOXx

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The doctor had warned Tom something like this could and likely *would* happen on the path to Harry's recovery.

As the memories came trickling back in into Harry's mind in pieces, leaving him with so many partial pictures and not fully accountable impressions…even as Tom remained with him, always *there* as the rock to *ground him* into the gravity of *everything*—to *motivate* him to keep *pushing*, but not *too hard*…but just *enough*.

It was obvious that his boy had been working up to another breakdown, even as he threw himself headlong, optimistically into his physical therapy, and soaked up every bit of *affection* and fractured intimacy Tom afforded them when they were *alone* and otherwise sequestered away from…*observant eyes*.

The hospital wasn't the ideal location for anything too *lasting*…but Tom made do, and made sure his boy was *sated*—deriving his *pleasure* from pleasuring Harry and distracting his boy from *wondering* about Tom's own *private state* with kisses and touches frequent enough to keep Harry *warm* and *fogged up* to the point where he was *primed* to *only receive* what Tom was so *consistently* dishing out.

There'd surely come a day again where there'd be *give* and *take*. But right *now*…Tom was *giving*, just as much as he *could*.

Because Harry had already *given*…and someone else had *taken*…and Harry would only continue to take *all of what* he was being given…because he *wanted it*. He wanted it *all* now—and he wanted it *back*.

Tom didn't lie to Harry about his belief that the memories would return *in full*—and that if they somehow remained *fractured* after his boy was effectively *discharged* on his feet again

—he would aid Harry in *filling* the blanks with even more *memorable moments* in their future…always together.

Sure…it'd be disappointing if Harry never got everything back on his *own*—but Tom wouldn't let it *kill him* as Harry had so maintained it *would*…*or could*. The thing that *hurt him the most now* to consider, was for Harry to *quite possibly* wind up hurting *himself* in a determined bid to try and do things *too fast* and in the process, set back his own recovery from sheer *willfulness* to crack the codes on all of his *locked-down* and still partly *obscured* memories.

He wouldn't run the *risk* of Harry losing his mind *again* merely because he was unable to *naturally recall* important segments of time which had passed between them, in the most recent past—he couldn't *abide* such a unconscionable *thing* being the *reason* for Harry sustaining more personal *injury*, when he was supposed to be *peacefully* recovering from what had already brought him *down*.

It *viscerally pained* Tom to even imagine.

No matter how much he *longed* for Harry to simply *come back* to himself…Tom would most *gladly* assist his boy with cementing all the lingering *gaps*, just as soon as the hospital cleared him to finish recovering at home, and once they were amongst themselves completely.

Even under such circumstances as Harry leaving the hospital *before* his memories were *utterly* restored—Tom would never abandon him or leave him to *flounder alone*.

Harry was *his*—full stop.

It didn't *matter* if he remembered all of the *WHY's* and *HOW's* or not…*Harry was his.* That wouldn't change. He wouldn't *allow it to.*

There would be time enough for them to get *reacquainted* in all the ways they had once been…and although being the only one with their *full* history in stock would *sting*—would make him want to resurrect…*that creature*…just so he could *extract* retribution, over and over *again* from every *severed limb* and appendage—he wouldn't let such things come between them.

He wouldn't let Harry trouble himself to the point of hurting them both with his *reckless* drive and *desire* to know—*to remember*.

Holding Harry in his arms, *soothing* his boy through this *impromptu* breakdown on a Saturday morning—before the official ending of November that coming Tuesday—marking the fourth week after his reawakening, brought home the fact that Harry *with* or *without* all the pieces would always be his to *put together*…would always be his to *hold down.*

That without even *knowing* him completely (because Tom had once told Harry *his past*…and *that* had yet to *resurface* from beneath the waves…)—Harry would still *cling* to him. Harry would still keep him *held highest* on his list of priorities.

Harry would continue to cite *Tom* as the reason…the *real* reason…he was so *hell-bent* on remembering everything *fast*—because he didn't want Tom to be in *pain*, to be *suffering* at all behind his memory lapses.

It should be *unnatural* for Harry to be so *inordinately worried* about Tom's feelings and well-being…when *he* was still quite damaged—but something told Tom it could be attributed almost entirely to some *enduring remnants* of what Harry had *felt* for him after everything they'd *shared*, and before the *incident*…leaking through his subconscious into his current messy mentality.

It was like Harry didn't *recall exactly*, but still *inherently* knew that Tom had *issues*…and that being *forgot*—being *left behind*, being *no longer thought about* or remembered—was a *hard limit* for him.

That no matter how staunchly *dedicated* to Harry's recovery Tom was, there were *underlying rationales* and *fears* and suffocating *despondencies* from *having nearly lost*…from still standing to *possibly lose Harry*...all over again—in ways that made him *irretrievable*, although he was certainly *conscious and aware.*

It felt as though Harry *knew* all these things about *Tom*—as if he'd never *truly forgotten*… merely had it *smudged out*, all the *technicolored* outlines of what had been—what *still was* and would *forever be*…between them.

And *that* above all else kept Tom visibly *sane* and *hopeful* and *non-despairing* throughout everything.

Every day he *spent* with Harry, he was treated to his boy *striving*—working *hard* to get it all back, to regain every bit of *strength* he'd been robbed of.

Every moment he *stole* with Harry, away from the others who *rightly loved* him in his life—whom Tom *understood* because they'd been instrumental in Harry's very *existence*, and whom Tom tolerated (*for Harry*), because *she* had proved herself an *ally*…had done more than *enough* to garner his *respect* as Harry's friend during the time of Harry's *check-out* from reality.

It was easier to be kind to *her* in particular when she'd been the one to put him onto the once *unknown* subject of his *maddening desire* to avenge and fully *dismantle*—on *justified* grounds of endangering the *one thing* in his life that made it something he actually *cared* to keep *living*…when everything else was a *routine* he could take or leave, but would *take* and had *taken*…because it was all he'd had…all he'd known and been so *very good at*…before *Harry.*

It had been his very *identity.* The way people recognized and revered him in all facets of his life.

He had reveled in *superiority*. Had thought himself so far *above* and *gracious* enough to throw crumbs at the sycophants and admires he garnered in the background of all his doings.

They were all the same. They were all *two-dimensional* and of no consequence to him, except in how he could utilize them to achieve his own goals.

They were relegated to his *peripherals* when his focus had been forward always. Never glancing around in search of anything *more*…anything *meaningful*…beyond what he'd achieved and had attributed so highly to himself.

They were *white noise* and *chaff* swept from beneath his feet.

It had been *chance* which led him to Harry. It had been *chance* which led Harry…*to him*.

That first *encounter*…normally never would have happened. But it *did* happen—and Tom could only look back in breathless *amazement* at that point.

It had been like going through life in a darkened room with *sunglasses* on…before suddenly having the glasses *torn away* and realizing the room is full of *light*, and *colors*, and fantastic *possibilities* once miserably *shrouded* from his eyes by shadows and wretched, *abysmal darkness*.

Harry was his *spot of light* in an otherwise dark universe.

Tom didn't care for *moons* or *stars*. Harry was his *Sun*…the light which *warmed* and *nourished* the heart pumping the blood through his veins.

It was no stretch to say that *Harry*…was the thing keeping Tom…*human*—connected to his *humanity*.

He only ever *felt* things…*real things*…things that were tied to *actual emotions*…when Harry was involved. Harry was his *trigger*…and his boy didn't even realize he was clinging to a *loaded gun*.

Harry didn't know the *devastation*…the true *depths* of *harm* Tom was willing to do…willing to *facilitate*, in order to keep him—*safe*…happy…in his arms…*obsessed*…concerned…eternally locked in step *with*…desperate and *devoted to*…himself—*Tom Marvolo Riddle*.

The only name allowed to be scrawled upon the walls of Harry's innermost heart *any longer*.

His *parents* didn't count. They were fundamental.

His *friend*…Luna…didn't count. She was incidental.

Tom wouldn't *settle* until he was what Harry *lived* and *breathed*. Until Harry was looking to *him* for comfort and *understanding* and acceptance in *all things*—until Harry was so stuck on him…so *reliant* on Tom, that the mere *notion* of being without Tom in *any way* would have him pounding on Tom's door and moving into Tom's *closet*, just so they'd *never have to part again*…because the alternative was too *painful.*

Tom didn't want Harry to hurt himself trying to get back to him.

Tom didn't want Harry to jeopardize his recovery when all it would take was time…and *patience*.

The only suffering he could condone in any *way*, *shape*, or *form*—for Harry to go through… would be a suffering he could *alleviate* by his continued presence in Harry's life…*always.*

The only suffering he would not frown upon and decimate—was the suffering Harry would be in should he ever think to *let Tom go*.

The only suffering he would accept…would be that which *drove Harry* always *back* into his arms.

And if that made him *despicable*…to not want Harry able to be happy or rest in peace *without him*…so be it.

Tom would *remain* despicable. He would *remain* possessive. He would *remain* loyally devoted to Harry…above and beyond *all else*.

God save the poor Devil, who'd attempt to *drag Tom to hell* away from *Harry*—his *only heaven*…the only salvation he *craved*.

God save *the rest of the whole damned world* Tom would sooner see go all the way up in flames, and be rendered a *heap of ash* floating *dead* in the cosmos…long before he would ever *let Harry go*.

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xXOXx

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That Saturday afternoon, Luna rode to the hospital with the Potters—James and Lily both being glad to have her along and looking forward to seeing the progress made in Harry's *unprecedentedly* swift recovery.

In the past weeks leading up to this day, the Potters and Luna had been restraining themselves from visiting Harry too *often* (as per the *good doctor's* recommendation), so as not to overwhelm him or ruin his rehab.

And though James and Lily popped in on the evening sides every few days or so throughout the week, they left after being reassured that he was looking *well* and making *definite strides* in his therapy—assisted and cared for as he was by his doctor, therapist, and the ever *present* and *capable,* Tom Riddle.

That was a thing which made Luna feel altogether contented with the state of affairs. For even though her existence remained rather *vague* and *ineffectual* in Harry's memory bank—she was glad of the fact that his history with Tom had not been *utterly* wiped out.

It would have been a tragedy unparalleled to have Harry rendered a *blank slate* after everything they'd both been through together.

Luna was rooting for the two on the nearby sideline.

It didn't even matter—the reality that Tom's newfound *tolerance* and *respectful* stance around her was rather *conditional*…hinging upon her remaining transparent in her desire to be *friendly* but never attempting to *usurp* Tom's all important position in Harry's *esteem*.

She could sympathize with Tom's *pathological need* to be *certain* of his *prior claim* upon the one they both *loved*…in familiar and essentially *different* ways.

Luna would not think of superimposing herself over the position she well knew Tom should and *would* guard j*ealously* in Harry's life.

It was enough for her to know that in stepping aside, she could remain nearby always to observe and admire the dynamic relationship which held Harry and Tom locked in orbit around each other.

She would not allow herself to be hurt by the effects of a *gravity* she could *feel*, but never allow to truly be her downfall…drawing her to Harry.

It was her choice to *watch over* him in all things—because it was *allowed.* She was *allowed* to have this, and it would be *enough.*

She hadn't known Harry long in person and *conscious* before the accident, but they'd had a *connection*…moments that she would not see *squandered* or *unappreciated* by herself…as she was the only one who could remember them in full.

She still thought about the way she'd *so easily* confessed in art class, to the backdrop of Harry panicking over using Tom's likeness for his project…for his something *special*…even as *he* was her *something special*.

The irony did not escape her.

He'd said he wanted her around as long as she *wanted to be*.

He hadn't *rejected* her outright or *broken* her heart…even as he confessed he *loved* Tom. Even as he *trusted* her with the knowledge and *fact* that he was *in love* with *Tom Riddle*, before he'd even *admitted* it to himself—it seemed.

Luna could only reminisce and *smile fondly* whenever she saw Harry now, and he looked at her *softly*…somewhat *sadly* at times…even as he didn't *question* her presence or continued visitation when he couldn't *remember* what they were—*had been* to each other.

He never turned her away, or looked *uncomfortable*. The *ease* of which he accepted her… *still*…a relative *stranger*—during his recovery process…it was *deeply* heartening, even when the cold draft hit her from Tom watching (*always watching*) silent in his perch next to Harry's bed, as the two exchanged careful words and pleasantries.

Luna felt a heart to heart with Tom about him not having to worry about her *so very much* would not go amiss.

But she figured he likely wouldn't take her *at her word* on this *particular* issue…and it was actually *quite cute* the way he refrained from *biting* her hand whenever she ventured to *touch* Harry…if only to assure herself of his *realness* and continued *solid* existence.

On notes outside of the hospital relating to *Harry*, Luna had *noticed* (because she had *looked* for it) at school…the certain *absence* of an individual she'd mentioned in *passing*…and she purposefully and *very prudently* did not ever broach the topic of *that* with the most likely candidate for its cause.

She wouldn't have even *noticed* that person's *disappearance* had she not been looking around for him.

It wasn't like she'd ever kept tabs on him *per se*…but she had seen him here and there floating around the school before Harry *woke up*, she'd just never paid him any *exclusive mind.*

And now…he was *nowhere*.

Now…he was *gone.*

Luna knew this. There was no such thing as *true* coincidence.

Her acceptance of this particular *state of affairs*…was generally rather...*wicked*. On the whole and more than one would ever *expect* from *her*.

This was the *cement* keeping her heart well in *place*, whenever the *stray thought* of having Harry *beyond friendship* dared to flit across her mind. Because she was *many* things…but *foolhardy* was not one.

She was aware of being…*complicit*…in very instrumental ways to *whatever* had happened. But in her mind, she really did not *care.*

She hadn't been able to do *anything* for her mother once she'd been hospitalized in those last days…only accept that she would *lose her*…with no one to actually *blame* or *fault* or *take anything out on.*

It had been the most *desolate* feeling. Knowing a *bad thing*…had just *happened*. That there was *nothing* anyone could do *about it*.

She had been *powerless*—utterly without any useful *ability*.

Harry's accident had hit her *hard*. But in stark contrast—she hadn't been *powerless* that time. She had been intellectual…*calculating*…weighing every *variable* and coming to the proper *conclusions*—before notifying the one person who would be *able* and driven to do *something about it.*

It had felt good to put that burden on Tom's shoulders and know he wouldn't falter until it was *eradicated.*

It had felt good to be *powerful*…but not responsible for the *results* of that power at work.

Luna had *aimed* the weapon, and Tom had *discharged* it. It'd been a team effort—all for their shared adoration of one *important person*.

As far as *bonding* went, Luna knew *that* moment and day had *endeared* her to Tom and made it so that as long as she treaded carefully, and never let her deeper feelings run *amok*—she wouldn't have to worry about *herself* being the next possible target.

It was this reassurance which kept her comfortable in the permanent *friend-zone.*

Because as *close* as she was to Harry, Tom would never stand for anyone but *himself* being *closer*…and that was as good as being in a *relationship* that would never be jeopardized… *ever.*

Luna could appreciate the stability.

She enjoyed not having to *worry in love* about having the rug yanked from beneath her, or being *overtaken* by anyone more important than the *obvious* in a position that wasn't hers to take up.

It was *security* like nothing else. It was *symbiosis*.

And she could…and she *would* be able to live with it.

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xXOXx

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When his mom, dad, and Luna came into the room that afternoon—it was followed by the doctor and Remus.

Harry was sitting upright in bed with his glasses on, chatting softly with Tom sat next to him and holding his hand. He'd long since calmed down to the point of Tom releasing him to further gather himself in preparation for the anticipated visitors who had arrived.

Greetings were exchanged, and Harry questioned the less anticipated presence of his doctor and therapist.

"Not that I'm n-not glad to see you b-both…but what br-brings you here?"

His doctor merely smiled alongside Remus, glancing over his charts and checking his vitals personally before responding. "It seems you are in the rare position of being recommended for early discharge."

Harry blinked, rather astonished. "R-really? I can g-go home…?"

"Provided you take care not to overexert yourself, and stick to a regimen of fitness which the hospital signs off on…to be monitored by Mr. Riddle, perhaps?"

Here the doctor glanced at Tom, who nodded immediately and said, “I will make sure Harry is properly *seen to*. You needn’t even ask.”

“I will also be prescribing a few helpful medicines for any headaches he may still experience and a series of Vitamin supplements, which I would like him to continue taking on a regular basis.”

Lily squeezed James’ hand and traded relieved smiles with him.

“Yes, doctor. We will make sure he has everything required.” Lily was nearly vibrating with her parental joy, and being able to take Harry home again—at last.

“Very good—I understand that Harry has a very supportive base, and would normally recommend revisiting the hospital at least once a week before clearing him to full outpatient status…however, being that his results are so consistent and relieving, I thing once a month should do just fine. The first Friday of each month, so we may assess his overall stats and be sure everything is going well with his continued recovery.”

“That sounds just fine.” James said, grinning at Harry who remained silent and rather hopeful to be getting out of the hospital.

“On another note, regarding any stairs…I would suggest Harry avoid them as much as possible for the time being, and if he must take them be accompanied up and down for at least another few weeks. As he’s experienced vertigo often when tested on them in the recent past, and it would be a bad idea for him to be on any unsupervised.”

Lily frowned and traded a glance with James, before saying worriedly, “His bedroom at home is on the second floor though…he may need to go up or down frequently to get places within the house…”

“That could be rather…inconvenient…” James added.

The doctor got a thoughtful look, and Remus spoke up at last, “Is there anywhere Harry could reside in the meanwhile with everything on one level, or perhaps with an elevator on site?”

Lily bit her lip and said, “Other than a hotel, I don’t see any feasible options…and that could be rather…*inconvenient* too…”

It was here that Luna spoke up, voice delicate and prodding, “Didn’t you say you lived in an apartment Tom?”

Tom looked at the girl and flashed her a brief, calculative smirk, before responding politely while looking meaningfully at the doctor, “I do live in a rather *convenient* apartment building. It has elevators, and I am on the top floor…but everything is spacious and laid out on one level. Harry would not have to climb any stairs to get from one place to the other. I also have a pull out couch with a rather comfortable bed inside.”

“Not to mention it’s only a few minutes away from Harry’s home. They could visit as often as they’d like, or Harry could visit them on evenings after school and merely sleep at my

place."

The doctor looked rather intrigued and pleased, whereas Remus kept a carefully neutral look on his face as he readdressed the Potters, "It does sound like a rather reasonable option. I would dislike Harry feeling compelled to use the stairs in order to navigate his own home, when they are still rather treacherous for him."

Lily licked her lips and looked to James. James was silent for a moment, staring at Tom—who stared back as openly and innocently as possible. "You would be willing to open your home to our son, just like that?"

Tom smiled, and it was as *angelic* as anything James or Lily had yet seen on his handsome face. (Which should have been *warning* enough…*but wasn't*.)

"I would be honored to have Harry stay with me for as long as it takes for his recovery to be completed. It would also be convenient for me to restart his tutoring lessons, as I've taken it upon myself to keep up with his coursework and have assured his professors I would be there for his catching up in time to pass on to his next proper grade."

Lily hummed and said, "I suppose that would be rather convenient, as Harry has also missed quite a bit of school…and we're not exactly equipped to handle catching him up education wise in a timely manner…on top of everything else he'll need…"

Tom gave Lily a reassuring look, continuing smoothly, "It would be no trouble for me to have Harry on hand with my study materials and library and extensive knowledge of his academic and bodily weaknesses. I am also very capable of continuing his therapy at home, for I do have access to my own fitness equipment and can keep other necessities in stock for his management."

"What about meals? It wouldn't make sense for him to travel so much back and forth just to eat…" Lily frowned and chewed her bottom lip. Tom was quick to assure her, "I generally have more food than I need in the house, being as I stock up for every eventuality. And I do enjoy cooking…but have never had the occasion to actually cook for anyone besides myself. I'm rather health conscious, so I can guarantee he'll be well nourished."

James watched Tom, seemingly coming to a decision after a rather long beat…before turning to his wife and saying, "Tom has been here and done well with Harry all this time. I'm sure we can manage to allow him to continue along the same vein if he is really so willing to oblige us."

"Oh…well, I suppose you're right…so long as Harry—you don't mind, do you dear?" Lily finally addressed Harry, who had been mentally *freaking out* and tamping down on an inordinate amount of *excitement* sending chills *rapidly* up and down his spine for the *prospect*, the very *suggestion* of staying with *Tom…alone.*

Clearing his throat softly and being careful not to talk too *loudly*, or actually *look at Tom* who was still holding his hand *loosely* and could definitely feel the way his palm was growing clammy.

“I don’t m-mind, Mom. T-Tom will take care of me…and it’d b-be easiest on y-you and D-dad.”

James nodded and addressed the doctor, “There you have it. Harry will be staying with Tom then, and all his needs will be met. How soon can we take him away?”

Remus was having a hard time suppressing his *too amused* grin as he was apparently the only one to note the *unrestrained elation* shining on Tom’s face as the parents addressed the doctor in the background.

His gaze suddenly landed on Luna—with the light of *knowing* filtering unchecked between them…and he was made to *amend* his earlier thought.

Obviously someone else was *attuned* to this whole situation besides himself.

Huh.

Did this make him an enabler?

He glanced back at Harry and could only chuckle softly for the obvious excitement on the boy’s face. He looked like all this Christmas presents had come early this year.

Honestly…kids these days.

Did they really think themselves *subtle?*

“He may leave as early as today, just as soon as I have your signatures on all the paperwork.” The doctor was now leading the Potters out of the room, and Remus followed dutifully behind them.

Ah well, at least everybody was *happy* today.

If there was one thing he had no reservations about, it was that *Tom Riddle* would allow *no harm* to come to *Harry Potter*.

Any such would happen over that one’s *cold dead corpse*.

And as a professional, he could only applaud his patient having such a fantastic *support system*.

It had been the *easiest* paycheck he’d ever gotten for the therapy process.

Almost felt like *robbery.*

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xXOXx

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Harry was discharged from the hospital that Saturday afternoon, and the only affect he stood to *recollect* from the hospital before leaving had been a cell phone with a cracked screen… which apparently had been in his pocket during the fall and had been put into storage for until this very day.

His mother had looked questionably at the device, and Harry had merely shrugged and maintained that he'd likely picked it up for someone before the fall…while trading a *speculative* glance with Tom, who merely smirked quietly at his side.

Harry had been glad the phone was still working even with the damage, and his mother had thought nothing else of it as he'd again pocketed the device.

His father was pulling the vehicle around to the front of the hospital whilst Lily signed Harry out at the front desk.

Tom had surreptitiously crept up behind Harry and extracted the phone from the boy's pocket, murmuring into his ear, "I'll get that *fixed* for you…"

Harry's heart had leapt to his throat, and a rather telling grin made its way to his face.

So *apparently*…Tom had gotten him a *phone*...at some point.

His head throbbed, and he touched the bandages which were still wrapped securely around his forehead.

The doctor said he could remove them tomorrow, and gave him some cream and a rather apologetic grimace as he specified there'd be a *scar* on his forehead from some point in the surgery which they were unable to prevent.

Harry had only smiled and said, "At least I'll h-have a c-cool reminder."

To which the doctor had shook his head and laughed.

Harry was rather eager to see himself without the visible bandages, and he was looking so very much forward to being with *Tom*…at his apartment…*unsupervised*…

Should he call himself a *lucky bastard?*

He certainly felt like it.

Silver-linings had never looked this *good*.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

YAY! We got #Discharged! 😆 Who else is glad we're finally getting away from the hospital? (I know I am…)😘

So…I did know where I wanted to get us, but my muses finally got us all there. 👍💙💚💛
And now…the real fun can begin.😈 I'm looking forward to hearing back from each and every one of you wonderful readers!😊

Any and all suggestions for future scenes of #SteamyDomesticity will be most encouraged and #Adored.💖💘💝

My muses have a definite taste for candy and spices right now. 😙 So let's get them balls rolling. 👀 (Almost #Ashamed my mind's in the #Gutter for that...innocent...statement.) 😅

#WillRegretNothing 😤

Until the next time, take care!

~🌺🐍○

21st Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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21st Violation

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After checking out of the hospital, Harry was shuffled into the backseat of his parents' car beside Luna. There he sat—rather dazed, staring out the window.

His mother and father were having words with Tom about trailing them to the house to pack his essentials, and then following Tom back to his apartment to actually see the place and help get Harry all settled in.

Tom appeared gracious as anything, and Harry felt the heat rising in his cheeks—threatening to tell on his heart beating erratically in his chest, vibrating his body as thoughts of his new living arrangements blotted out every other concern from his mind.

"You look happy." Luna said, voice feather light and pleased.

Harry gave a start and jerked his head to stare wide eyed and guilty at the serenely smiling girl, who had just called him out on his definite lack of chill.

"Err…um…y-yeah?" Harry blinked, scratching his cheek and chewing his lip restlessly as she reached out and patted his knee, before flashing him a partial grin and wink, "It's high time you had your honeymoon—and just in time for the holiday season."

"Don't e-exaggerate…Luna. Tom's just b-being helpful and n-nice…like always…"

Harry flushed darkly as Luna raised a playfully dubious brow, and gently chided him, "Tom Riddle is many things. But his true niceness comes into play only with you—Harry Potter. Make no mistake of his intentions."

Whatever Harry may have responded got cut off by his mother and father opening the driver and passenger seat doors, getting into the car near simultaneously.

"And we're off. Buckle up kids—will you be hanging around for the move in or should we drop you off along the way, Luna?"

Lily turned in her seat and glanced back at the girl, smiling warmly as James pulled the vehicle out of the hospital lot and into traffic.

Harry's eyes darted out the window one last time in search of Tom, and he only just caught the tall teen's backside disappearing round the corner of the hospital, presumably to locate his parked vehicle and follow after.

Harry breathed a wistful sigh and tuned back into Luna and his mother.

"I think I'll stick around for a while. It'd be a shame to waste Harry's first day out again at my house." Lily nodded and turned forward in her seat, addressing James now as Luna whispered to Harry.

"I've never been to Tom's place…maybe we can all have dinner and a movie there—with or without your parents. I'm sure we can talk them into you needing your rest and make an evening of it…just us three. My dad won't mind me being dropped off by Tom later instead, or he'd come pick me up."

Harry felt the corner of his mouth quirk upwards, and he muttered back, "I dunno…Tom m-might not want so many v-visitors for so long…he'd have a f-fit…"

Luna widened her eyes in a rather effective faux puppy-dog stare; Harry gulped and looked away, covering his mouth to suppress a bubbling bout of giddy (slightly hysterical) laughter.

"L-Luna!" Harry hissed loudly, "C-cut that out this instant!" Luna only tilted her head to the side and fluttered her eyelashes, bringing her hands together in prayerful fashion to both Harry's amused horror and chagrin.

It wasn't even like he didn't want her to hang out. He just knew the likelihood of Tom being truly accepting of them not being in their own little world all wrapped up in each other after he'd been dropped off by the parents…was rather miniscule, if not microscopic.

And he so didn't want Tom to be mad at him after all that Tom was already doing on his behalf…but…

"Alright—if it's j-just you and us…he may not k-kill me…we have to c-convince mom and dad not to l-linger though…" Harry spoke deliberately and rolled his eyes mock long-sufferingly to the heavens as Luna traded her theatrics for a beatific grin, and promptly seized and squeezed his hand, looking for all the world like she'd just won a competition…and not merely been afforded the possibility of invading Tom Riddle's apartment for the foreseeable future.

Behind the wheel, James glanced at Harry and Luna through the rear view with a raised eyebrow, for all the giggling and hushed conversation taking place behind his head.

He then looked sideways at his wife who merely shook her head fondly and murmured, "Luna's a sweet girl. It's good that Harry has her. And Tom…well…he's not really horrible at all. For which I'm glad."

James snorted softly and replied with a partial grin tugging at his lips, "Glad he has your vote. It'd be a shame if we'd both agreed to send Harry to live temporarily with a horrible

young man we didn't trust. Initial reservations aside—he has been majorly helpful. We can't deny."

Lily sighed and smiled gently, pitching her voice low enough that nothing was heard in the backseat, "I think Harry's about over the moon right now. Did you see the look on his face at the hospital? Our son is quite…transparent…don't you think?"

James chuckled, "Don't let him hear you say that. It's better if he assumes we're completely ignorant. Then we don't have to qualify letting him stay with his apparent crush *cum* live-in nurse."

Lily nodded sagely and whispered, "At least we know who it is. It'd be worse if it was some feckless stranger only after our baby's chastity."

James bit his tongue against the thought that, if Tom weren't so capable and Harry weren't so fragile, this conversation would be going differently in so many ways.

He wasn't blind to the possible dangers Tom represented. Far from—he merely knew…to separate Harry from the person he so obviously liked…who was helping him so much at this sensitive juncture, would be an ill-advised, harmful action which would not be well received.

Even the doctors agreed on this point.

One thing he knew for certain…after the prolonged hospital stay and visitations, always seeing Tom around and being given glowing reports about how his presence was aiding their son's swift recovery…as well as conversing with the young man himself on many occasions—there could be far worse people for Harry to be attracted to, given his leanings.

At the end of the day, Tom was their best bet for having Harry's best interests at heart and being someone both he and Lily could confidently state had no interests in hurting their son…physically or otherwise.

And wasn't that the most any parent of a young teenager in a fragile state of health, with a heart of gold could ever hope to hear tell of in their kid's life?

James thought so.

It'd be a cold day in hell before he allowed Harry to be in the arms of anyone less exemplary.

For now…Tom Riddle…was an honest to goodness insurance policy he'd bank on—for Harry's sake if nothing else.

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Pulling up to his parents' house was slightly surreal, which was likely because he was looking so very much forward to leaving it again…even after what felt like being forever

away.

“Here we are. You can sit downstairs and list the things you want to take with you, or just let me pack for you upstairs with my mom-skills—which I have certified since your birth.”

Harry laughed and said, “I’ll m-make that list and let you use your j-judgement for anything extra.”

Lily smiled warmly back at him and got out the car as James came round to open her door, letting Harry out with Luna in tow directly afterwards, arm linked up with Harry in friendship and as a further steadying gesture.

The ground was flat, but both Lily and James were relieved Harry was holding onto someone (or rather had someone holding onto him) still.

Tom hadn’t arrived at their house yet, so they all went inside together with Lily having Harry sit down on the couch and pressing a pen and notepad into his hand, before walking into the kitchen to Tupperware some leftovers for Harry to bring along for dinner at Tom’s that day.

Luna sat beside Harry and stared over his shoulder at his list as Harry muttered, “W-what about my school st-stuff…I don’t know what h-happened to my bag…”

Luna hummed thoughtfully and said, “I checked with the school a little after the accident, and it had been brought to the lost and found. I gave it to Tom…so if it’s not here…then he’s still got it.”

Harry nodded and finished scribbling out the last of anything he figured his mother might forget on his admittedly short list.

He refrained from putting his contacts on the list—as he still wasn’t ready to be dealing with them. His glasses were a little cumbersome and geeky, but at least he didn’t have to worry about getting an eye infection from leaving them in too long if he forgot about them.

Harry stopped writing and made to get up from the couch to give his mother the list, but Luna’s hand on his knee stilled him—and then she was taking the list from him and hopping off the couch much more sprightly than he would have been able to, in order to give it to his mother.

Harry sighed in belated thanks, but pouted a little.

Of course…he was still kind of an invalid. Up and down motions were dizzying things, and he would still lose his balance on a straight path if he tried to go too swiftly.

Stairs were kryptonite, and he had to make sure he was paying attention to his feet—lest he trip at any juncture.

He could walk from point A to Z, relatively well. And he didn’t have to worry about holding onto walls any longer for his legs giving out under his own (negligible) weight.

It’s just that with his apparent recovery came a treacherous bit of clumsiness.

Tom had been around to catch him in most instances, even as daily exercises strengthened his leg muscles and supplements plus hospital food layered the meat comfortably back over his bones.

He no longer looked like he'd blow away with a strong draft.

So really…he was pretty much normal. But still—stairs *bad*, getting up too quickly *bad*, and running…was ill-advised, if not legitimately impossible still.

The most he could manage on that front would be a measured power walk—and he'd have to be focused the entire time throughout that.

One wandering thought would lead to a misstep, resulting in the re-cracking of his tenderized skull. Or so went the danger scenario.

Luna returned in short order to sit beside him, saying his mother would pack everything just as soon as she finished with the food. Harry merely nodded and relaxed into the couch.

He wondered idly how long it'd be before Tom made it on site.

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Despite what he'd told the Potters about trailing them home, Tom did not follow them back directly from the hospital.

Instead, he took a detour back to his apartment and prepared a few things ahead—the first of which being the pull out bed in the living room, which he thought it prudent for the parents to see out and made as soon as they stepped through the door.

Then he glanced through his fridge and cabinets, and wound up making an impromptu trip to the nearest grocers another five minutes out in order to restock on healthy essentials enough to feed a small group of malnourished homeless people.

He'd been in and out the house so much in recent days that he'd been eating rather spartanly at home and subsidizing with Hogwarts' sufficient dining hall fare.

Being that he'd assured Harry's parents and the doctors of his ideal qualifications to take in his boy, Tom felt it more than necessary to do a bit of damage control on his spacious bachelor's pad.

There was really no other word for it.

When he'd moved in, guests had been the last thing on his mind…so much so that he was rather minimalistic when it came to all the necessities.

He was rectifying the issues as promptly as he was able, before entertaining the ones who could very well wreck his happy prospects of having Harry all to himself for a stretch of time Tom would *literally* kill to maintain.

It was like prepping for the in-laws. Tom could feel the humor.

By the time he did exit his apartment to get to the Potters', it looked as though everything in the place had been appointed with a very special roommate in mind—and no one would think he'd only ever lived and relied on himself before in the same location.

They also wouldn't question his ability to care for Harry in all things.

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When Tom pulled up at the Potter house and rang the doorbell, he was greeted by a smiling Lily holding a picnic basket which she handed off to him.

Tom took it automatically, restraining a grunt as his arm was unexpectedly weighed down. *Were those rocks?*

"I figured you'd want a break from having to do meal prep for a while, until you got in the full swing of things—so I packed a little of everything. I do hope you have space in the fridge…"

Tom waved off Lily's bashful concern and merely smiled down at her staring up at him so differently from the first time they'd met.

This woman…he could respect. She was the ground from which Harry had sprung after all. Without her, Harry never would have existed. And her continued dedication to her son's welfare and acceptance of what she knew was the best thing for him made her…alright…in Tom's books.

Even if they had little else in common, Harry was the glue that kept them of an accord.

All it'd taken was a true life and death situation to get her to open up to him. Tom thought he should feel slighted…but it was a relief in all truth, to not have to worry about boxing with her any longer.

He had enough on his mind with Harry's continued recovery and *possession* keeping his brain cells fully occupied in a high functioning state of natural euphoria.

Outwardly—he was a perfect gentleman. Smiling and helping carry Harry's suitcase and clothes bag to the trunk of his own vehicle (which thankfully bore no trace of its last serious load).

After he put the food basket on the backseat and dropped the trunk lid, Harry was exiting the front door, flanked by Luna and his mother with his father bringing up the rear and locking up the house.

"Luna and I can ride in Tom's c-car…Mom, Dad. If that's o-okay…?"

Tom's smile was chiseled in marble, and he pointedly ignored the way Harry's arm was being clutched by Luna to address Lily and James in a polite fashion.

"I have working breaks and shan't break the speed limit. Rest assured."

Lily rolled her eyes and waved him off with a playfully put-upon sigh, "Go be teenagers. We adults will follow behind in separate exile."

James eyes sparked and he affected a hopeless tone, "Should you need us ever again, just honk."

Harry bit the inside of his cheek, suppressing an unrepentant grin as he shook his head, speaking to Luna and Tom and making a show of ignoring Lily and James' antics, "Come on. Before m-my parents get w-weepy…"

Tom smirked and tipped his nonexistent hat before ushering Harry into the passenger's seat and opening the back door for Luna to slide in beside the food.

Luna's eyes sparkled mirthfully up at him as he firmly shut the door on her, feeling decidedly smug even as Luna's quicksilver eyes flashed with a knowing gleam.

So long as she kept her observations and hands (largely) to herself, they would be fine. Tom did owe her a few *smallish* debts—which kept her from being expendable.

He could also appreciate that like himself and the parents, Luna valued Harry the way he should be valued—although he was always on the alert for any signs of her vested interests becoming inappropriate…or unacceptable.

Honestly…*there were so many fine lines.*

Tom drove the car out onto the highway and glanced sidelong at Harry beside him, buckled up all snug and quiet—lacing and unlacing his fingers, fidgeting minutely every few seconds as though trying valiantly to be on his best behavior.

"Penny for your thoughts, darling…" Tom murmured and chuckled as Harry flinched, immediately jerking his head to bore twin bespectacled emerald eyes into the side of Tom's amused profile.

"I was h-hoping we…the three of us…m-might do dinner together…w-watch a movie or something at the apartment. If y-you're okay with it..."

Harry trailed off as Tom's face pinched, before taking on the predominately blank expression he often affected when not wanting to broadcast a perceived inconvenience.

Luna piped up in the backseat, "It's been such a long time since we've had time to ourselves. I'm sure Harry would enjoy having us both around to relax in a more homely setting."

Tom's left brow twitched, and he tried and failed to come up with a good reason to deny the request. As he was really looking forward to having Harry to himself…after the parents left.

He did know that Luna wasn't lying—Harry would like such an intimate, friendly gathering. It could be just the thing to make his boy feel all warm and cuddly-like…secure in his new environment with Tom…

Not that he thought he made Harry uncomfortable…but this was a pretty big step on the trust ladder.

"I suppose you have a point. Alright—dinner, and one movie…then you go home."

Luna beamed at Tom in the rearview, and he glared slightly at the girl with no actual heat behind it. "You'll drop me off?" Luna tilted her head to the side, going all doe eyed and cutesy.

Tom clenched his teeth and smiled stiffly. "Can't you walk?"

A sharp pinch on his leg drew his gaze to Harry, who was glaring at him like a kitten with a bruised tail. Tom smirked and rolled his eyes, "It was a *joke*, darling. Yes. I will take you home, Miss Lovegood."

Luna giggled and replied, "Much obliged. Your enthusiasm warms my heart."

Harry spoke then—tongue in cheek, "I think he really likes you."

Tom snorted, "Like a tack in my toe."

Harry grinned and punched the button for the radio. Something pop and sugary sweet came on, and he left it going—if only to enjoy the harassed expression on Tom's handsome face.

He's my best friend, best of all best friends…do you have a best friend too?

He tickles in my tummy; he's so yummy yummy…hey you should get a best friend too!

The amount of self-control Tom was exhibiting in not murdering the radio…was fantastic.

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Tom groaned aloud and immediately killed the engine once they'd parked in front of the complex, successfully sucking the juice out of the incessant radio which had been draining the will to live right out of him with so much vocalized idiocy.

It had been like every annoying song in the world for the past fifteen minutes had decided to blare through the speakers, and being that Harry was seemingly enjoying the channel, Tom had bit the bullet and thought of England the whole mind-gassing way there.

His ears were still bleeding.

“I hope you’re happy. My IQ has taken a hit I’m no longer certain it will recover from in time for you to graduate this year.”

Harry grinned widely at Tom and reached out to pat his cheek, biting back an insensitive, delighted laugh as he replied, “You could’ve ch-changed it. I wouldn’t h-have argued.”

Tom glared and seized Harry’s wrist, turning his face to lick the full length of his tongue out against the boy’s palm.

“E-eeew!”

Luna giggled in the backseat and said breezily, “He wanted to keep you happy. So he sacrificed his ears and his brain cells.”

Harry gave Tom the stink eye, snatched his hand back and shuddered in disgust as he wiped the dampness on his pants—to which Tom merely smirked wickedly and unsnapped his seatbelt.

“J-just because you’re s-stupid now, doesn’t mean you have to a-act like a t-toddler…” Harry grumbled and puffed his cheeks, flipping Tom off with his other unmolested hand in the process.

“I’m *so* sorry, darling. My sacrifice has left me with no more shits to give.” Tom sounded truly regretful. Harry’s hackles rose.

Luna piped up, “Your parents just pulled up. We better get inside.”

Harry petulantly unbuckled himself and reached for the door handle, only to freeze mid-motion as Tom said, “I’ll get that. Don’t move.”

He stared blankly as Tom jumped out the car and near teleported to his side. Harry only blinked and sighed heavily when his door swung open, and he was greeted by the outstretched hand of the smugly smiling, too tall teenager.

Luna stage whispered, “He’s being chivalrous. Just go with it, Harry.”

Harry pouted and mumbled with pink flooding his cheeks, as he took the proffered hand, “I’m n-not some damsel…geez…”

Tom tugged Harry into his chest and leaned close to his ear, voice husky and deep as his warm breath ghosted the sensitive shell, “But I want to be your *dragon*.”

Luna was left to open her own door, and soon enough all three of them were stood by the car—watching Lily and James get out of their own vehicle and start over from across the lot.

Still blushing something fierce, Harry remained speechless—not knowing how to even respond to…that, as Tom (astonishingly) passed him over to Luna, saying succinctly, “Be a dear and hold onto him while I help gather the luggage.”

Luna saluted and easily affixed herself to Harry's side, holding onto his arm as directed and nudging him gently towards the ground floor entrance into the lobby area of the sizeable complex.

They drifted alone through the doors, and Harry sucked in a breath for the familiar interior now flirting with his memory.

Although his first pass through the area had been brief, he very well recognized (as he'd noted very little else back then) the elevators on the wall dead ahead, and he breathed consciously through a shiver skating up his spine.

He was here…again. This was really…happening.

He was about to go up on that elevator. He was about to be in Tom's apartment…as a… lodger.

Wow.

"It's very nice in here. I bet the apartment looks even better. I wonder how much such a place costs…" Luna's dreamy ramblings faded into the background as his parents and Tom stepped through the entrance into the lobby at last, with his luggage bags and the food basket divvied up amongst them.

"My goodness…this looks rather expensive for a student." His mother was only half addressing Tom while talking to James and staring around at the (admittedly) nice lobby area.

"You certainly don't do shambles." James sounded impressed, if not a bit off-balanced.

Tom merely smiled and ushered them all to the elevators—glancing sideways and down at Harry and Luna as he pressed the summoning button.

Stepping onto the now opening lift, he offered to take the food basket from Lily—as he had a free hand not carrying Harry's suitcase, and he knew it to be rather hefty. But she merely brushed him off and maintained, "I'm not frail as all that. I can carry this much."

Tom nodded in acceptance and hit the button for the penthouse floor as the doors slid shut again.

The ride felt long and extremely short, all at once. Harry keenly watched the board of numbers lighting up one by one until the bell dinged at the uppermost level, and the doors parted.

Stepping off the lift with Luna in tow, Harry's gaze riveted to Tom's apartment door, a couple yards from the elevator. The only other door visible being metal and positioned beneath an exit sign on opposite end of the hallway—leading out to the roof.

Tom swiftly crossed the floor to his door, and in a practiced motion—unlocked it. The door swung inwards, and Tom crossed the threshold into darkness—leaving the door ajar in invitation for the welcomed entourage.

Harry and Luna crossed over next, barely a step behind him—and James and Lily immediately brought up the rear.

The door shut behind them all as the lights came on and numerous eyes traveled about, the sounds of pleasant gasps and approval rang muffled into the vacant hall outside.

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Tom Riddle's apartment could be summed up in a few words: spacious, clean, masculine, and comfortably luxurious in a formulaic way.

The first thing Lily's eyes lit on with significant pause was the living room area, where a massive couch with a bed pulled out of one side—fully made up and obviously appointed for Harry, unassumingly sprawled.

It should have looked out of place, but it blended seamlessly with the rest of the décor. Being done up in black and white patterned covers and fluffy pillows, matching the walls and monochrome schemed furnishings.

The coffee table had been relocated to the remaining functional side of the couch, and there was enough space on said half of the couch for at least four grown bodies to sit and enjoy the large screen TV without encroaching upon the bed.

Away from that, gazing across the room into the counter separated kitchen area, Lily found herself further impressed.

She made a bee-line for the kitchen and deposited the heavy basket on the marble countertop as she stared around, taking in the giant double doored fridge, stove and tastefully blended light and dark tones of silver and black, comprising the cabinetry and other appliances.

James made a motion with the clothes bag he was carrying and Tom spoke up, ushering him down the hall whilst carrying Harry's suitcase in his own hand. "Follow me. You can leave that in my room. I'll hang everything up."

Harry automatically drifted after Tom and his father, leaving Luna and his mother in the front area to themselves.

"It's very kind of you to afford Harry such happiness during his recovery." Luna spoke airily as she took up residence on the couch, and Lily eyed the girl with a small smile—used to this one's perceptive nature after so much time in her presence.

"As a mother…I only want my baby to be safe and well cared for. I'll admit—a lot of this blindsided me. I was definitely thrown when Tom first showed up."

Lily laughed a bit and shook her head, recalling that startling moment with amused clarity.

Luna's eyes gleamed as she leaned back against the couch and crossed her legs. Gently allowing, "He can be intimidating at first."

Lily snorted delicately and Luna flashed a conspiratorial grin, before continuing, "Although we both know he's got a melted caramel center…for Harry."

Lily only stared back at the girl and said with no little fondness coating her words, "Don't we all? Harry has a strong support system…including Tom and yourself."

Luna shrugged and murmured, "Tom more than me. But I do what I can."

Lily crossed the room and sat down beside Luna, sighing wearily as she relaxed into the couch and stared up at the ceiling. "Those two are quite something. But don't discount yourself. I remember how happy Harry was the day he brought you home. I had even fancied he might've felt more for you than friendly…"

Luna laughed softly and uncrossed her legs, swinging them idly back and forth.

"I'm only the moon. I merely reflect the light. Harry is the center around which we all gravitate. Some more than others…"

Lily nodded faintly, considering Luna's words at face value as both an admission and a peaceful resigning. "It wouldn't do much good for me to kick up a fuss at this point. Harry needs a smooth recovery. Tom is instrumental to that. And he's really not that bad…once you see past the shell."

Luna stared at Lily for a moment in muted awe, and then she observed, "You really love him."

Lily merely smirked and quipped breezily, "I don't know about all that—I just think he's alright."

Luna's brows levitated to her hairline and she replied slowly, "I was actually referring to Harry. But okay."

Lily grinned wide enough to showcase dimples, with her eyes sparkling vividly—so reminiscent of Harry's own, "Shhh…we don't want that getting to the right ears."

Luna giggled softly and nodded, "I shan't breathe a word."

And there they sat in companionable ease, waiting for their boys to reemerge from Tom's room.

What was keeping them anyhow?

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“I didn’t have time to clear out a drawer. You’ll have to bear with me.”

Tom’s eye twitched spasmodically for the oversight as he rifled through and began combining half his underwear, t-shirts, and socks in one drawer—leaving space for Harry’s underthings in half of the top, with his own remaining underwear and a few cotton shirts.

“No problem, most of this can be left in the suitcase until Harry actually needs to rotate out. Lily must’ve decimated his dresser…”

Tom nodded firmly in agreement as James handed him a stack of boxers and t-shirts from Harry’s suitcase, already neatly folded by Lily—which Tom carefully fitted into the space he’d made, alongside a few pairs of socks.

Harry just watched, wide-eyed and rather stunned—as Tom and his father unpacked his belongings without requiring any aid from him—which he’d been ready to give.

They worked like a well-oiled machine, emptying half the suitcase of underclothes and pajamas (which Tom pressed next to his in the third drawer down—that actually had space already since he used few actual pajamas).

Harry moseyed over to sit on the edge of Tom’s bed, and made himself as unobtrusive as possible as Tom and his father kept on working.

After finishing with a satisfactory portion of clothes from the suitcase, Tom shut up the dresser and went over to the closet—sliding the door open and unceremoniously shoving all his hanging apparel to one side, until there was a good length of bar for Harry’s things to go up.

James walked over to Tom toting three of Harry’s uniforms and assorted jeans, slacks, shirts, and jackets his mother had packed.

Back and forth he went until Tom had hung everything by classification and color alongside his own.

By the time James handed over his shoes (which included two sets of loafers for school, sneakers, and house shoes)—Harry was feeling distinctly extra.

“There. All finished.” James grinned, satisfied as he zipped the empty garment bag, which Tom then took and stored at the back of the highest closet shelf.

Tom slid the closet door shut and turned about face to clasp James by the hand, shaking it like they’d completed some monumental task.

Harry was just beginning to pout in the peanut gallery, before Tom’s eyes locked on his and a broad grin lit up the taller teen’s face. “You look tired, *Harry.* I think we should get you fed and put well away.”

Harry barely opened his mouth to protest, before Tom had crossed over to him in three long strides and leveraged him from the bed. Pressing unnecessarily close with his arm around

Harry's shoulders and looking to James as he said, "Do you and Mrs. Potter have plans to visit long? I feel as though Harry is a mite bit too stimulated. Not that I'm rushing you."

James tilted his head and an odd smile played along his lips. "So long as he's all settled, we can make ourselves scarce."

Tom only nodded—faux apologetically, as he walked Harry out of the room and into the hallway. "I'm sure we'll have time enough to socialize on another day. Although…I dare say, he may be in the mood for more companionable idling?"

Harry blinked up at Tom, looking between him and his father blankly before catching on.

"A-ah…that sounds nice…L-Luna did mention wanting to s-stay for dinner…and a b-brief show…"

James nodded slowly, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as they drifted down the hall into the front room. "I see. It is your first day back out. I'm sure both your friends have missed having you to themselves."

Harry hummed in agreement and caught his breath as Tom's arm around his shoulders squeezed, pulling him flush briefly as James called out to Lily on the couch.

"Honey—Harry's all set, but we're to be kicked out!"

Lily covered her mouth and allowed her eyes to widen dramatically as she looked to Tom, who was smirking with Harry in tow. "Is that so? Not even an invitation to help sort the fridge first? You can only eat so much of that basket today."

Tom deposited Harry on a barstool and smiled handsomely at Lily—eyes glinting with mirth, "I assure you, I can take care of it. Miss Lovegood has elected to remain a while longer to help us demolish some of your fare, and then we have a show planned before Harry is to rest again."

Lily sighed heavily and looked to James, who was shrugging in a ('what can you do') fashion.

"Then I suppose we should leave you all to it. I assume you have a ride lined up?" Lily spoke to Luna, who smiled dreamily and nodded to the affirmative.

"Come along, dear. We've overspent our welcome." James sniffed imperiously and took his wife by the hand, ushering her to the apartment door with a wink and short wave over their shoulders at the three teens staring after them.

"Oh! What is the house number?" Lily paused on the threshold, fishing out a pen and paper from her pocket as she addressed Tom. Tom rattled off a number and Harry couldn't recall if it was the one he'd used before or not.

"Got it. You three be good. Call if you need anything! I assume you have his prescriptions?"

Tom nodded and strode over to the door, greeting Lily and James one last time before they were off—and locking the door behind them.

When he spun back around, his smile was catlike and he said, “Let’s have that dinner now, shall we?”

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Tom didn’t waste time heating up dinner enough for them all and putting the remaining food away.

Harry sat on the barstool watching him in the kitchen as Luna flipped through channels on the couch, searching for any viable show for them all to enjoy.

“You know I c-could help…” Harry trailed off, going a bit pink in the face as Tom looked at him with a particular smirk and said, “I know, darling. And you will have your chance to assist. But right now—I’m rather in a hurry.”

Harry swallowed and averted his gaze from Tom’s—clearly reading the implications behind that statement.

(Gosh…it was getting warm.)

Harry rubbed at his neck and unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, fanning himself a bit as Tom remained in perpetual motion.

“What’s on, L-Luna?” Harry called, swiveling the barstool to look at the girl and distract his wandering mind from Tom—who he now lived with.

“ ‘The Three Musketeers’ …’Nutcracker’…and ‘American Psycho’.”

Harry blinked and cringed a little. “That it?”

Luna hummed and called out as she hit one last channel, “‘Spirited Away’ is coming on in five minutes.”

Harry immediately perked up and spun back around, jumping as he came face to face with Tom—staring intently down at him across the counter.

“H-how do you feel about a-animation?” Harry couldn’t help but ask a little timidly, deflating a bit as Tom merely tilted his head and indulgently replied. “I’m rather partial to ‘American Psycho’.”

Harry blinked and called out to Luna, a bit shakily, “How long h-has ‘American Psycho’ been on?”

She checked the menu. “About five minutes.”

Harry stared up at Tom, who looked rather amused at this point. “I-it’s started already…”

Tom patiently remarked, “That’s okay. I’ve seen it before.”

Harry squinted a little and said with a frown, “I haven’t…is it g-good?”

Tom shrugged, “Matter of taste, I suppose. We can always watch something more family friendly. Animated…if that’s *your* preference.”

Harry bristled as he detected a definite *tone* in Tom’s voice, “ ‘Sp-Spirited Away’ is a classic!”

Tom nodded and smiled placidly, thoroughly enjoying ruffling his boy’s feathers, “Then I suppose we mustn’t pass up on it, no matter what.”

Harry scrunched his nose and bit his lip. He knew Tom was toying with him. If he really wanted to see that other movie…Harry guessed it couldn’t be that bad. Also—he’d already hijacked the radio, so he did have something to make up for.

It’d be unkind to have Tom sit through a movie he didn’t wanna see—for an evening catering to Harry’s needs, far more than his own.

“We’ll do ‘A-American Psycho’ Luna.” Harry called out; feeling more than a little pleased as Tom grinned down at him and tweaked his nose, purring affectionately as Harry glared mildly for the treatment, “Thank you for being so considerate, *darling*.”

Harry shivered as Tom’s voice lowered towards the end, and his misgivings evaporated as the smell of their heated dinner wafted through the kitchen and made his stomach growl.

“Hang on. I’ll have us served up momentarily. You may wash your hands and wait on the couch.”

Harry nodded for the command, and moseyed over to the kitchen sink—before drifting to settle next to Luna on the couch.

It didn’t take long for Tom to slide up next to him—he handed out loaded plates to Harry and Luna, before gathering his own food and sandwiching Harry comfortably between them both.

Harry enjoyed his meal—all the way up until the first on screen, bloody death.

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xXOXx

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“I think you broke him.”

Luna spoke airily as Harry stared open mouthed at the TV whilst the credits rolled. Tom looked down at Harry and allowed a shark-like grin to manifest across his face.

“Darling…*sweetheart*...are you alright?”

Harry just kept staring—disbelieving what he’d just witnessed. What he’d just sat through.

Luna sighed and gave Tom a reproachful eyebrow, “You know he’s delicate, Tom. You should not have shown him that.”

Tom blinked innocently. “I told him we could watch his animation. But he *insisted*.”

Luna shook her head and patted Harry consolingly on the knee. “It’s alright. None of that actually happened. He was hallucinating the whole time.”

Tom chuckled and gently turned Harry’s head by the chin, staring down into glazed emerald eyes with unconcealed wicked delight. “Are you in need of resuscitation? Say *ah*…”

Luna remained silent and bit back a grin of her own as Tom leaned in and planted a (rather deep) kiss on Harry’s parted lips, finally getting a response from the dazed out and traumatized boy.

“MmmPH!”

Harry pushed against Tom’s chest and managed to separate their mouths on a wet gasp. Trembling all over and glaring accusatorily up at the widely grinning teen.

“Y-y-you arse! W-why would you m-make me w-watch th-that?!”

“My sincerest apologies…I thought you wanted to *see*. You looked so happy when I brought it up.”

Harry gritted his teeth and turned to whine desperately to Luna—who was watching the two unblinkingly, with a disturbing smile, “T-Tom hurt my h-head! Can I live with y-you?”

Luna hummed sympathetically, glancing at Tom who stared back at her mock-warningly—as though she actually had the power to remove Harry from the premises, or was fool enough to exercise it.

“That would be hazardous to my lifespan, Harry. I’m sorry. You’ll have to put up with him.”

Harry’s eyes went big and round—and he swung his head to glare heatedly up at Tom, “N-never again!”

Tom nodded sagely. Harry hissed, “I’m n-never letting you p-pick the m-m-movie again!”

“I did apologize. How was I to know you couldn’t handle it? You never gave any signs.”

Harry deadpanned—well remembering he had been flinching and crying legit tears halfway through the movie, not getting how both Luna and Tom (that *demon*) could be enjoying it…at

all.

He hadn't said a word—but dammit, Tom had *seen*!

Harry made to get up from the couch with his empty plate (how he'd finished it whilst watching *that* would forever escape him—probably stress chewing), but Tom and Luna both pressed him backwards and both attempted to take his plate from him, Luna relenting as Tom arched an eyebrow and maintained, "I'll do the dishes, and you get ready to go home."

Luna smiled serenely, "I can help."

Tom snorted and brushed her off. "I'll be done shortly. Do say your goodbyes."

Luna shook her head and stage whispered to Harry, "Tom's a good housewife."

Harry bit his tongue on an unexpected laugh, grinning at the girl as Tom glared down at the both of them but walked away without another word, gathering the rest of their dirty dishes to take along.

All mental scarring aside—it had been a good evening.

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xXOXx

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Harry stood beside the front door, watching Tom herd Luna to the elevator with a particularly grumpy look on his face.

He'd tried to get Tom to take him with to go drop Luna off, but Tom had insisted he wait in the apartment and maybe take a nap until he return. Harry had thought Tom had just been putting on for the parents when he'd mentioned Harry needing rest.

But apparently, the older teen had been serious.

Harry reluctantly admitted…he was a little drowsy. All that good food and that horrible film had taken it out of him.

He closed and locked the door, before moseying over to his bed.

Yawning and toeing off his shoes, he slowly divested himself of all except his undershirt and boxers, draping the articles across the couch back and placing his glasses on the coffee table —before sliding beneath the covers and curling up.

It wouldn't take long for Tom to get back. Thirty minutes or so tops.

But Harry supposed he could close his eyes for a bit…

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xXOXx

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When Tom stepped through the door of his apartment again, his eyes immediately gravitated to Harry's sleeping form in his living room.

As he locked and hung up his keys, Tom found himself staring at the sight with utter contentment and satisfaction.

His boy was so *obedient.*

He had worried Harry wouldn't have taken his directives to heart, but Harry had gone straight to sleep and been out since he'd left. The ride with Luna had been relatively peaceful, and they hadn't said much to each other.

She hadn't even commented when he didn't ask for directions, but simply pulled up to her house.

Most people would've questioned that. Luna wasn't most though, Tom knew this.

It was half the reason he'd allowed this evening at all.

She was tolerable, and a good excuse for Harry to never need any *other* friends. So Tom had decided to keep her close…just close enough.

Better the devil he understood and knew—after all.

Their relationship was balanced, with Harry being the crux of everything connecting them.

Nothing between Luna and he made a lick of sense without adding Harry to the equation. He was their commonality. He was their centerpiece.

Shaking himself out of his thoughts, Tom drifted over to Harry on the bed, staring down for a long moment…just enjoying the unguarded sleeping expression on his boy's face…

He reached out, bending to ghost his fingers along the side of Harry's soft cheek…before pulling back and stepping away.

As much as he wanted to…he couldn't justify waking Harry up.

His boy did need his rest. Tom wanted him to get it.

For now…he'd keep his hands to himself.

They had time after all.

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xXOXx

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When Harry woke up again, the living room was cloaked in shadow, and there was no noise in the apartment.

Apparently…he'd slept way longer than he'd anticipated.

Rubbing at his eyes, Harry stretched and sat up in the bed. Tom had to have come back by now…why didn't he wake him?

It was quiet—too quiet.

Harry got up from the bed, padding barefooted and half blind through the living room and down the hall.

There was a low light shining beneath Tom's bedroom door.

Harry knocked softly and waited. There was no answer.

He hesitated a moment, then reached out and tried the knob. It gave. Pushing the door in slowly, Harry stepped into Tom's room, eyes adjusting to the low light and landing on Tom's bed—where the slightly blurry older teen was dozing sideways propped against his headboard and pillows, with a textbook spread open in his lap.

Harry blinked and rubbed at his eyes again. A little blurriness resolved but nothing else changed.

Tom was still knocked out.

Harry tilted his head curiously, and walked soundlessly over to the bed as the bedroom door drifted shut with a *snick*. A soft smile played across his lips as he stared down at Tom, transfixed…

He had never seen him unconscious before…it was a novelty.

He was unable to look away.

Carefully, he reached out and grabbed the textbook. Closing it up and setting it on the nightstand beside the bed before leaning in to get an even closer look.

Tom had long lashes, and his skin was flawless. His lips were slightly parted, and Harry licked his own as the urge to get nearer compelled him to climb onto the bed.

It dipped slightly beneath his weight, but Tom did not stir.

Harry hovered on his knees, bringing his hand up to card gently through Tom's lovely ebony locks, curling artfully over his forehead and around his ears. It wasn't often (or ever) that he recalled having such uninhibited *access* to Tom.

Harry leaned down, touching his lips just barely to the corner of Tom's mouth—wondering if he'd wake him, and feeling his heart pound for the prospect.

Tom did not stir.

Emboldened, Harry got closer.

Tom was wearing drawstring pants and an obvious sleep shirt. It was wide necked and soft, with short sleeves. Harry trailed his fingers down Tom's chest over the fabric, feeling the rise and fall of the sleek muscles beneath.

Tom's breathing deepened further. Harry watched his face avidly—not blinking, but Tom remained unconscious.

Feeling suddenly compelled, Harry trailed his hand down further…to the waistband of Tom's pants. He swallowed dryly and glanced again at Tom's face again…before daring himself to do something he really shouldn't.

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xXOXx

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Tom had left Harry well alone and gotten cleaned up as his boy slept, showering and taking care of a few chores around the apartment before checking on Harry again.

By that time—the third hour of Harry's nap had passed, and darkness cloaked the world outside—so he'd decided to get a bit of studying done to not remain idle.

He could've gone straight to his office and monitored the market or checked in with Barty, but he really hadn't wanted the headache right then.

Instead—he'd gotten comfortable in bed, and decided to review his most cumbersome textbook. It never hurt to be refreshed.

Somewhere along the line, he'd apparently fallen asleep over his text—because he'd obviously been a little beat as well. It had been an eventful day.

Tom had always been a rather light sleeper.

When the knocks came, he had heard…but elected not to respond, knowing the door was unlocked.

It had been a whim. He'd wondered how comfortable Harry would feel to just come in.

He'd been gratified to hear the door opening, and he'd remained still as he heard it close and the muted footfalls of Harry approaching the bed.

His boy hadn't said a word. Tom's curiosity was piqued.

He decided to play dead.

It got rather difficult when Harry climbed on the bed—but he managed not to move or give any indication as to his wakefulness.

And then he felt Harry's lips against the corner of his mouth.

He forced himself not to respond. Wondering how much further his boy would go on his own…uncompelled…

His breathing deepened on instinct as he felt Harry's hand on his chest, and he made sure not to give the game away as Harry's hand trailed down.

When he felt Harry's hand hovering over the waist of his pants, Tom suppressed a wolfish grin wanting to break out.

When he felt the waistband stretch and Harry's questing hand slip so innocently beneath…his eyes slit open narrowly enough to surreptitiously observe his boy's darling face as Harry began to stroke his rapidly awakening flesh slowly *up* and *down*.

Still convinced Tom was asleep.

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xXOXx

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Harry flushed darkly and mentally berated himself for his actions, even as his hand kept moving between Tom's legs…amazed that the other was still asleep at this point, because his cock was *heavy* and *hard* and beginning to *leak* into Harry's palm.

Harry panted softly, breathless…and he wondered…if he took Tom in his mouth, would Tom wake up then?

Like a siren's call, he allowed his curiosity to goad him into further action.

Tugging the waist of Tom's loose pants down just enough to free Tom to the air, Harry took Tom in both hands and got more comfortable on the bed, until his mouth was level with Tom's dick.

Neglecting to glance up anymore through his heady anticipation, Harry sheathed his teeth and began sliding his mouth carefully down the *silky*, *hot* rod of flesh…tonguing the mushroom head and it's slit along the way.

He heard a guttural moan from above, and Harry daringly looked up with a full mouth into the wide open, non-drowsy, predatorily dilated eyes of Tom—staring directly down at him with hunger…so much *hunger*.

"Harry…" Tom rasped his name, reaching down to possesively sift his long fingers through Harry's locks and tugging at the strands, urging his boy on as Harry *moaned* and began sucking on him in earnest—more than happy to finally have him awake and responding.

It was different not being pressed for time.

Harry remembered when Tom had been in his room. When he'd first attempted to pleasure Tom like this…

That had been new and dangerous…because they'd been under his parents' roof.

Now…he had the chance to take his time, and really learn…

Tom encouraged him verbally and made him feel good as he took him down. Stroking with his hands what he couldn't swallow, and breathing harshly through his nose as his own blood pooled south, and he began pressing himself against the mattress as Tom slid thickly over his palate.

Harry found he liked doing this.

Even though his jaw was beginning to ache and stiffen…and his eyes were watering fiercely, Tom's hand petting his head—Tom's mouth groaning his name and all manner of endearments ('*that's it sweetheart…fuck…such a good boy for me…my darling...'),* had Harry about ready to come already, no other stimulus needed.

Harry drew back with a wet slurp, and curiously nosed forward—mouthing Tom's heavy balls, earning a string of indistinctly hissed curses and a harsher pull at his hair, incongruously startling a keening whine from his raw throat as a jolt of pleasure lanced through him and had him panting heavily and rutting his hips against the bed.

Licking warm stripes repeatedly over Tom's full sac, Harry kissed his way back up Tom's cock which he continued to stroke at the base with soft, eager hands—before taking Tom suddenly down again as far as he could and sucking *hard*.

What happened next was a spectacular mess.

Tom's hand clenched in his hair, pulling painfully at the root—and Harry began to choke as Tom's dick pulsed and his mouth was flooded with warm, thick seed, overflowing from his constricting throat and down his chin.

Tom's breath stuttered and evened out, as his hand gentled apologetically—urging Harry… still coughing and gasping for air away from his manhood with a firm large palm cradling the back of his boy's sweaty neck.

"*H-haa…nnn*….Tom…"

Harry trembled and stared a Tom with blotchy red cheeks, and a few tears streaming as he struggled to regain composure, swallowing repeatedly…and grimacing at the taste of semen running down his gullet.

Tom leaned forward, helping Harry up to his level and tucking himself away even as Harry scrambled to his knees, still sporting a painful hard-on and clutching at Tom's shoulders as the other teen easily maneuvered him to straddling his lap and coming nose to nose with Tom.

Harry licked his lips and swallowed more as Tom just stared at him…head tilting oddly and eyes gleaming with heat enough to melt Harry's bones as Tom merely watched his boy imbibing his spilled essence…with no little pride of possession.

"Harry…Harry…*Harry*…whatever am I to do with *you*…?"

What should have been a question sounded to Harry's reddening ears like a promising threat.

Harry blinked slowly and clenched his hands in the fabric of Tom's shirt over Tom's broad shoulders, as Tom's hands drifted up and down his sides and back…petting him like an oversized kitten he was deciding how to pin down.

Harry shivered as Tom leaned in and licked at the drying seed around his mouth and on his chin. Lazily cleaning Harry of himself and moaning softly as his hands continued to roam… now squeezing at Harry's buttocks and gently cupping his boy's crotch, but not giving any of the desired friction Harry now craved.

"T-Take…care of me…p-please…?" Harry panted aloud, as Tom's tongue gave his chin a final elongated lick and those hands gripped the back of his thighs like so much coveted property.

Tom chuckled darkly and said in a husky voice with his lips just barely brushing Harry's own parted ones, "Didn't I promise you I would?"

Something molten and intense uncurled in Harry's stomach, and he gasped as Tom upended his world—knocking him sideways and pressing him into the bed as he hovered above Harry with an unreadable look on his face.

Unreadable—in the way that it was saying too much at once for Harry to fully comprehend.

Unreadable—in the way that Harry couldn't isolate everything passing through those fathomless eyes in time to accurately name each blended emotion.

Harry's breath caught, and he moaned deeply as Tom dove in, crushing their mouths together and kissing all the remaining sense out of his head as he merely held on and allowed Tom to take his fill.

By the time Tom finished with his body that evening, Harry was naked and all marked up, rendered unconscious—this time beneath Tom's covers…knocked out in Tom's arms, enfolding him as Tom worshipfully kissed his neck and cradled him close.

Tom hadn't taken Harry in all the ways he'd wanted to…but it'd been a near thing.

His eyes flashed as he remembered spreading his boy's thighs *wide* and invading Harry with his tongue and fingers, before he sucked the life right out of him—leaving fire red trails all

along Harry's skin throughout and gripping him tight enough to leave fading fingerprint bruises.

His restraint was truly remarkable.

Especially with the way Harry had come to him…had come onto him…unprovoked.

It was a heady feeling—to know his boy felt justified touching him without his prompting.

It felt good to be wanted *dead* or alive…but mostly alive.

And to think he'd kept *his* hands to himself.

A salacious grin spread unseen across Tom's mouth in the dimly lit room, and he reached out and clicked the light off.

As he held Harry in the dark, he flirted fixatedly with the idea of keeping his boy with him…indefinitely.

How much would it take to gain *permanent custody*…he wondered.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I have nothing to say except—I hope you all enjoyed this Violation to the fullest, despite it feeling like a massive filler. 😅 Who knew moving could be so involved?

Ugh…I couldn't believe how long it took to get Harry all settled down. I was pulling my hair out trying to hurry it up. 😫

Note on those lyrics from 'Best Friend' by Toy Box: I just had to use that particular song even though it came a bit later in the years than when I imagine this fic taking place. It just felt right. I could well imagine the look on Tom's face and I thought it cutely hilarious.

Note on 'American Psycho': That was completely unplanned, but I could imagine Tom having Harry watch that as payback for the car. Even though he legit feels like he'd like that movie…as a dark comedy if naught else—I have seen it twice. Once long ago and again more recently, and I found myself startled by the gore I didn't quite remember. I felt distinctly worried at how much I'd obviously blocked out. But it was a memorable film. I figured Harry would hate it. But suffer for Tom...and apparently Luna.

Anyways…happy coming Thanksgiving—and may you all remain safe for the holidays. 🤗

Until next time, Take the utmost of Care in 2020 ~ 🌺🐍○

22nd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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22nd Violation

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Waking up in Tom Riddle's bed was an experience.

Mainly because when he woke up…it was to *hands*…Tom's hands…running and rubbing just all over him.

Harry moaned softly and arched into the touch of those elegant, long fingered, expansive hands massaging his muscles into wakefulness…as he'd felt them do so often in the hospital during his therapy, if only to a much lesser extent.

Tom wasn't restraining his touch at all. Nor was he pretending not to be feeling Harry up during the process because eyes were watching.

Those hands dug into his muscles and fingers dipped teasingly into the crevices and inner skin of his splayed thighs, running up and down firmly—palming the soft flesh and carrying on to drift backwards to his buttocks which were summarily parted and thoroughly *kneaded.*

Harry's eyes flew open on a gasp, and he stared red faced and panting up into the broadly smirking visage of Tom…hovering above him, licking his lips and prodding him with gentle fingers in a place most definitely non-applicable to his therapy.

"Haaah—ah! Tom! Nnnghaaa…."

"Good morning, darling. I do trust you slept well." Tom purred, teasing the rim of Harry's entrance between spread fleshy globes, and slowly inserting a finger, testing the give (or lack thereof) around the dry appendage, and remarking, "You're too dry. That can't be good. Hold your legs; I need to *assess* the situation…"

Harry was hardly given a choice in the matter as Tom swiftly manipulated his body until he was bent in half, arse and dry hole on full display and knees being pushed all the way to his chest at Tom's urging.

Harry could only catch and hold his legs in the position with both hands, as Tom promptly dove *down* and licked a *long*, *hot*, *wet stripe* all the way up his crack and over his quivering entrance.

Harry panted heavily and groaned Tom's name around a colorful expletive, face gone cherry red at the absolutely *dirty* and *delicious* feeling of Tom licking his arse.

"Oh god…!"

Tom hummed deeply, coming up again for a moment to stare mischievously down at Harry's adorably flushed and disbelieving face with a mock serious frown as his hands did the work of further revealing Harry's pucker and making Harry feel nothing but utterly exposed and vulnerable to Tom's desires.

"It's as I suspected. You're suffering from a terrible dryness. It needs to be addressed right away before your skin begins to chafe further. Don't worry. I've got everything under control. You just relax and let me do all the work…"

Harry barely had time to catch his breath and squeak—before Tom was *down there* again and that tongue was being forced through the tightness of his sphincter and *pressed* and *dragged* sinuously in and out…licking against the rim over and over and *over*… going *deeper* and *deeper* with every lap…rasping hotly against his clenching hole, getting progressively wetter and wetter with hot saliva as Tom ate him out.

Harry's chest heaved and his penis *throbbed* untouched and hard against his belly, receiving no attention as all Tom's focus remained on that pucker (*he swirled his tongue around*) and that sheath (*his tongue felt so long*...) fluttering and drawing at his determined muscle, with all the immediacy of being fucked by a miniature, impossibly soft and *slick cock*.

"F-Fuh…haah…Toooom! Mmnnn…" Harry couldn't restrain the buck his lower half gave upon a particularly deep thrusting of Tom's tongue within him, and he stammered breathlessly as precum began to drip from his cock onto his abdomen.

(He was gonna come…he was gonna cum just like this—!) His thoughts began spiraling as his heart pounded and he moaned and instinctively rode Tom's face in the air.

Tom began licking faster within him—his mouth *working* with every elongated, voracious *shove* of his tongue against Harry's sensitive inner walls as his boy moved against him, futilely clamping down inside only to meet the *give* and *slick* of that small member going in and out with such committed vigor.

Harry released a keening whine as his dick gave a warning *pulse*—and a primal groan sounded from deep inside Tom's chest as on a final thrust of his tongue, Harry's lower half bucked upwards and that thoroughly moistened entrance clamped *shut*…locking him down right before he heard Harry cry out, and felt the spasms wrack his boy's body as Harry shuddered and came all the way apart around him—climax exploding onto his belly and heaving chest.

Harry's arms went limp and his legs hung ineffectually over Tom's shoulders as he lay completely boneless against Tom's (now damp and fragrant) sheets.

With a last dragging pull of his long tongue from Harry's quivering entrance, Tom swallowed the thick pool of flavorful saliva which had gathered in his mouth.

He casually swiped at the corner of his lips with a thumb, savoring Harry on his palate with a smugly possessive smirk down at the blissed out boy…still softly panting and staring up at him with emerald eyes darkened and blown out in patent wonder.

"All better now." Tom husked out, his voice deepening in arousal pooling heavy between his legs as he greedily drank in the sight of Harry beneath him, calculatingly eying the mess all over Harry's torso before coming to a decision with a sharp grin.

"Look at you…you're all messed up. Don't despair, I'm still hungry."

Harry would forever deny the noise he'd made when Tom went *back* to work—further abusing his talented tongue by lapping the spilled semen from Harry's body like it was ice cream…and moaning throatily in utter appreciation whilst swallowing and staring heatedly up at Harry through ebony bangs fallen into his eyes.

Harry's mouth went dry and he could feel his face threatening spontaneous combustion as he held Tom's unwavering gaze with his own, shivering as Tom cleaned him off in the *dirtiest* way…swiping at the messiness with vulgar licks—making sure Harry saw his tongue go down, and back in with every drop of wasted seed coating it…rolling down his throat.

"Mmm…," Tom hummed in visible delight, smacking his lips noisily on a last lingering lick to Harry's chest…before crawling up Harry's body until they were nose to nose…and promptly taking Harry's parted lips in a heated kiss.

Harry moaned and his legs came up around Tom's waist, bringing Tom's partially clothed body down upon him and gasping wantonly into the kiss as he felt the bulging hardness of Tom's confined cock straining against him.

Daringly…Harry reached between their bodies, and as Tom nipped and gently suckled upon his bottom lip, lapping at the tender flesh with his tongue as he set about devouring his boy again…Harry sucked in a breath and blindly shoved his hand beneath the waist of Tom's boxers, grabbing Tom's neglected angry member and palming it fiercely.

Tom groaned appreciatively into the kiss, and Harry continued working his hand as Tom's tongue tangled wetly with his own, imparting knowledge of how his most intimate of places *tasted* in the most pornographic of ways.

Tom moved his hips along with Harry's hand upon him, and he thrust indolently into Harry's slickening fist as Harry *gripped* and *stroked* the entirety of him from base to dribbling mushroomed tip, with building determination to have him come.

Parting from Harry's lips when his boy hit a particularly *sensitive* spot with his thumb, Tom stared down into narrowed and concentrating emerald eyes… set within a precociously youthful face as he moved his hips faster, encouraging Harry verbally even as his right hand stroked up and down Harry's naked side, and his left sifted through the wild locks haloing around white bandages Tom reckoned he should have off today.

Harry's mouth hung open partially as Tom moved over him, and he stared unblinkingly into Tom's own focused eyes as he moderated his grip around the taller teen to the best of his

ability…wondering at the way Tom was looking at him, the way Tom was *like this* with him…open…trusting…*debauched*…

Tom's eyes fluttered shut—and his hips gave a sudden jerk as his shoulders tensed, right before Harry felt the member in his hand *throb* and warm, thick substance overflowed upon and through his fingers…making a mess within Tom's boxers.

Panting heavily alongside Harry's answering exuberance—Tom pressed his forehead to Harry's with an indulgent smirk whilst he felt Harry's fingers slowly uncurl as his boy carefully dragged his hand from between Tom's legs, up his stomach and to his face…where he couldn't help but marvel as the musky smell *wafted* off his hand and into his nose.

Blinking once and staring rather innocently up at Tom's darkening eyes, Harry slowly brought a sticky finger to his mouth…never breaking eye contact as he stretched his tongue out and dragged it tentatively along the digit…clearing it of substance.

Tom's eyes dilated rapidly…and Harry laughed softly, looking all too sweet as he hummed… smacking his lips a bit before murmuring in a rather thick tone, "Not bad…you taste alright…"

"Darling…if you keep that up, we may never make it to breakfast." Tom chided Harry—even as he repossessed that hand and began licking it clean the rest of the way himself.

Harry was speechless and stirring to life all over again once Tom finished, and he sighed heavily as Tom raised coy brow.

"I think…we need an actual sh-shower first…"

A slow grin spread across Tom's face, and Harry blushed as Tom nuzzled his nose and said whilst lacing his fingers with Harry's own damp ones, "I do concur. I would love to see you wet again."

Harry rolled his eyes and squirmed playfully beneath Tom, giggling helplessly when Tom began butterfly kissing him from his neck down to his clavicles, where he littered a variety of small love bites.

"C-come on…get off…" Harry huffed and snorted as Tom blithely replied, "I already did. And I will be again, very shortly."

Needless to say…it took a while for them to actually leave the bed that Sunday morning.

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Harry stood beneath the shower spray, with Tom plastered against his back—making his morning shower as unproductive as possible.

“I-If you keep t-touching me…I won’t get c-clean…haa…” Harry groaned and panted with the soapy towel hanging limply from his fingers as Tom continued to let his hands roam Harry’s younger—slender body, taking the boy’s reddened cock in hand and working him to fullness as the water went from hot to warm…to legit cold around them.

Harry yelped as the hot water ran out and he was forced to a sudden climax at Tom’s unrelenting hands.

“Apologies dear, I hadn’t realized we’d been here so long.” Tom chuckled even as Harry smacked his thigh and screeched for the no longer warm water hitting his sensitive skin.

“B-b-bastard!” Harry’s teeth chattered as he pressed back against Tom’s significantly warmer and bigger body, trying to no avail to escape the water as Tom laughed behind him and snatched up the towel to hurriedly finish getting Harry and himself cleaned off before Harry caught hypothermia.

Needless to say…Harry was pissed and sneezing by the time he got out of the shower with Tom at his side, grinning unrepentantly as they brushed their teeth at the sink—being reflected side by side in the wall mirror.

Harry’s attempt at the silent treatment lasted only until his mouth was no longer being scrubbed out.

Wrapped in a fluffy white spare oversized robe of Tom’s—with Tom donning his own long black one, Harry found himself up against the wall and moaning again with a mouthful of minty Tom, just as soon as he’d gotten all cleaned up.

By the time they made it to breakfast…it was almost noon.

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Tom was having a rather good day.

As he fried up and plated their late breakfast of blueberry pancakes, eggs, and veggie bacon —Tom consistently shot teasingly hot glances over his shoulder at Harry pouting hungrily on a barstool and glaring cutely back at him as he floated through the kitchen on a flourishing autopilot.

“Bon appetite.” Tom finally intoned sultrily, as he placed a loaded plate on the counter in front of Harry, whose mouth was watering as he reached for the proffered syrup and said a quick *thank you* before half drowning his pancakes and digging in.

Tom only felt marginally bad for having made his boy wait so long to get fed. It’d just been such a good morning…getting his *Harry-fix* had been priority over most all else.

Tom belatedly remembered to offer Harry a drink as his boy chewed his food with gusto and groaned in pleasure, gracing Tom with a sappy star-struck smile as he declared around a mouthful, “You’re an aweshum cook!”

Tom sketched a flirtatious bow and winked with a satisfied smirk as he grabbed his own plate and glass of water, before sliding next to Harry on another barstool to eat.

“Your endorsement warms my shriveled heart. Praise me more.”

Harry’s eyes sparkled up at Tom as he continued to chew, and he swallowed everything before taking a sip of his own water and clearing his throat to address Tom seriously.

“I’ve not had pancakes this g-good before. My m-mom’s are good…but these are freaking d-delicious!”

He then punctuated his statement with another hefty bite of his pancakes and a delighted, close eyed moan.

Tom preened next to Harry, and Harry laughed softly with no little thanks and affection as Tom promptly stabbed a whole pancake off his own plate and dropped it on top of Harry’s diminished pile.

“Wh-where…when did you s-start cooking like this?” Harry asked curiously as Tom avidly watched him demolish the rest of his breakfast as he nibbled absently at his own, far more interested in Harry than his plate.

Tom cocked his head to the side and cleared a bite of eggs from his fork before replying.

“When I first moved here—I didn’t want the hassle of dining and take-out expenses, so I learned to make groceries and cook what I enjoyed. You’re the first person I’ve cooked for.”

Harry blinked at the admission and stared at his half-finished plate with new eyes. He was the first person Tom had shared such wonderful cooking with…*wow*.

“Thank you…I a-appreciate you doing so m-much for me…” Harry looked earnestly at Tom as he spoke, and Tom stared back at him with an unreadable *something* in his eyes that gave Harry the chills and conversely warmed him all over.

Harry skittishly averted his eyes and focused on his next bite, shifting on the barstool and causing it to sway slightly.

Tom’s next words were spoken soft but emphatically to Harry’s blushing profile, “You’re welcome…I would not go so far for anyone else. You’re the only one I want to share myself with.”

Harry’s heart stuttered in his chest, and he turned quickly to look at Tom with wide eyes as Tom stared down at him…not blinking, not retracting a single statement.

Harry didn’t know just how to respond. So much was vying to pour from his throat, and his heart began to pound like a madman on asylum bars within his chest.

He…*Tom*…he'd just said…

"…me too…" Harry found himself sighing out at last, just as softly. Staring at Tom with sincerity and vulnerability threatening to crack his chest wide open and spill his bleeding heart to the floor at Tom's feet as he dropped his fork with a clatter and reached out to grasp the front of Tom's black robe, tugging Tom into his personal bubble.

Tom went along with no resistance, and Harry stared up into partially lidded hazel eyes he knew he would be swallowed by…like a wormhole…never to come out again.

Tom didn't wait for Harry to come the rest of the way, and it was with a gentleness that made Harry's eyes sting and his breath stop altogether…that Tom cradled the back of Harry's head and leaned down to plant his lips against Harry's quivering own.

Blueberries never tasted so sweet…was the only thought remaining in Harry's head, before Tom made him lose his mind all over again.

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xXOXx

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Even though there were very few to take care of—Harry insisted he help Tom with the dishes, even as Tom chuckled and attempted (but failed) to refuse Harry's assistance.

The weak argument was that Tom took care of his dishes all the time and Harry need not bother with such tasks when he was supposed to be recovering.

Harry's immediate rebuttal said he didn't want to merely freeload and have Tom waiting on him hand and foot if there was anything he could help with, because Tom wasn't a maid and Harry wanted to show his thanks.

Tom only allowed him to dry the dishes, but Harry was content standing at his side anyhow—feeling marginally useful and enjoying the domestic proximity of Tom all gloved up in dishwater at his side.

Tom glanced sideways at Harry's happily grinning face, and Tom sighed mutely with a gentle smile of his own.

And to think—none of this would have been as possible had Harry not been hurt.

A dark cloud hovered over Tom's head as he was reminded of the less than stellar circumstances which had led to their blissful time. He would have found another way for them to get here…Tom knew.

Harry did not have to be injured for this to happen. Tom would have gotten them here eventually.

There was no justification for Harry's pain. There was no justification for the crime against Harry to have been committed.

Justice was his retribution. Justice was the destruction of the *stain* which had dared to touch what was *his*.

Harry looked up at Tom in time to see strange shadows playing over Tom's face as Tom's hands stilled within the water. Frowning slightly, Harry bumped his hip against Tom's side—drawing Tom abruptly out of whatever funk he'd slipped into.

Tom stared down at Harry unseeingly for a moment, before his vision cleared and resolved into Harry staring up worriedly at his face.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked—voice gentle and questing…all too concerned for the darkness encroaching within Tom's beautifully haunted eyes.

"…I won't lose you…" Tom murmured suddenly, clenching his jaw tight and his gloved hand around the dishrag as Harry blinked innocently up at him, smiling reassuringly as he replied, "Of c-course not. I'm right here."

Tom's eyes flickered and Harry's breath caught in his throat again as Tom pulled off his gloves and placed both naked hands on the sides of Harry's face, tilting his boy's head back to meet his obsessive gaze dead on.

"You don't understand. But you will…you will Harry…I won't…I *can't* lose you…never again."

Harry relinquished the dry towel and placed his hands over the backs of Tom's, stroking the ivory skin and staring defiantly into those wounded…*yes*…*wounded*, he could *see now*… hazel eyes.

His head began to hurt.

Images drifted to the surface of his consciousness and his sight phased out as a memories played their siren songs.

Harry didn't know when he'd started holding it, but his breath was stuck. He was transfixed as Tom spoke—serious as a heart attack.

"You're not a candy bar. I don't eat you and throw you away. I will peel your skin back, melt you down, lap you all the way up, swallow…and drain you from my pores. Collecting every droplet of your essence to imbibe over and over, again and again…until there is no longer any separation between you and me."

Harry swallowed audibly, blushing with a quickening pulse for the thrill of having so much concentrated Tom being focused on himself.

This couldn't be healthy. None of this.

"You told me I knew everything worth knowing about you already…but I don't…I can't believe that." Harry whispered, frowning helplessly as Tom pressed his lips to Harry's forehead, applying force repeatedly as though to drive the budding angst back into Harry's subconscious, cupping Harry's face tilted backwards in both his hands.

"Just because you don't care about those insignificant things you don't want to talk about… doesn't mean I don't—wouldn't like to know about them. Because they are still you…parts of you…and four days is only four days. No matter how much you deny it."

But he couldn't. This was Tom. All this was Tom. And he wanted to know him, all about him… just everything; because that was what Tom already had of him.

Was getting of him—had gotten of him…and not just physically, Harry felt.

"My name is Tom Marvolo Riddle. I was born the day my mother died, at midnight…on New Year's Eve."

Tom's voice was monotone and Harry breathed as silently as possible so as not to break the spell being cast upon him.

Whatever he was hoping for, Tom gave him all of that and more.

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Tom sat on the couch with Harry in his lap, rocking the catatonic boy back and forth and murmuring soothing words over and over into his boy's ears as Harry continued to stare off into space.

It had been a shock to him in the kitchen when Harry had frozen, hands dropping to his sides as he stood in front of Tom holding his face with his eyes glazed over and distant.

Tom had cursed under his breath and attempted to gently coax Harry out of it…before recalling the doctor's warning to him about Harry's mental state being still delicate, as he did not remember everything clearly…although quite a lot had come back.

The doctor had told him in no uncertain terms to never force or attempt to block Harry from recovering any knowledge.

He'd said doing so would only do more harm and possibly set back Harry's unprecedented recovery.

Knowing Harry was in the throes of his memory and unable to be reached had Tom's stomach in knots, but he'd resolved himself to waiting it out with Harry…and so, had scooped his boy up bridal style and carried him to the couch, where'd they'd now been sat together for nearly half an hour.

Tom was worried.

Harry had spaced out on him before, but never for this long.

Whatever was coming back must be important.

Tom continued to rock Harry back and forth, brushing his fingers soothingly through the boy's hair for his sake as much as Harry's, so as to be certain Harry wouldn't somehow dissolve within his very arms.

He hated this. He hated being helpless. He hated not being able to do anything but wait.

It was the waiting and knowing he could only do that and *nothing else* for Harry which slowly shredded his soul.

But wait he would.

Wait he would.

And wait…he did.

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When Harry came to himself again, he felt as though he was resurfacing from an ocean of grief.

His heart ached and he could barely breathe right…but he knew…*he knew*…Tom.

He remembered Tom. What Tom had told him…about his past, and all the dots that had fallen into place for him that day he'd come back to the apartment after the imposed curfews by his parents.

He remembered…he remembered…

Harry choked on a sob and found his hands buried in Tom's familiar robe as Tom held him tight, rubbing his back in circles and kissing his forehead and cheeks as he murmured hushing sounds and bade Harry to breathe…*just breathe*…

It took a while but Harry finally got control of his oxygen intake, and he stared up at Tom with nearly every puzzle piece replaced…save the day of the accident…and the rest of the excess with Luna…

"Tom...*oh god*…Tom…!"

Harry choked around Tom's name and didn't even attempt to wipe the tears away which fell like holy water from his eyes, clearing his vision until he was staring into the ostensibly worried face of the young man…he *loved*…and had loved…and allowed to love him.

"Shhh…I've got you. Harry—I've got you."

Tom continued kissing Harry's face here, there, and everywhere…until Harry's tears slowed to an infrequent trickle.

Harry's nose was partially clogged now, but he hiccupped and clenched his hands in Tom's robe anyway and said with startling determination and heat, "I know you. I *know* you."

Tom's breath hitched and his eyes flickered, a cautiously hopeful light entering their depths as he asked softly, brushing his thumb down the side of Harry's precious cheek, "What do you know…darling?"

Harry blushed and responded, staring into Tom's eyes and not daring to look away, "Y-you told me…everything…*here*. That day…we were…*one*."

Tom's heart spluttered, skipped, and restarted like the drummer boy on steroids.

He felt blown open. Just like the day he'd laid everything out as he'd never done before.

He felt *seen*. He felt *known*. He felt…remembered.

And he ached…*how he ached.*

His eyes stung and he blinked rapidly as Harry continued, pressing a palm to Tom's cheek and stroking the lightly flushed skin thereof with wonder…so much *wonderment* in his eyes.

Tom only realized he was shaking when Harry wrapped both his arms around Tom's neck and pulled Tom gently down until their foreheads were pressed together, and the lingering scent of breakfast clung to the soft words Harry breathed then.

"I am glad…s-so glad…I met you. That y-you kept me…like you pr-promised…and I need you to know…Tom…"

Harry swallowed, and his voice grew thick with emotion as he rasped out—surer and with more clarity than ever before, "…I love you..."

Tom swore the world stopped turning for a full minute…right then.

A white noise filled his ears, and his vision narrowed to green…*emerald* green…shining green…*beautiful* green…living green…verdant green…abundantly bejeweled...*luminescent green*…as he fell into a heaven he'd once thought so far beyond himself as to be a mockery.

It was only natural that when he opened his mouth again, he said the words.

It was only natural that when he said the words and his mouth opened again…his heart fell out.

It was only natural that the one for whom he'd sold and mutilated his soul—would be the very one to put it all back together again.

"I love you too...and more…*far more*…than you should know about."

Harry hiccupped and laughed around an elated sob as he replied with eyes shining brighter than the sun threatening to incinerate Tom's worshipful bones, "I'm s-sure I'll have time to l-learn."

Tom murmured forcefully, "I'm sure you will." Right before capturing Harry's lips in an encompassing kiss—*long* and *hard* and *deep*…which felt like finally coming home again.

Needless to say…there was very little breathing to be had on that couch.

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Knowing Harry remembered the full extent of their intimacies seemed to have triggered a switch within Tom, and Harry was more than willing to indulge Tom's every whim for the duration of his stay.

He still could scarcely believe they were living together now. *But gods*…was he glad.

They were both on Harry's appointed bed in the living room now, naked and rutting like animals in the afternoon light streaming through the veiled floor to ceiling windows.

Tom's body moved sinuously against the length of him, and Harry gasped loudly as Tom mouthed the column of his stretched throat…tongue rasping over his Adam's apple and traveling lower as Tom latched onto one of his nipples and rolled the other into a matching pebbled peak, pinching the skin and sending jolts of pained pleasure from Harry's heaving chest to between his legs…where his sex was leaking copiously against Tom's stomach.

"Tell me again…say it Harry…"

Tom's voice was a muffled entreaty as he slid down Harry's body, kissing…licking…biting…sucking every available expanse of tender flesh as Harry moaned and trembled and sweated beneath his ministrations.

"Nnnghaa….haa…haa…T-Tooom…love…I l-love…you..!"

Harry cried out on a breathless gasp as Tom immediately deep throated him—mercifully allowing the high arching of Harry's body away from the bed and into his gaping mouth as he moaned his *approval* and pleasure around the sensitive flesh sheathed within his throat—now being overstimulated by the vibrations of his vocal chords, and throbbing with building release as Harry gripped and tore at the sheets beneath them.

Tom bobbed his head up and down, breathing harshly through his nose into the softly curled pubes at the base of Harry's cock, and he palmed his own member in a lazy grip as Harry continued to buck unbridled into his mouth.

He allowed his boy to fuck his throat just as hard as he pleased, and he ignored the watering in his eyes as he stared unblinkingly at the sight of Harry's open mouthed, oxygen deprived, darkly flushed face crying his name on every other breath and trusting Tom to take him all the way with every desperate, instinctive thrusting of his hips.

Tom felt Harry's cock give a warning pulse in his mouth and he gripped the boy's hips with both hands, stilling him mid-thrust and earning himself a heavily lidded, adorably pained and *confused* look from Harry above him.

Tom allowed Harry's cock to slide slowly from his throat, and he gave the underside a last long—teasing lick, before releasing the reddened and slightly purplish flesh from the confines of his hot mouth and saying with a guttural and raspy voice, "I don't want you to come yet. I want to be inside you…*love*…"

Harry panted and nodded slightly, pulling his legs to his chest in imitation of their earliest encounter and licking his lips with nervous eyes as he exposed himself to Tom once more.

"D-Do it then…" Harry panted, raising a daring brow as Tom stared down at him and the tantalizing sight of his pink pucker, opening and closing as if begging to be plundered.

Tom licked his lips and smirked, before murmuring softly, "Hold that pose…darling. I'll be right back."

And before Harry could say a word, Tom was up off the bed and bounding starkers through the apartment. Leaving Harry red faced and holding his pose with a baffled expression, feeling more than a little disgruntled and frustrated.

It didn't take long for Tom to reappear, but Harry still glared at the slightly blurry older teen's fast returning figure, which gained clarity the moment Tom got within reach of him again.

"Sorry love…I don't want this to hurt…" Tom explained softly as he popped the cap on a bottle and poured a viscous, clear fluid onto his fingers.

Harry opened his mouth and shut it again with an audible click, moaning as Tom directly poured some of that *cool* liquid directly upon his sphincter before working the dripping fluid into his tight channel with a long, slickened finger…which slid into his arse swiftly, like a knife through butter.

Harry moaned for the deeper penetration of Tom's long digit, so reminiscent of that *tongue*, but far thicker and unyielding.

"Look at you…so eager to be fucked…to be taken…to be possessed by *me*…" Tom punctuated the last heady word with a direct prod to Harry's prostate, which he'd searched out and found unerringly.

Harry's hips jerked and he moaned helplessly, tearing at the sheets as Tom abused that spot with one finger…which soon enough translated to *two*, both *scissoring*…thrusting…*twisting* deep inside of him—widening the narrow channel and further prepping him for the grand prize.

It *burned*…it felt naughtier than anything…but Harry bucked his hips and resolved to enjoy this.

He remembered letting Tom do this to him before…he had impressions of warm waters swirling around him, and being stretched and filled to the brim…grasping at broad shoulders, distantly aching and crying out for more…more…*more*…

But even that was like a fading photograph now. And he wanted to *feel it* all over again. He wanted to know…to be *reminded*…to fully understand what having Tom *inside of him* felt like.

He wanted Tom to split him open and bury himself within the bounds of his body, never to be unearthed again.

He wanted Tom to get lost inside…*so deep*, *so brutally*…that Harry would never have to worry about forgetting a thing again.

He wanted Tom to carve himself into the marrow of his bones and through his flesh…until the only thing he could feel would be Tom—throbbing, hot, needy…thick and wanton and desperately thrusting, chasing climax within him.

Harry cried out and shuddered as Tom's third finger joined the fray and added to the pressurized burn and carnal pleasure as Tom's fingers dragged in and out…bumping that spot and urging him to the edge repeatedly…before allowing him to flutter back down to the ground to wait for the true ecstasy of Tom's possession.

Finally deeming Harry ready enough as his dick screamed at him from below to *get the fuck on with it*—Tom retracted his fingers on a last lingering thrust, before reaching for the discarded bottle and coating his palm liberally once more, watching Harry through dilated and narrowed eyes as he hovered directly above that gaping hole…stroking himself loosely up and down, enough to get him wet from base to tip and alleviate the worst of his guilt for any pain his girth would still wind up causing Harry.

“Are you ready? Truly…I don’t want you hurting…but I *need you*…and I promise it’ll get better. You have my word.”

Tom gritted his teeth, holding himself poised and hovering at Harry’s stretched entrance as he stared unblinkingly down…awaiting Harry’s reply. Telling himself firmly that he’d stop if Harry looked unsure in any way.

He wasn’t that far gone…*yet*…

Red faced and huffing in no little disbelief for the delay, Harry raised an eyebrow and nudged the head of Tom’s cock with a pointed bucking of his hips…before grousing in a voice thick with arousal and want, “I love you…haa…but if you d-don’t fuck me now…*I swear*…”

Tom smirked in patent relief for the lingering threat, and he didn’t allow the completion of Harry’s murderous thoughts as he began pressing the head of his penis into that tight sphincter…groaning deep in his chest as it popped through and Harry clenched around him, tightening impossibly as Tom leaned down and began kissing his face and murmuring for him to relax and *breathe* through it.

As he felt Harry’s channel loosen enough to allow motion, Tom pressed in further with intermitted rotations of his hips…biting his lip hard and exercising the utmost of control to *not* hurt his boy unnecessarily as Harry’s exultant eyes clenched shut…and the hands holding onto his legs took up residence instead at Tom’s shoulders…clawing at Tom’s back as Tom sank deeper and *deeper*…until they were both losing their collective minds with the need for *more* as Tom bottomed out—with his heavy balls smacking against Harry as his boy cried out and trembled around him.

They stayed locked in that embrace for a long moment, both reeling from the intimate feeling of being once more connected like this…

Tom counting down the seconds and maintaining the grip on his restraint as Harry’s eyes slit open—and one uttered word from quivering, plush lips…lit the world on fire and set it to spinning on its axis at a doubled rate.

“…m-move…” Harry gasped.

And Tom did.

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Tom fucked the way he did everything—with purpose and intensity and dedication.

Harry cried out repeatedly, chanting Tom’s name at a cresting crescendo as Tom *surged* within him…like a tidal wave, breaking onto the shore, and never wanting to go out again.

It was a compulsion. Tom fucked like a force of nature.

It was all Harry could do to just hold on and keep breathing. He didn't remember this…this…*everything*…it felt like so much *more* somehow…just *so much more*.

"HAH! TOM!"

Harry knew in his heart of hearts…that his first time hadn't been like *this*. It couldn't have been. He'd never have *forgotten this.*

He would never forget this.

Tom rocking into him had Harry crying tears of ecstasy and wondering how he'd been managing to live his life before now.

When now felt like living…and everything else he vaguely recalled felt like *death.*

As if tuning into Harry's thoughts, Tom growled Harry's name and began to pound even harder—striking Harry's prostate and panting like a racehorse as he kept going…and going…and going with no let up.

It was as though he'd been bottled up all this time. And he was only just now being allowed to let go.

As if Harry had finally released him from his chains…from all the bindings and baggage which had held him back.

"AAAH! AH! HAAA! Nnnnn….ghaa…TOOOOM!"

Harry felt himself getting closer and closer to the edge. His nails digging red trails into the flesh of Tom's strong back gave credence to the lingering ghost of pain and heartache and utter fulfilment vying for the top spot and overwhelming his senses so full of Tom…Tom…TOM!

"Harry…Harry…*my Harry*…mine…*you're mine*…all MINE!"

Tom's breathing grew harsher, and he leaned in on a particularly hard thrust and licked his tongue into Harry's gaping mouth, tasting and muffling as scream as Harry grew rigid and those nails in his back dug in to the point of drawing blood.

Tom bucked his hips and moaned loudly as Harry climaxed—and the velvet sheath around him tightened like a vise, forcefully wringing a sudden stream of cum from his manhood in turn, as Harry's own seed wasted between them…sticking their chests messily together and filling the air with the scent of sweat and musk and *so much sex*…as Tom slumped above Harry's limp body, crushing the boy to the sheets with the solid weight of himself and panting laboriously as his heartrate attempted to normalize in the wake of their spectacular joint explosion.

Tom felt his cock deflating within Harry's welcoming warmth, and he gently extracted his sensitized member from the copiously flooded hole with an audible *squelch*…before rolling to the side, just enough so Harry could catch his breath without possibly fracturing a rib beneath pressure.

As he rolled, he dragged Harry along with him…never dislodging the boy's loose arms around his shoulders, and settling them both in a comfortable chest to chest…nose to nose sprawling spoon, with Harry's leg being thrown and draped over his side as his breathing evened out and he met hazy emeralds shining at him as if he'd hung the moon and stars.

Harry panted softly as he just stared at Tom…taking in the lightly flushed cheeks of Tom's ivory skinned face, and bringing a hand up to card lazily through the Tom's damp hair as he gazed silently into sated hazel eyes, staring so seriously back at him.

"Nngh…haa…you're beautiful…" Harry breathed, allowing his fingers to delicately trace the lines and contours of Tom's handsome…fully relaxed visage, as Tom's lips curled up in fondness and patent *loving* amusement, before parting around Tom's deliberate response, "If I'm *beautiful*…then you, darling…are *exquisite*. Do not argue. I do not lie."

Harry sighed and slid closer to Tom, wincing as his backside gave a defiant twinge for the motion.

Tom noticed and smirked, taking it upon himself to maneuver their bodies so that Harry was now draped on top of him, fully stretched out and aligned with the length of his body… tucked beneath his chin as they rested atop the rumpled sheets.

"Thank…you…" Harry murmured softly, coloring darkly as Tom only chuckled beneath him —and feeling thankful that he was no longer looking directly at him, even as Tom's hands stroked up and down his back, and he felt Tom's essence leaking from and coating his thighs.

"You needn't thank me, *love*. I speak only the truth. You are exquisite…and you are *mine*."

Harry relaxed against Tom's body as the soothing words floated through his ears, and he released a yawn as his body suddenly decided he was rather tuckered out.

Tom's arm snaked around his middle, and Harry felt the sheet being pulled up over them, covering their nakedness and providing a bit of comfortable warmth.

"Rest Harry…it's not yet evening. I shall wake you for a bath and dinner shortly. For now… rest."

Harry murmured his assent and allowed himself to drift off on top of Tom, content with the sound of Tom's heart beating steady in his ear and being further lulled by the hands wandering up and down his back and sides.

He was…in a word…*happy.*

And right then and there…Harry wished for nothing in the world to ever change.

Harry wished…to stay with Tom like this…forever.

No matter what it cost.

He would pay the price—gladly.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

. . . I call this pure indulgence. And I am #SorryNotSorry for writing an entire Violation filled with Tomarry, and smut, and fluff…and #AllDaFeels. 😗😀💗💓

I do hope nobody got bored.🙄 I was actually quite worried about this Violation because it didn't come to me until Saturday.😨 But I wrote on it all day into this morning at Stupid O'clock…and I must say…it flowed. 😊🙌

I enjoyed every minute of this fest. #IRegretNothing. 😤

And now…I shall leave you all to decompress the rest of the way in peace and hopefully tell me all about what you enjoyed (or didn't) or would like to see more (or less) of in the future. 😘😉😆

As always—you all make writing an exercise of love, and I adore hearing back from each and every single one of you. 💙💚💛♥💘💖

Until the next Violation,

Stay safe and sound in 2020 (almost over and out) ~ 🌺🐍○

**I apologize if I missed any weird typos towards the end…I was getting tired and I wanted to have it to you guys before the sun came up. Here's to hoping the #Grammar-Gremlins don't lynch me when next I wake. **

23rd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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23rd Violation

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It wasn't his fault.

This had been the mantra he'd repeated most often during his segments of ill-advised youthful pursuits, which had a tendency to backfire and get him into trouble more often than not.

It wasn't his fault that his family was loaded. It wasn't his fault that he'd been raised up entitled and spoiled.

It wasn't his fault that his mother doted upon him and his father let her with an indulgence bordering selective blindness.

It wasn't his fault that from age four onward, he'd been taught that anything could be bought with the right price, that money was his best friend and would let him do it all.

It wasn't his fault that he had good looks and a swagger enough to attract more vapid females turned gold diggers than he could stomach.

It wasn't his fault that his most rebellious phase had long left him with distaste for the fairer sex, if not outright aversion to.

It certainly wasn't his fault that people died, and that his father was feeling his mortality more and more with every camouflaged fine grey hair, and had suddenly decided Draco's little soldiers needed to plow a respectable, if empty field.

Draco Malfoy wasn't at fault for any of this.

The only thing he could possibly be blamed for was having the urge to take up risky investments often enough that he was running through his substantial inheritance with the finesse of a bull in a delicate glass shop.

In his defense, his father had hardly been strict about finances when he was growing up and he only sought to emulate the man's success as he was to be the sole heir to the Malfoy name upon his parents' deaths.

Having the freedom to explore and experiment and enjoy life the way he had been…and then suddenly falling into a gambling rut, and being given the ultimatum of straightening up and getting hitched to a society lass—or be cut off from the fortune until he achieved a doctorate in economics and financial risk management at a famously strict university his father planned to bribe his son's way into, aptitude be damned—was the quickest way to see him down the aisle on the arm of a girl (freshly graduated as himself) who had stars in her eyes and apparently adored him far more than he'd ever dream of caring about her.

It was a dirty thing his father did to him which his mother agreed to because she'd always wanted to plan a wedding for her baby, and unlike Draco—she actually found Pansy Parkinson to be rather fetching.

It helped that Parkinson was another family his father had been courting long enough to seize on the opportunity to practically whore his only son off to in the name of supposed respectability and further expansion of the Malfoy wealth.

Draco could understand the sheer mindedness of what his father had done to him.

He could even respect the fact that the Parkinson's were well off enough to benefit his family in a way that would surely provide for his own future in exponentially lucrative ways should no divorce be forthcoming.

All of this did not—however…negate the fact of his preferences.

And although he performed his duty often enough to have the girl walking bowlegged every weekend, sporting a soppy grin as if she were the luckiest chick alive…it was draining on his nature to be so facilitating all the time.

It grated and chafed like a cheap thong.

It wasn't his fault the closets of society were full of unhappy wretches just like himself—who were always up for a side dalliance whenever the opportunity arose.

And it certainly wasn't his fault that he was slick enough to catch everything being thrown out with his parents and less *so inclined* associates being none the wiser.

It had been after one such perfunctory dalliance and a particularly fallen through hefty (but clumsy) investment that his father had pulled his coat and decided to introduce him to somebody who would better show him the ropes he'd been hanging himself with—in a way his father was certain his son would finally be receptive to.

Draco had been more than a little put out and skeptical. But he'd gone along with everything…if only as penance for his irksome failings, which he could tell were wearying his father in a fundamental way.

It wasn't his fault he was such a disappointment to someone who'd allowed him to be handed everything, and then expected him to know how to grab it all by the balls with the finesse of a pro.

Showing up at Riddle Manor in the middle of the night had been a revelation.

He'd never considered himself immoral per se…but he had eyes, and a still functional libido—and Tom Riddle Jr., the son…who he was supposed to be getting all the priceless advisement from, and who looked like a (rather fine) grown ass man already, but was a good half decade younger than him—was nothing if not a temptation of the highest order.

Draco would freely admit. He'd ogled.

It had been a long day and all his pent up frustration and lack of fulfilment had been getting to him on levels too deep to be appreciated.

So yes…he'd gotten interested. And yes, he'd allowed himself to be placated with being given the runaround in the way he was advised to contact the apparent genius.

If Tom Jr. weren't so desirable and obviously of the same persuasion as himself (he had a honed sense for these things), then perhaps he wouldn't have been compelled to take so much advantage of his disadvantageous position in trying to pursue…whatever he could get, from the teen.

After all—he was supposed to be learning.

It was only right that he harass this Barty character until he finagled his way into having a direct line to Tom Jr.

All veiled innuendos and threats aside, it wasn't Draco's fault that he had such confidence in his own attractiveness and seductive skills.

Being a Malfoy would do that to you.

And if Tom Jr. wanted to play hard to get…well, Draco was married and had all the time in the world to catch his eye.

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He was getting a migraine.

Dealing with Barty Crouch Jr. was enough to provoke an aneurysm and make him want to tear his lovely locks out from the roots.

It wasn't that the man was impolite or rude with him.

On the contrary, Barty Jr. was obviously used to being the middle man and fielded all his involved inquiries like a pro without giving an inch as Draco fruitlessly wheedled on the daily about feeling better if he could talk to Tom Jr. directly about the next investment he was

thinking of making which he had certain insights into from a source he wasn't altogether certain of but was willing to try if Tom Jr. gave his stamp of approval.

It irritated him to no end the way Barty insisted he was contacting Tom Jr. on his behalf and forwarding his more convoluted questions, returning with answers that were succinct but professionally distant enough to set Draco's teeth on edge.

He'd never had to work so hard for a dick in his life.

And he'd once banged a straight laced professor in High School, so exaggerate he did not.

It was enough to make him spend an inordinate amount of time scrutinizing his image in the mirror and switching out hair products as if those were the culprits of why Tom Jr. was so obviously opposed to seeing him on a personal basis.

He didn't even have wrinkles yet. And he was fit.

Maybe he'd been reading the guy wrong…

But no—Draco was confident in his gaydar. He had to be in order to have the amount of side action he'd still been getting over the years.

It wasn't like these business types walked around with signs advertising ('In Closet. Need cock bad.')

You had to just know these things. And Draco always knew.

All—fucking—ways.

"Mr. Malfoy, I will be sure to send Tom your request. Just don't expect a response too quickly, as he is a busy student and has many obligations which demand his time."

Draco cleared his throat, affecting a charming smile which would bleed through his words, "I understand Mr. Crouch. High School can be a trip. But I'm willing to do whatever it takes to ensure a face to face sit down. It's of the utmost importance. Certain details can be sensitive, you understand."

"Naturally. If that is all?"

Draco sighed and asked off hand, "Does Mr. Riddle have an address I can perhaps mail a package to? In aid of efficiency, I should like him to have certain materials to reference. And I'm aware he does not live at the Manor with his father. "

"There is a post box I can give you the address to. I take important documents to him regularly—therefore, he will receive whatever you send."

Draco smirked.

"By all means—just let me get something to write with…okay…go."

Scribbling out the address and making a victorious note to triangulate the location around the most likely place Tom Jr. would deign to be sequestered within, Draco said goodbye to Barty Jr. and went to consult a map.

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Searching out and narrowing down Tom's location from the mailing address he was given turned out to be a fairly simple, if involved process.

Considering he didn't exactly live in the area, Draco had to do quite a bit of research on landmarks and surroundings to get his full bearings in the following weeks.

The only probable upscale, but affordable to well-off students such as Tom Jr.—dwelling, within reasonable distance from the post box location belonged to a penthouse apartment building within a gated community fifteen minutes from the nearest well known and reputed school institute—*Hogwarts Academy*, where he'd surmised Tom Jr. must attend.

On a particularly freed up weekend—Draco drove the substantial distance from his locale in a purposefully unmarked vehicle, pulling smoothly through the community gates and into the parking lot of the apartment building after about an hour or so.

As he parked a safe distance from the entrance (using clustered resident vehicles for camouflage) but still being appointed close enough to give him a good vantage of the whole area—he stared up at the tall building with satisfied, gleaming eyes.

Now…if his instincts were correct (as so often they were in such things), Tom Jr. wouldn't settle for anything but something comfortably situated on the uppermost levels which would suit his lifestyle.

Draco approved of such appointment.

He sat in the parking lot for a while, just staring at the building. Feeling rather anticipatory and wondering if he should actually go inside.

After all, he was sure he'd be well received. He was Draco Malfoy.

People were always more comfortable in a home setting and willing to do things *there* which they'd otherwise keep under wraps in public.

It wasn't his first house call—merely his first impromptu (unsolicited) rodeo.

Caught up in his internal musings, Draco almost didn't notice the all too familiar tall figure walking out of front doors of the apartment at a brisk pace, looking more pleased and excitable than the first and last time Draco had seen him.

It was a wonder what such positive emotions did to the teen's already handsome features.

Even from a distance, Tom Jr. was practically glowing.

As Tom slid behind the wheel of his own vehicle and peeled out of the parking lot, Draco remained ensconced in his car behind tinted windows and decided to lay low and wait until the guy showed back up again.

He had a good few hours before his wife would expect him to be home.

Although Pansy didn't cook, she insisted upon having dinner with him every weekend—courtesy of their retained cooks and maidservants.

It was always a nauseatingly intimate affair which tended to preclude more intimacies Draco soldiered through for the sake of siring an heir.

He had suspicions that Pansy was killing his seeds somehow, as she hadn't conceived in the two years they'd been together now…and Draco hadn't been found impotent on any occasion, nor informed of her barrenness.

He wouldn't put it too far past her to be holding off a pregnancy so he'd have to keep touching her on a routine basis.

For as soon as they had a viable heir, Draco wouldn't have to worry about performing any longer—barring any tragic accidents killing the babe anyhow.

He knew in his heart of hearts that she was aware of his disinterest, no matter how unfailingly cordial he remained to her.

But because she loved him so…she put up with the less than besotted airs and did whatever it took to reaffirm and cement her position as his wife.

He could almost admire her tenacity, if only he wasn't the victim of her dedication.

The only way he was getting out of that marriage would be if she died or sued for divorce—two things which were as likely as the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus getting it on and hitched at the North Pole.

Draco was an optimist.

But even he couldn't believe in that.

He sighed and slumped behind the wheel, leaning back to patiently await Tom Jr.'s return, with bated breath and a burgeoning erection straining at his pants.

The things he did for a good time.

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When Tom's vehicle returned twenty minutes later, Draco was treated to the bizarre sight of two people getting out of the vehicle alongside him.

One of which being a boy, rather on the short side with wild hair, glasses, and a head bandage —and obvious designs upon the taller teen who was leering like Christmas had come early and being all touchy feely with the kid.

The second person out the vehicle was a blonde girl even shorter than the boy Tom had pressed against him.

Unheard words were exchanged, and then another car pulled up—and out got two obviously full grown people appearing to be of some relation to the short boy (with similar features he could make out), now being guided into the apartment building by the blonde.

What followed this was an unloading of luggage which Draco watched Tom Jr. partake in with no little fascination and curiosity.

It looked like somebody was moving in. He sincerely doubted all of them were.

By the time Tom and the adults disappeared into the building, Draco was feeling rather out of his element.

The whole situation was peculiar.

He felt the need to reassess things.

Pulling out a chunky cell phone, he dialed the house and winced as his wife's chirpy and overly cheerful voice came loudly through the speaker into his ear.

"Hey babe, just letting you know I'll be a little late this evening. Something's come up. Don't fret. I'll be home soon enough."

Hanging up to gag worthy endearments and flowery sentiments—Draco hunkered down for the next hour or so to wait and see who came back out of the building.

If nothing else, he needed to scope out the competition.

For that short boy…he was too cute to be anything but. Draco wasn't a degenerate (or possible pedophile). Tom Jr. was merely a very clear exception.

And no one in their right mind would consider *that one* an innocent.

Unlike the kid who'd gone inside with Tom…Draco grimaced as he found himself seriously considering the appeal of that wild hair and small stature.

Quite obviously, Tom Jr. was a top.

He could deal.

The word *threesome* floated aimless through his head, and he coughed with a mortified blush to dispel the notion.

He sincerely hoped he wasn't developing a warped fetish.

Gods…if his father knew, he'd have him committed.

Never had twenty-three years felt so damning.

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When her husband came home at last, the sun was nearly set, and he looked more distracted than usual.

Pansy met him at the door and stood on her tiptoes to kiss his cheek. She wondered what was gnawing at him enough to be provoking that small furrow between his brows.

"Sweetie, you look tired. Did something go bad today? Should I call Daddy?"

Draco shook his head and shrugged out of his over coat, handing it off to the hovering maid and staring down at his wife with a sardonic smile for her effuse concern.

"It's nothing so serious. Just a long day and a few unexpected developments—nothing harmful, I assure you. Now what's for dinner?"

Appeased with Draco's dismissal of whatever was bugging him, Pansy affixed herself to his arm and began chattering about the simply divine fare they were having that evening and enjoying the proximity to her handsome beau.

She knew he didn't love her like she loved him. But that was alright.

At least he was present and accounted for.

Unlike many of her friends' spouses, she didn't worry that Draco would be stepping out on her with some other woman.

It was with careful deliberation that she avoided thinking too hard about his style of bedroom intimacy which kept her sated but wondering why he always wanted her on her knees.

She had her thoughts, but decided—every marriage had its hang-ups, and so long as he didn't abandon her completely—she could handle his predilections for anal and not seeing her face all the time.

He wasn't a bad lover. And he listened to her.

And he was really cute, in an elfin…almost delicate, but not fragile way.

She'd always had a thing for pretty boys.

It was just too bad they tended to have things for each other.

That was just one of the perks of money. You got what you wanted…even when it didn't always want you.

And so long as the wallets were full and being filled, she would live in comfort and blissful ignorance with the one she adored.

If he didn't bring up the baggage, she was content to push it aside and enjoy what they had.

Marriages had lasted on far less.

At least their arrangement was workable and easy.

And if she did take a bit of birth control to keep the honeymoon phase going longer than it would have naturally, then that was his penance for not loving her back in all the ways she loved him.

At the end of the day, she wasn't vindictive. But a woman had needs.

And she would see to it that Draco met all of hers before she gave him the child he so wanted.

The preservation of their symbiosis was at stake.

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Later that night—in a post coital haze with his wife sprawled out on top of him, Draco's thoughts wandered back to earlier that evening.

He'd stayed long enough to witness the adults leaving and then later, see Tom drive away with the blonde girl in his car.

This confirmed Draco's suspicion that the one staying was that boy…the short, cute one… who Tom had been all focused on.

He didn't wait to see Tom return.

He had what he knew was classified knowledge of Tom's dwelling and his apparent… roommate.

He couldn't imagine that smaller kid living in such a place alone, so the only logical jump would be to him staying with Tom.

Draco had felt the wheels turning in his head, and he lay awake thinking…

If he couldn't get to Tom directly, perhaps he could pay the little one a visit and develop a rapport.

He wasn't opposed to sharing…after all, he was a married man. Completely off the market.

What was a little fuck amongst friends?

This only begged the question…just how old was that kid?

Surely he wasn't an actual child. Shortness aside, Draco doubted Tom would do *that*.

Also…it didn't bode well that so much jailbait was catching his interest. Perhaps he should bang his wife a few more times, if only to get such provocative things out of his system for the time being.

Draco snorted softly and ran a hand through his pale blond hair.

If nothing else, he could make nice with the kid when Tom became otherwise occupied on the daily, for surely they weren't joined at the hip. The kid looked like he was recovering from something.

Draco would bet good money he'd be at Tom's place alone during certain opportune times, and all he'd have to do was swing by and get himself invited in.

Everything else could go from there.

He was more than charming enough to get a cute boy like that to trust him. He would merely be an old friend of Tom's, coming to surprise the teen on some random day when the teen obviously wasn't on the scene…but the kid would be (he'd make sure).

There'd be no questioning his story since he would find out which apartment was Tom Jr.'s for certain and play up on being an unknown, attractive entity.

Legality aside—Draco couldn't dispel the image of glasses and wild hair and a sweetly flushed face, next to the towering, well-built figure of Tom Jr.'s sensual, arresting darkness… calling to him like a siren on the rocks.

If he crashed and burned from this investment…he was sure he could bail himself out.

After all—he'd had a lifetime of practice.

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Harry…was stressed—completely and utterly, stressed the hell out.

He clenched his trembling hand around his pencil and pressed it a little too hard to the paper, nearly puncturing the math worksheet he was working on so painstakingly throughout his stress.

Tom shifted.

Harry shut his eyes and bit back a groan, feeling his heart jumping in his throat.

He was sweating profusely and trying his best to ignore the taller teen stretched out so casually with both arms along the backside of the couch, and breathing deeply in and out—shifting *up* minutely upon every exhale…driving Harry to frustrated distraction.

"You missed a denominator. Careful, darling…or you'll have to start…*haa*…over." Tom's voice was little more than a rumbling purr.

Harry dropped the pencil and arched his back, letting out a keening wail as Tom ground his pelvis hard against him…applying pressure hard against his swollen prostate with his pulsating length buried so deeply within his boy's shirt clad…lapped up, stressed out and feverish body.

Harry could no longer even give the pretense of concentrating.

With Tom moving as he was beneath him, and had been for the past half hour…tormenting Harry as he went through his lesson, playing slow catch up with too much stimulus involved.

Tom pressed Harry back against his chest, urging Harry's head to rest in the crook of his neck—and he finally ceased his teasing and began to fuck his boy in earnest.

Harry panted and bounced up and down with every upward thrusting of Tom's hips, his own exposed member being taken in hand and stroked and squeezed in rhythmic time as Tom worked him over.

When Harry came it was on a loud cry, swallowed by a possessive kiss which Tom bestowed upon him at an angle as he eased Harry through the convulsions and lingering shockwaves.

Having not quite finished, Tom bucked repeatedly into Harry's lax body until at last his own climax exploded into Harry's tight channel, spilling somewhat onto the couch beneath their conjoined bodies.

Licking his way around and out of Harry's plush lipped mouth, Tom smirked in satisfaction as Harry's head lolled, and his boy glared weakly up at him as he drifted down off his orgasmic high.

It was Monday afternoon, and Tom had made it back home roughly a couple of hours ago.

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Harry had been left to sleep in his own bed in the front room as Tom left at the last possible moment early that morning, in order to get to Hogwarts on time.

After Sunday's escapades, Tom had laundered all the bed sheets and spent the remainder of the day lazing about with Harry on the couch, in between (relatively) healthy bouts of resumed tender intimacies, leftover food prep, and small amounts of house and office work.

By the time Tom had finished with him yesterday, Harry had been raw voiced, sore and aching in places he didn't know you could be sore at.

And when finally prompted—he'd stammered red faced demands for his own space and for Tom to let him be for the rest of that night, or he'd legit strangle Tom.

Tom had relented with a sly grin—to allow him to use the freshly made up bed in the living room, but Harry had still awoken at the ass crack of dawn, being spooned by the older teen and languidly felt up beneath the covers.

Amidst much grumbling and halfhearted protests, reminding Tom that he had school and Harry wasn't actually an incubus and required substantial rest and recharge, Harry had somehow gotten Tom to behave to the tune of hurriedly agreeing to a light study session with Tom when he made it home, and certain unspecified *extracurricular* incentives to keep him focused throughout.

At that point—Harry had been ready to agree to anything to protect his tenderized arse from being plundered first thing, by what he could very well feel was Tom's impressive hard-on being pressed threateningly up against him as the older teen's hands roamed and pet him.

Relieved as he was that Tom had been contented then to merely rut one out in the valley between his soft bared globes, sliding provocatively just shy of actually penetrating his fluttering entrance, whilst giving Harry a hand-job and urging the boy to come right alongside himself as he kissed his unhurried way all along Harry's bared neck and shoulders —Harry had agreed to all of Tom's weaseled demands and sent the smug young man on his way with a parting kiss and reluctantly fond eye roll as Tom saluted him leaving out the door after having dressed for school and doing a quick something in the kitchen, calling out that he'd left a batch of blueberry pancakes wrapped in the fridge which Harry could reheat if he got hungry before Tom made it back.

Upon Tom's departure, Harry had fallen back to sleep directly and not woken up until eleven. At which time he'd been in no hurry to actually get up, but then nature called and forced his hand.

After taking care of business and morning ablutions, Harry had drifted into the kitchen refreshed and still partially dressed, and availed himself of the pancakes—heating them up with butter and gradually demolishing them all quite happily with syrup on his lonesome at the kitchen bar.

When Tom finally returned at a quarter to two—Harry had washed dishes, remade the bed, and taken up residence on the couch in front of the TV—flicking through channels and dozing in between commercials.

He'd jerked fully awake at the sound of the apartment door opening and closing. Tom had met his eyes across the room with a slowly morphing smirk on his devilishly handsome face.

Harry wouldn't deny the catch in his throat as Tom had tilted his head, removing his over layer to hang absently beside the front door, and proceeding to devour him with his eyes—narrowed and glinting with considerable *want*, making Harry feel naked and exposed (as

though he was wearing something more scandalous than Tom's shirt and boxers) as he murmured in a predatory drawl, "Good afternoon, *Harry*. I do hope you weren't too bored without me."

Harry had only swallowed hard and blushed brightly as Tom stalked over, towering above him seated on the couch, before bending low to take his lips in a soft but intensely heated, thorough kiss—which left Harry panting for breath and struggling to revive his deoxygenated brain cells.

Licking his lips with a pleasured hum as they parted, Tom had then stood upright and excused himself to get cleaned up. Telling Harry he'd help him take off his head bandages before they got down to school work.

The problems started once the bandages were off and the academics began.

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It had started off normally enough, with Tom guiding him through his exercises with finesse and warmth.

Of course they'd been pressed unduly close on the couch, and Tom was practically breathing down his neck…but Harry was used to that and didn't actually mind.

He was pleased to note his head damage didn't translate to some kind of scholarly handicap.

All he had was a bit of lag from not having done certain things in quite a while. Tom was more than happy to catch him up.

It was half through the second Math sheet when Tom decided to up the stakes.

Said he had an idea for a game he was sure Harry would like, since he hated Math so much.

Staring down at the problems trying to swim together in front of his concentrating eyes, Harry had pouted and agreed to anything which would make it less hassle deciphering the work.

He didn't raise a brow when Tom told him to stand up.

He only marginally protested when his boxers came down beneath the oversized shirt.

When Tom reached for the lubricant and began (by now routinely) stretching him out with fingers on his feet, holding him open and poised across both outstretched legs, staring up at him with darkened hazel eyes rapt to his flushed features…Harry had only enjoyed the process and raised no question about the forgotten Math work.

He'd been expecting so much when Tom finally pulled him onto his lap, with Harry's back to his front, before slicking his cock and sliding home in one drawn out—cleaving thrust.

It was when Harry was fully impaled, trembling with legs hanging open and Tom remaining immobile for an extended period beneath him that the alarm bells started chiming.

It was when Tom leaned forward and reached out to tap the table with the forgotten worksheets and Harry's pencil on it, before breathing huskily into Harry's patently confounded ears that the bottom fell out of the room.

"Here's how we're going to play, *darling*. For every step you complete, I'll move. I'll go faster and *deeper* when you get something right, and I'll slow down for mistakes. You get to come once you've finished the worksheet. *I promise*."

And so…Harry's stress had risen exponentially, as he leaned down and attempted to work—with the delightful hindrance which was Tom buried in his arse.

Shockingly enough, he had almost finished the worksheet before his will collapsed and Tom's own restraint vanished, and they both wound up in their current positions.

Harry would have been more irritable for Tom's mischief if he hadn't enjoyed the end results so well.

As it stood, he merely winced a bit as Tom slid out of him at last, and he moaned softly in askance as Tom's fingers shifted gently through his messy bangs fallen over his damp forehead.

"Is the scar that b-bad…?" Harry questioned softly, as Tom hadn't allowed him a mirror during the bandage removal.

Tom merely leaned in and pressed his lips to Harry's forehead at the dead center, where Harry could feel his flesh wasn't quite right…as Tom's lips felt far warmer on the tenderized portion of skin than anywhere else.

"The bad thing is that it was allowed to happen at all. Now…it's as precious as all the rest of you."

Harry bit his lip and went a little cross eyed, as if he could see anything but the bridge of his nose from doing so.

"What does it look like?"

Tom paused for a beat, brushing the hair away from the spot with long fingers and scrutinizing the flesh with a most curious expression…before smiling in satisfaction.

"Like you." Harry tilted his head back far enough to stare into Tom's eyes with a dubiously raised brow.

Tom chuckled softly, pecking the tip of his upturned nose as he remarked, "A lightning bolt. It looks just like one. Just like you…the way you came to me—out of the blue, unexpected…

electrifying."

Harry blinked, and then smiled softly with a pleased blush for Tom's approval. "I think…I can live with that."

A cooling breeze against his bared flesh sent goosebumps up his backside, and Harry affected a grimace as he felt a definite soppiness within his arse, trickling slowly out along his inner thighs.

Noting his sudden discomfort, Tom smirked and remarked, "We should get cleaned up. I fear we've stained the couch."

Harry grumbled and shook his head, "You mean *you* st-stained the couch."

Tom moved beneath Harry, and Harry gasped as he was manhandled to his feet as Tom adjusted himself back inside his drawstring pants…the front of which sported definite marks of what they'd done.

Harry blindly grabbed his discarded boxers and pulled them up as Tom leered down at him, staring with too much interest as Harry concealed himself.

"It will survive. Come along. I'm sure you could use a soak."

No sooner had Tom said that than Harry's muscles began to protest his upright status, and it was only through sheer luck that Tom caught him as he swayed on his feet and nearly fell onto the table.

Harry only sighed in relief as he was lifted into familiar arms, and he rested his head against Tom's shoulder and murmured an awkward *thanks* as they moved through the apartment as one—down the hall and to the room with the Jacuzzi.

Tom seemed more than happy to have Harry held in his arms like a damsel.

Harry didn't even care at this point.

After all…what good was a *dragon* you couldn't ride?

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The week seemed to fly by after that Monday, and Tom developed a routine he was more than pleased with.

Having Harry living with him now spoiled him for solitude. Hardly a moment went by anymore when he was away from his apartment and the boy sequestered within, that he wasn't thinking about how soon he could get back home—back to Harry…*his* Harry.

Harry and home had become synonymous for Tom.

He would admit to a certain amount of purposeful hindering of Harry's further recovery.

Keeping Harry preoccupied and drowning in pleasure at his touch and obsessive attentions took precedence over further stabilizing Harry's muscles and curing him of the persisting vertigo which kept stairs a treacherous part of life no one was willing to risk him on unnecessarily just yet.

Tom was quite aware of his possession of Harry hinging upon Harry's resistance to upper level travel.

And so…he kept Harry well dependent upon zero inclines.

It wasn't like he wasn't still being productive with their time together beyond physical intimacies, every day after he got home, he would initiate an agreed upon study session with Harry, to get him caught up with all the backlog and make sure he didn't slip too much further behind his year mates.

The process was simpler than he'd imagined it would be, for Harry—while not a prodigy, was very capable when he put his mind to it. And with Tom coaching him so patiently through everything he struggled with, it left them ample room to deviate from stricter courses of grunt work.

Case in point—they had a lot of *hands-on* fun during every tutoring lesson at interspersed, delicious points.

Tom would have worried he was taking too many liberties much too often…if not for the fact that Harry was just so receptive to him.

It was like they were made for each other.

Harry tried to give as good as he got, and Tom found himself forever riveted to Harry on his knees before him…licking at him with a *kitten-like*, pink tongue; looking altogether too *naive* for the activities he was enthusiastically engaging in…staring up at Tom with heavy lidded emerald eyes and darkly flushed, hollowed out cheeks as Tom sighed deeply and drank in the sight of him like a man parched in the Sahara.

He made sure Harry had the medicine the doctor ordered, whenever any pain was forthcoming.

And he found himself more often than not, meddling with his boy's bangs and kissing the skin of that lightning shaped scar…a visible testament and remainder of the horror wrought from the accident and following surgery.

He didn't like to dwell too long on how it'd got there. As it caused things inside him to grow cold, and made him feel less rational than was his wont in dealing with…just everything.

Thinking too long over the past made him cling to the present that much harder.

Made him grab Harry much more often and reaffirm that he remembered Tom, that he remembered *them*, that he would never forget…that Tom would never be forgotten again.

It made him monopolize all of Harry to the best of his abilities.

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Tom had given the Potters his private phone number for the house line, and he fielded frequent calls by the parents without Harry's knowledge during the week.

Lily called most often. Always checking that Harry was eating well, that he was taking his medicine—that he wasn't proving too much trouble for Tom to handle.

Tom reassured her on every front, and when she asked to speak with Harry—Tom was slick in the ways he minimized her contact with his boy.

He told her Harry was resting a lot, that his boy needed an inordinate amount of sleep now that he was out of the hospital.

He assured her that Harry was in good spirits but would be best left to recovery without constant hovering (in so many respectable and reasonable words).

Tom made her know that he would have Harry call her when his energy levels returned to normal, and that yes—Harry was getting all of his vitamins and enough *exercise* to keep his fitness up.

Also—they were making good progress on all the school work, and Harry's academic levels were coasting very well on all fronts.

Lily was mollified and trusted Tom to pass on her and her husbands' regards to their son.

Tom took her trust and esteem and put it on a high shelf, to be taken down when necessary… but otherwise pushed well aside.

It wasn't that he didn't respect Lily and James and their roles in Harry's life.

He just didn't want Harry thinking about his parents and his other home whilst he was with Tom, if it could at all be helped.

He wanted Harry to forget…to ignore…to *reject* the mere notion of anywhere else for him to be…existing, outside of their home.

Tom was getting greedier. He noticed.

He didn't want to encourage Harry to be truly *homesick* by any stretch of imagination, if Tom were to constantly relate words from Lily and James to him.

He wanted Harry to focus solely on him—on them.

He wanted Harry all to himself…always.

It was getting harder and harder to bite down that thing tempting him to do something foolish, like uproot his entire life with Harry and get well out of reach of anyone who might be able to take Harry away again…for any amount of time.

It was for all these reasons that he put off giving Harry back his cell, even though he wouldn't mind being able to call his boy during the day.

He didn't want Harry accidentally getting it into his head to misuse the device for calling anyone else in boredom—especially as he was isolated in Tom's apartment with no one else around, waiting always for Tom to return to him.

Tom knew Harry wasn't a pet. He knew he wouldn't want to be caged forever.

But right now…he was relishing keeping Harry all boxed in with nowhere to go, but to him.

He didn't worry about Harry leaving the apartment on his own, as Harry didn't have a key to the place if he got locked out. And his boy was smart enough not to risk being unable to get back in without Tom or a way to reach Tom.

Tom made sure Harry wanted for nothing essential. He even recommended some lighter study aids Harry could go through during the day which Tom designed to keep him busy until they were together again.

And if that weren't enough, Tom recommended Harry soak his limbs and stretch his muscles the good old fashion way to keep loose and limber.

There was absolutely no reason Harry should have to be discontent, aside from the lack of socialization.

But Tom felt he more than made up for that when they were finally back together.

Now…if only he could get Barty to stop calling and texting him about that damned Malfoy during school hours. It was irritating how some people wanted his attention so badly when he refused to give it.

Some people were just unbearably stupid when it came to him.

Tom knew this.

It was for this reason that he learned to use road blocks and the security of age and further discouragement to cut off the most annoying of the lot.

He could only be thankful that Harry hadn't been caught up in the mess which was his apparent fan base…again.

For although neutralized, *the Rat* had been a disgustingly avid fan of his…Tom grew irritable just thinking about *that* particular oversight.

If anything like that creature should occur and threaten Harry and his relationship with the boy again…he would not be held responsible for his lack of mercy or restraint.

There were many things he tolerated, many things he could waive the cost of.

Harry was not one—would never be one.

Anyone who got it into their heads to do anything *untoward* to his boy…would face his wrath—a wrath so deranged as to be dissociated from lawful bounds.

Tom would not stand for his obsession…his possession…his trust…his *love*…to be tampered with, or touched in any way.

Damn all the consequences.

Harry belonged to him. They belonged with each other.

He need only keep them separated together from all and sundry.

After all…what good was a *dragon* with no fire?

Fire he had aplenty…for Harry.

Fire he had aplenty…for them both.

He would set the world alight if it meant keeping his treasure hidden, safely buried in his arms.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

I am…#Conflicted…I really am. 😖 That's why this Violation took so much longer than I anticipated (which actually wasn't that long but still…).

I must say, Draco wrote himself as quite the sleaze on quite a few fronts. I sincerely don't know what we're gonna do with him. 😁He makes me worry…just so much. 😯

And Tom…Tom…Tom... #ICantEven 🤦♀

Here I thought we were making progress. But apparently, he's still as thirsty and unhealthy as ever…if not more-so. 😣🙄

Harry is stuck in the honeymoon of Tom's design. 💋 I shall cover my eyes and pray the muses don't make me regret ever allowing them to pen this Violation as such. 🙏

Who wants therapy? #FreeTherapy (-looking hopefully at a dismissive Tom-) 😁

Meh…t'was worth a shot. 🤷♀

I do hope you all enjoyed this—despite my personal weirded-out-ness about everything at this point. 🙄 The last bit with Tom felt surreal…in the #INeedADrink way. 🍷

I sincerely hope this isn't a train wreck waiting to happen. (-distrustfully eyeing the screen-)

Why can't we have nice things? 😣😭

24th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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24th Violation

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Luna had an epiphany—Tom was ghosting her.

Every time she caught sight of him at Hogwarts, meeting his eyes for however briefly…he would disappear before she could initiate contact.

At first she assumed it was because he was a junior and she was a freshman, and they shared no classes and so it was normal for him to be so absent from her reference sphere.

But by Thursday, she had it on good authority that he was actively avoiding her.

The kicker was that she couldn't recall doing anything to warrant such behavior, and she knew he was still grabbing Harry's assignments without her help (as she checked with the pertinent professors)…so she didn't have an actual excuse besides friendly conversation to seek him out, she knew.

Also, checking up on her friend—Harry.

Whose location she was quite aware of, but had no way of actively reaching out to on the regular still—as Tom had refrained from giving her a number, and she'd neglected to ask the last time they'd been in the same vicinity—preoccupied and enjoying herself with company as she had been.

She could have gone to the Potters—for surely Lily or James had a direct line to their son, but she didn't want to seem pushy or weird…and that was before she knew Tom would refuse to see her again in public.

It kinda stung.

Now…she was sort of adrift. And internally weighing just how rude it would be if she simply paid Tom and Harry an unscheduled visit at the apartment, because surely since she'd already been inside, she would be welcome again.

Or at least—that was what she'd assumed, before the whole week had just about flown by with no contact.

It was frustrating. She felt listless and rather alone at this point.

It was the feeling of being shut out. It was the feeling of being unable to do anything about her status as an outsider to a relationship she'd been supporting as much as she was able, but still had no actual part of…it seemed.

She had thought that maybe Tom Riddle—respected her (enough) to warrant friendly overtures, that maybe he had gotten it into his head that she was there for *him* alongside her everlasting loyalty to Harry.

That she had *both* their backs and would not betray their confidences in being the only other person (voluntarily) let in on their true relationship status.

She had thought they'd gotten closer than this.

At least after everything with the accident, and the hospital, and all she had done in support of them thus far.

It stung in a visceral way to be so fastidiously put aside, like an unnecessary addition no longer needed to a singing group—thus replaceable and forgettable.

Luna sighed and felt her shoulders sag beneath her backpack as she stared across the parking lot at Tom's still parked car.

She'd skipped lunch in order to waylay Tom in the one place he could not avoid a conversation.

And though it felt rather silly (borderline desperate) of her to be standing like a sentry beside his car and waiting like a leashed puppy for him to turn up, she'd had enough of this abandonment.

She'd mistakenly assumed she'd be okay with just knowing her friend (whom she loved *dearly*) had a boyfriend who'd do literally *anything* to keep him safe and happy, and that so long as she could observe the proceedings at a safe distance without a wall in the way…she'd be content.

But now—with the reinstitution of said wall, the state of affairs had provoked an irrepressible ache in her chest.

It was bringing her down constantly to be so out of the loop she'd so recently been an integral part of—like nothing they'd been through together even mattered.

Like *she* didn't matter.

It didn't help that Harry didn't remember everything about them together, as friends who'd come to an understanding…who liked each other in different, but complimenting and oddly symmetrical ways.

She was invested in Harry…as he had allowed her to be.

Tom Riddle would have to learn that he couldn't cut her out of their lives…not without his other half's say so.

And so long as Harry didn't say he didn't want her, Luna Lovegood was determined to stick around—as promised.

And mother had always said you never broke a promise to anyone…especially a loved one.

What was the moon, if not a comforting constant when the darkness grew thickest?

What was she if not the gentle contrast to Tom's demanding nature, which if left unchecked—would surely block out the sun from all eyes…*forever*?

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xXOXx

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When Tom exited Hogwarts directly after fourth period lunch, as was his new habit—shouldering his school bag loaded with his own and Harry's few additional assignments which he'd collected that morning before classes officially begun from the principal's office, as he'd gotten the professors to collectively agree to funnel them all therein for his personal benefit as Harry's tutor (and to cut out the need for a middle-*person*, altogether)—he saw a slight hindrance standing next to his vehicle, appearing as dreamy as ever—totally unmoved by his meaningfully loaded stare.

Okay. *He should have seen this coming.*

To be fair though—she couldn't have expected him to actually be buddied up to her at this point. Not when he had gotten what he wanted and no longer had any actual obstacles to his possession of their only mutual interest.

It was nothing *strictly* personal. He just didn't want her getting too…attached.

And so he had actively decided to avoid her as much as humanly possible upon returning to Hogwarts, without being overtly cruel.

She deserved at least that much consideration.

He knew better than to run the risk of having a potential problem (threat) lingering around and interjecting her strange (slippery) influence, when he'd only just gotten his boy on complete and (pretty much) total lockdown.

He wouldn't be the first to say it—but in his gut, he was always quite responsibly…leery… of Luna Lovegood.

She was too...convenient—too magnanimous, too amorphous.

He knew only that she cared for Harry, substantially enough to have allied with him in taking out the source of Harry's initial misfortune—to have been there often enough alongside himself at Harry's hospital bedside to warrant a reintroduction as soon as his boy regained consciousness.

He knew that her…affection for Harry, had to be bordering an inappropriate strain.

It was what his gut so sinisterly muttered to him, without the burden of indisputable proof. She was too *good* at being calm, too good at being…convenient.

He didn't want to lose sight of her *convenience* until it became an issue he couldn't safely resolve.

She had been an unforeseen hazard at the very beginning, before he knew quite what to expect and merely despised her for the principal offense of schmoozing with *his* Harry.

And now that he knew her…somewhat, much better than at first after so much time…he was still getting the insidious vibe that he *shouldn't let her any closer* than she'd gotten.

That he should worry about her presence becoming an obstacle in the future he was gunning to secure for himself and Harry…exclusively.

Tom had no illusions about the danger of excess attachments. He well knew how humans (typically) worked.

When too much attachment to outside sources traipsed into the picture, even when they claimed *true love* for another…that love could waver, and be corrupted—it could be lessened by being spread around too much.

Tom was…in a word…deathly *paranoid* of losing any measure of Harry's love and adoration to another.

He knew that at this point, Harry had become his only prevailing reason. He also knew that he couldn't grow lax in his vigilance, to not allow himself to become less than the whole entire world in his boy's heart.

There was scant little he could do about *familial* attachments already so ingrained as to be instinct.

But he had those under control—as Harry had been growing all along…well away from them, on the daily—as only was normal and to be expected for adolescents craving freedom from parental securities.

On that front Tom was pretty hands-off, and largely unconcerned about influences driving Harry away from him—as said parents had already inadvertently given him unparalleled access and status as devastatingly forbidden fruit in their child's wandering eyes.

For nothing was as tempting as what you were told you couldn't have. And now that Harry actually had him, Tom was determined to keep his boy's appetites tailored to him.

It was easy to subtract the boundaries from him when Harry was so determined to keep hopping and crossing them anyhow. He hadn't even asked to speak with his parents at any juncture.

Tom was satisfied with being Harry's most direct priority, and merely refrained from rocking the boat.

He was far more proactively against and concerned with additional attachments and unnecessary friendships, which could become a complication of the highest order in the future he so desired.

It was a sad fact that Tom…simply could not trust that Luna would not potentially become a reason enough for Harry to be compelled to look away from him, if only briefly at first…and then more and more.

Because she was just that *easy*…just that convenient, and it made his stomach twist—setting lose something ugly and hateful in the vicinity of his chest, coiling like a poisonous adder around his blackening heart.

It wasn't bloodlust. It was inadvisably close to the realm of marrow deep, rationalized *fear* than anything.

He didn't even legitimately abhor the girl fundamentally… as he had once, what felt like a veritable age ago.

But he couldn't maintain ambivalence to her presence.

There was only room for one important person in his life…he maintained. Anything beyond Harry tugging at his rust covered sentiments was a confusing irritant he didn't want to deal with.

But as with all grave issues—she wanted to deal with him. She warranted being handled in the immediacy of the present.

And by the looks of it—she wasn't going away without a fight.

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Luna wasn't confrontational by nature.

She was subtle, and more a careful maneuverer than anything.

But Tom…was being difficult for no good reason, and she needed to make him *see*—to make him understand once and for all, that she wasn't just a throwaway acquaintance with no importance to *his* life in reference to his relationship with the friend she so cared about.

He needed to understand and learn to more than just tolerate her.

He needed to *accept* her.

“Miss Lovegood. To what do I owe this...visitation?”

Tom’s voice was light and cordial—betraying none of his internal nuances, but Luna wasn’t fooled by his projected indifference.

She adjusted her backpack on her shoulders and stared unabashedly up into open, but well-guarded hazel eyes glinting down at her in the afternoon sunlight.

“I have been unable to reach you anywhere else. And so, I decided to come where you had no option but to address me.”

Tom raised an eyebrow and tilted his head, “Is there some problem? I wasn’t aware that we were especially close for such…intimate chats.”

The only indication Luna gave of her building frustration and displeasure was a slight downturn and tightening of the corner of her mouth.

She spoke carefully, being sure to enunciate her words. “I would like to consider us friends. As we both have a *precious* comrade who would approve of such.”

Tom’s eyes narrowed slightly. Luna continued, unaffected. “You cannot shut me out. Not like this. We are more compatible in our wants and desires than you may think.”

Blaring alarm bells began to clamor in Tom’s head, and his eyes developed a slightly manic sheen.

Luna was quick to notice the tension in his jaw, and she smiled blithely as she softly added, “We both want the best for *Harry*—his happiness, his safety…above all else.”

Before Tom could give a biting retort which was surely on the tip of his tongue by now, Luna continued, “I know you want him to yourself. I know you hate the thought of sharing any of his attention. I understand this…and your fear.”

Tom’s jaw clenched and his spine stiffened for Luna’s bald assertions. He could feel unbidden, reflexive rage bubbling up to his throat— threatening to choke him with bitter bile.

How *dare* she say that? How dare she try and break him down to such *pitiful* segments?

It was untenable—leaving an inconceivably bad taste, hanging in the chilly air between them.

“You think I fear *you*? Miss Lovegood…you elevate yourself most disturbingly.”

There was coldness in Tom’s tone which he couldn’t prevent from bleeding through his every caustic word, even as he affected an eviscerating smile…which strayed far from his eyes.

Luna sighed (a breezy, unintimidated thing) and leaned against the driver side door, staring at Tom with unfiltered compassion he truly *loathed* to see in her knowing, quicksilver gaze.

As if she could possibly understand. That spot of fortune was *reserved* and long taken up by Harry.

No one else was allowed to touch upon his…frailties, in such a way. He would not tolerate her upstarting. Even if she thought him a pity case because of his irrefutable desire to monopolize the one he loved, he would not waver in his actions towards her.

No matter the respect she had garnered. No matter that Harry considered her *friend*.

Tom would not be deceived. He would not be taken in. He would not be threatened.

"You should know…Harry thinks the world of you. He always has, and always will…if you don't drive him away." Luna's non sequitur came casually, bypassing the breadth of Tom's ire —gentle as a leaf dusting the ground.

Tom crossed his arms, "What makes you think I would ever do such a thing? I never took you for daft…"

"It is what will happen, if you keep this up." Luna warned him, quite seriously—in an airy voice he felt scorching his ears.

Tom couldn't suppress the ominous clench in his gut, even as he glared mutinously down at the pint sized blonde creature so intent on disturbing his equilibrium.

"You misuse your mouth. I've done nothing to warrant your accusations."

Tom knew he was playing defensive—and it rankled. But she was treading on all his nerves and dexterously grinding them to powder beneath her dainty heels.

Irrationally…he found himself actually listening to her damning words and roughly analyzing them for any damaging truths he might be overlooking in regards to Harry…*his Harry*.

"You are isolating him. Isolating yourself—remaining insulated in a bubble so fragile that a pinprick could strip it of all the oxygen you both need to survive."

Tom's hackles rose, "You think I'm suffocating him, is that it? You imagine he wants something beyond what I can offer him—as if the world out there is so much *better* for him than me?!"

Luna didn't flinch as he began to raise his voice, but she further softened her demeanor in order to placate the feral, infuriated beast she was being faced with, "I did not say what you are implying. What I mean is this—you cannot expect the world to remain outside your fragile bubble indefinitely. You cannot hope to keep everything away from you both for the possibility of either of your feelings changing towards each other."

“I know…what you cannot stand, what makes you lose your reason—is the fact that things might ever devolve. Is that if you allow any additional air to penetrate your atmosphere away from breathing each other in on the daily as you now are…you’ll no longer be held superiorly as the *only* thing he needs to survive. You are afraid of being *forgotten* again.”

Tom was breathing harder than just standing there should warrant.

He *hated* that she could rile him so with her words. He *hated* that she was hammering nails so precisely into his coffin.

His silence was his only remaining shield. For he did not trust himself not to rail on the offense like a deranged man if he but allowed another word to cross his lips in defense of the indefensible.

“It’s alright…Tom. It’s natural to be afraid. I am too.”

Luna spoke slowly, stepping away from the car until she was in his personal space, grasping his biceps and feeling the muscles straining beneath his uniform shirt.

He could smell the disgustingly fresh scent of her shampoo inundating his flaring nostrils from the top of her upturned blonde head.

Against his will—he felt something anxious and unbearably brittle…cautiously begin to unfurl in a most curious way, as he severely bit out, “What could *you* possibly have to fear?”

Tom frowned, despising his own unexpected desire for an actual answer—as her face lit up with unparalleled warm joy, as if he’d said something she had to be smiling about.

“Being forgotten, of course…left behind—unnecessary to the ones I love. Unneeded in a life I’m forced to live alone—being utterly and completely…abandoned.”

After a long beat, Tom deadpanned down at the inappropriately smiling girl—through the minute throbbing of his pulse, “Your delight astounds.”

“But don’t you see?” Luna laughed softly, squeezing his arms and drawing attention to their proximity as she dramatically stage whispered, “We need it— *absolute* acceptance.”

“Meaning—I need you to trust *me*, to accept me…as much as you need Harry to accept *you*, as much as you want Harry to *need you*. I need you and Harry *both*—because I cannot stand to be abandoned…no matter what. I would not jeopardize *us* and all we are together…for anything.”

Tom shrugged her hands away and stepped backwards, putting a safer distance between them as he stared down with a most dubious expression.

“Are you truly insane…or merely willfully blind?”

Luna blinked up at him owlishly, her hands flexing on empty air.

Tom's eyebrow twitched—and he rambled on through the strange disturbance suffusing his warming blood, "There is no *us*—only you, me and *Harry*. Singularly—coexisting in a way that cannot be sustained because you and I both apparently *need* the same person, the same thing…and I do not *share*."

"Not even yourself?" Luna questioned, bringing Tom to a terribly loaded pause.

"…why would I share myself…with *anyone* but Harry?" Tom was genuinely affronted and perplexed as Luna smiled—and it was all too playful, a sweetly devious thing.

"Because—sharing yourself can achieve balance. Because in a relationship, if only one person has a friend, then that friend will split one person's attentions and leave another out of the loop. If both parties have the *same friend* though…then the care can be spread evenly about. And you'll never have to worry that the balance will shift…as you'll be keeping it levelled off."

Tom appeared rather stumped. Luna suppressed a satisfied smirk for his blank, stoically dumbfounded stare.

"In other words…you don't need to shut me out. You need to keep me close, and keep us all balanced. I only need not to be abandoned. It's alright if you remember I'm here for you *both*…even as Harry will always be the glue between us."

Tom's silence spoke volumes which words could not.

Luna counted it an overwhelming victory when Tom sighed heavily at last, and ran an elegant hand through his perfect hair, mussing the locks in an uncharacteristically careless fashion.

Altogether—he was far more relaxed than before, not nearly as tense…and seemingly no longer resolved to keep dodging her religiously at every juncture.

"You don't have to take me home. I can walk." Luna grinned broadly as Tom rolled his eyes hard, appearing more or less disgruntled, but of a most delicate, endlessly fragile accord with her.

"It'd be nice if I could have your number…so I could call you from home and check in on your bubble."

"If I give it to you, will you stop harassing me in public?"

Tom raised a critical brow as Luna hummed cheerfully and shrugged her shoulders beneath her bag straps which she now held onto, "Maybe. If you pick up and let me speak to Harry every now and again when I request."

Tom snorted and added an impolite scoff on top of that, as he wordlessly waved her away from barring the door to his car.

Luna obligingly danced aside as he opened the door. Sliding into the front seat and stretching his long legs out as he called out offhand—"I suggest you take this down, as I'll only say it once."

Luna was swift to procure a pen from her pocket and jot down Tom's tetchily given digits on her hand.

After saying a heartfelt, breezy *thank you*, Luna stepped well away from the vehicle to allow Tom to yank the door shut and pull out of the parking lot.

Staring after the rapidly disappearing vehicle with a dreamy smile and Tom's digits in neat blue ink starkly affixed on the pale skin of her left hand, Luna skipped happily back into the school building to catch the tail end of fourth period.

It was good to have friends.

No matter how hard headed and emotionally dysfunctional.

He didn't reject her.

It was a definite overdue start.

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Driving home that afternoon, Tom got preoccupied with his thoughts.

Somehow…that girl had made too much sense and gotten under his skin enough to have him giving her a way back into his and Harry's lives—indefinitely.

He could admire her ingenuity while still cursing himself for allowing the imposition.

He had thought he'd had it all figured out.

That now that he had Harry in his grasp, and Harry was certainly happy to be with him…he need only keep them compressed in their small world together, away from as many outside influences as possible.

Of course he wasn't stupid. He knew how the business of living worked.

It was just…he didn't want to think about what would happen once Harry was well and truly back on his feet again, with options beyond himself.

He blamed the confession. He'd never said any such words in return to anyone…*ever*.

He'd never felt so compelled or *vulnerable* with another person…as Harry had made him feel that day.

Harry had a hold on him. Tom knew this irrevocably.

Harry made him want to be as *selfish* and *uncompromising* and single-minded as it could get.

The only obstacle to Tom's solid possession would be the possibility of his actions being detrimental to his boy in any real way.

He got the sense that Harry didn't feel altogether too differently about him. He got the sense that if their roles were reversed in some parallel universe—Harry would be just as prone to keeping Tom all locked up tight for the sake of their love.

Harry would understand. Harry did understand. Tom *knew*…he just somehow knew, and could tell.

His boy wasn't stupid. His boy knew what he wanted and that he could say *no*...could have said no…whenever, well before they'd reached this point of no return.

His boy wasn't *afraid* of him in the least.

Tom didn't want that to change. He didn't want to be the reason for such a change.

Harry needed to always *love him* to distraction. Harry needed to always want to be in his arms, in his space, in his bed…breathing the air from his lungs and supported for *life*.

Because Tom had every intention of supporting him…of remaining Harry's crutch, Harry's go to, Harry's *all*.

If that meant he had to loosen the golden chains and expand their bubble to include something he didn't think *he* required, but which would help keep Harry *malleable* to all of his intentions…no matter how selfish and pervasive they became—he could settle up…in interest of the greater prize.

He could bite the bullet and buffer the friendship ties between Harry and the girl.

He could keep her leashed and be on hand to tug her back into her proper place…if ever she stepped out of line too far.

He could maintain the balance—as she'd so quaintly suggested.

He could keep everything equalized to his benefit.

And when the scales tipped, if ever they slid off course…he would be there with a thumb pressing down on their relationship's jugular to keep everything well on track.

If that girl wanted to play house, then fine.

He'd play.

He'd play so well, she'd be in the *doghouse* relegated to merely looking in forever.

Now that—was sustainable.

And if Harry wanted to pet her and throw her a bone or two, Tom would be right there to tighten her collar and leash her to the nearest tree.

There would be no mistaking her function.

So long as Harry had one *friend* to keep him socially satisfied…Tom should never have to worry about anyone else.

Yes. He could and *would* live with that.

He supposed he could give the cell back. It was in proper working order in his safe box, and Harry would be pleased to have a way to reach him (and vice versa).

And he did have to let him talk to his parents soon. Harry could only be drained and incapable of small talk for so long.

He would impress upon his boy not to clue his parents in to him calling from a cell phone, but to just let them know Tom had an additional house line he'd set up exclusively for Harry.

That should keep things under control.

And he would make sure Harry only spoke to the girl on *his* phone—for that was the only number he wished for her to have.

Surely Harry wouldn't fight him on this.

Being able to call Tom and his parents at will, and giving the girl monitored phone privileges should be enough to satisfy sensibility.

All in all, Tom figured it was a better working arrangement on the whole…with less room for stressful deviations.

After all…the illusion of freedom could be just as compelling and likely to keep Harry satisfied with loving him above all else.

Tom could feel secure in having control over every possible minimized contingency which could develop from extended seclusion.

And far be it for him to keep Harry from enjoying the *little things*.

Tom pulled in through the gates of the community and into the apartment lot with a satisfied smirk on his otherwise serene face.

It was good to be adaptable. And now that he'd had his coat pulled, he knew how to keep Harry even better than before.

Learning was a gradual process for most—this, he knew.

It wouldn't do for him to not be able to adjust with the sinister tide, when such matters of threats to his desired lifestyle came up.

As always—he would keep Harry well and truly ensconced within his arms—until there could be no questioning who his boy belonged to.

And he would own him.

He did own him.

Nothing less would ever be acceptable.

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Harry had been twiddling his thumbs and relaxing for most of the day, after having seen Tom off that Thursday morning and rolling out of bed to take a much needed hot shower from the night's activities before—wincing all the while for the soreness of his legs and backside.

Honestly…if it didn't feel so good when it was happening, he'd probably be regretting letting Tom fuck him over so literally—the aftermath could be a *bitch.*

He'd freshened up and couldn't repress the smile in the mirror for all the small red marks so vividly littering his neck and torso.

He could see Tom all over him. Not only were there hickeys, but actual bite marks along his inner thighs and faded bruises from fingers…when Tom had gotten enthused to the point of leaving telling prints during their rougher intimacies.

It was a miracle he was still able to walk…but Tom did give him pain killers and massages which helped mitigate the worst of things.

Harry would admit to being shameless enough to play up on his pains more than they actually warranted, if only to have Tom be less than apologetic…but determined to make it all better with tenderness and affection Harry was *gluttonous* for.

Tom always made sure he felt good…before…during…and as much *after* as possible.

Harry loved that about him.

Harry loved how Tom focused on him—just him…and little else.

It was a new feeling for him. Being the center of attention like this—in a way that wasn't merely a given.

It was like…he hadn't gotten the ability to be selfish with the person he loved before, and now he was making up for so much lost time.

All Harry's life—he'd been shuffled about. Loved, yes…but left to his own devices and made to make his way in the best way he knew how, because he never wanted to be a burden or have his parents worry or make his friends hate him for being exceptionally clingy.

It was novel experience…having Tom all to himself, being who he was and what he meant to Harry.

The first time he recalled having things stay constant in his life in a meaningful way was when he'd been at Griffin. Hermione and Neville both had filled certain aches in his heart from his busy parents that couldn't stop working in order to provide for his future.

He didn't hate either of them for being so focused on supporting him and their lifestyle.

He didn't hate his father for having an important job he was good at.

He didn't blame his mother for once having carried the load of half the bills and being made to leave him to grow up on his own when all he wanted was undivided love and attention.

He had always known how to count his blessings that he had parents who cared, even as they weren't always able to be right there with him.

He loved his parents. Would always love them…because they were his, and he was their only.

But that love was static and such that he couldn't let it be enough to fulfill all of his needs.

When he'd had Neville and Hermione, they'd been his surrogate family away from his parents throughout his middle years.

The way they'd gotten on had brought him the solace of being part of something he didn't have to worry would wake up and tell him to go somewhere unfamiliar, or put him a situation where he had to adapt or wind up frustrated beyond belief for so many changes.

They'd been his constant life line.

The first real friends he'd ever had.

Living at *Griffin* during his parents' most hectic work years had given him solidarity and something constant to fall back on in all the uprooting that was his childhood.

Even when they had their tiffs, generally with Hermione trying to boss him and Neville about and Harry siding with the group's resident free spirit (and guy) in order to skive off their scholarly obligations…or with Neville being obsessed with his latest *plant project* to the point of skipping too many actual classes and putting Hermione on academic edge with his piling up backlog of homework which she and Harry had to help him toil through before he got expelled good and proper.

But those issues were always secondary to the days they truly connected and acted as a unit.

Like when the girls shunned Hermione for her looks and general spurning of all things girly for her love of academia, literature, and dusty tomes—or when Neville got bullied for being painfully shy and took to getting partially high to calm his nerves (courtesy of his irascible grandmother who put all the fear into him back home), or when Harry got all awkward around the general populous and started hugging the walls from sheer anxiety at their

boisterous year mates and not getting half the pop references people threw about, because he'd never had the occasion to learn such useless banter for casual conversation.

Ironically—it was shy Neville who calmed Harry down and got him to be more assertive, because Neville was so much more reticent than himself.

And fighting for someone he considered a fast friend when he was being attacked for no reason by others who didn't sympathize with his quiet, soft nature—made Harry grow a backbone and adjust his attitude faster than anything.

In return, Harry's defense made Neville come out of his shell and bring his friend in on his favorite hobby…which was actually quite cool once you overlooked the legality issues of so much of his later experiments.

Essentially, Neville was an enthusiastic gardener.

Nonessentially—he liked to try the effects of the most obscure and fascinating products of Mother Nature which he could get his hands on.

Harry had always admired the way he focused on his craft and had something he was brilliant at—full stop, and knew exactly what he wanted to be doing with himself in the future.

When Hermione showed up mid-year, exhibiting so much of their own familiar shy and awkward tendencies—it had been second nature for her to gravitate to the pair.

Her bookworm status and unlocked mother hen mode once they got to know her, even as she was younger than them both—she always carried herself with confidence in her studies and when she knew what she knew, she wasn't afraid to speak.

Regardless of the attention or scorn it got her.

Harry and Neville both helped her tone things down and become more socially acceptable in her dealings, and even though she wasn't popular, by the time she made it to second year hanging around both of them—it all evened out and they were thick as thieves.

She even wound up doing things against her principals in the name of monitoring her more reckless counterparts who never failed to include her in their most legendary exploits.

It was with much fondness that Harry recalled their time together.

Leaving *Griffin* that last year had been painful—and the separation of his friends from himself was scarring.

He'd been bereft and rather unenthused to be in their new locale and starting at Hogwarts with so many unfamiliar faces.

But like always—he had adapted.

It wasn't until Tom that he felt himself wake up inside again with a want to really live.

Tom just brought it out of him—this side of mischief and abandon and utter *desire* to be held and kept.

Tom made him feel like the center of the universe, and Harry found he was drunk on the high that gave him in a way Neville's projects could never quite emulate as long or effectively.

Being with Tom made him feel powerful…because Tom was obviously, unabashedly obsessed with him.

And Harry got a thrill of knowing that Tom wanted him and only him, just like this.

That initial thrill had left his head spinning with need for more…and Tom had delivered so much to his doorstep in the way of more, and so much *more*.

He'd never had the opportunity to be so sneaky behind his parents' backs. He'd never had the occasion or actual desire.

Harry could admit…he was an adrenaline junkie.

That had been another part of the appeal of Neville. Neville had snuck around and brought Harry along for the ride, because they were tight like that.

When Neville gushed about his newest project and invited Harry to try it out with him after class or during the night when they weren't supposed to be active at all, Harry had snuck right out the dorm with him and gotten well and truly stoned alongside Neville.

Coughing and spluttering over a joint of some weird herb, or throwing up after a batch of strange mushrooms he had been made to imbibe.

More often than not, Neville got the good stuff. And Harry was careful not to overdo it—even as his friend was far more accustomed to the effects.

It was fun. Harry hadn't had to think about anything serious or heartbreaking as the end of his first crush when Neville and he got together initially and just chilled out.

Hermione brought them both some much needed focus, and in turn they'd taught her to loosen her bootstraps.

They'd all complimented each other so well.

What Harry got with Tom wasn't just a compliment though…it was deeper, more primal. He knew he was taking advantage of a lot of what Tom offered him.

He knew he was letting Tom have an unprecedented amount of control over his life.

But Harry also knew that he really…really…*really* loved him.

He loved the way Tom was with him. He loved the way Tom looked at him and saw only him. He never worried that Tom would walk away and leave him somewhere to his own

awkward device again, floundering in a sea of the unfamiliar and wondering at his place in the world.

He always knew exactly where he stood with Tom.

Tom was a constant he didn't worry would falter. Tom had made Harry his exclusive objective.

Harry had never dreamed when this got started, that he'd get so close as to be *living* with Tom…as to be waking up with Tom wrapped around him in the mornings, and falling asleep in Tom's arms after having been thoroughly loved and made love to in so many wild ways.

He couldn't imagine giving his body up like this to *anyone* else.

Every time he thought about such things, it was Tom's face that sprung to mind. Tom's hands he felt trailing over his skin, Tom's lips he remembered attached to his own…kissing down his body, worshipping his flesh like so much luxury he craved and couldn't get enough of.

Harry knew he'd turned himself into *bait* on a hook.

He also knew that Tom was well and truly hung from said hook, and dragging him all the way under held onto the line.

He knew that he was being pulled further and further beneath the surface of deep waters, blacker than the space which claimed the stars, led by his own personal glow fish lighting the way down…until they were the only living organisms left alive.

He knew if he let go of the line, his hook would still be embedded within Tom.

He knew that to let go would be to have Tom come right after him.

He knew that he wouldn't be able to outswim the creature he'd caught.

He also knew that he wouldn't dream of unleashing that creature from his hold—that he would never risk that line breaking and him losing sight of what he'd so easily caught, in a place where he hadn't even been hunting.

As he sat on the couch musing over Tom and all they were together, Harry stared at the apartment door with a faraway look in his eyes—face uncharacteristically blank.

Who was the worst in this scenario, he wondered?

The fisher who baited the hook…unknowing what was beneath the surface waiting to be caught, or the creature unwittingly caught up on the line of a careless fisher?

Whose life was disrupted the most—the creature that'd been just fine before the bait and hook entered the water, or the fisherman dragged under by the weight of his own snatch?

The fisherman could always let go.

But the creature would forever be wounded…be painfully hooked with no recourse.

Tom would have been fine without Harry. He would have flourished, and lived, and been successful…and surpassed everything and everyone who went before him and crushed all opponents without mercy.

He wouldn't have blinked twice or missed what he'd never had.

Tom would have been fine. Totally fine and untouchable…without Harry, without the one he'd allowed to touch, to taste, to feel…to have him.

Just because Harry had been the bait—he'd never forced Tom to bite.

Tom had wanted him on his own.

But Tom could have done without.

Harry…Harry didn't know where he'd have been. So much of his life now revolved around Tom.

He felt like he'd come to Hogwarts just to meet Tom. Everything at Hogwarts before Tom seemed colorless and bland.

He didn't want to look back on that empty existence he'd been leading. Tom had already had everything figured out and was on a fast track before him.

Harry had come along and derailed all of Tom's plans.

Tom…he had given Harry a plan—period.

Harry planned to have Tom *want* to have him, and keep him and *love* him and *need* him…forever.

Harry planned to *keep* Tom, to love Tom, to want Tom, to *feed* Tom, to give Tom…*everything* Tom thought he couldn't have unless he had Harry, the unnecessary edition to Tom's already written story.

Tom would have been fine.

Tom wouldn't have missed him…before.

Harry had been floating and going nowhere fast before Tom grabbed him, before he'd traipsed his way into Tom's sphere and been caught up in a whirl of emotions that wouldn't let go.

Tom thought he was obsessed with Harry.

Harry *knew* he was obsessed with Tom…to the point that he was allowing Tom to cage him, to cut him off, to suffocate him in his arms even when Harry was more than capable of walking out and finding the nearest phone, and calling his parents to take him away.

He could always have slept in his house's living room. It wouldn't have killed him.

He could have played catch up with his school work on his own. He could have asserted he didn't want to *bother* Tom or be a bother, and that he'd rather be at home where he knew he could be out of the way and focus on his recovery on his own.

He could have done a lot of things.

He wasn't helpless.

So he got a little dizzy when he stood up too fast, and climbing heights made him extra careful, and therefore—encouraged him to take his slow time in order to not fall again.

He was a little clumsier than before, but that's only because he was fresh out of the hospital and in the real world again.

He wasn't truly an invalid. Not really. Not anymore.

But far be it for him to pull anyone's coat. Far be it for him to make them think he no longer required the excessive assistance and consideration.

There were frailties and then there were *handicaps*.

He was a bit frail, yes. But handicapped? Not nearly…not enough to warrant the amount of care he saw people putting out for him.

But Tom was caring for him. Tom was watching over him. Tom was *stuck* on him.

Harry didn't have to pretend he was infallible—he didn't have to show that he was essentially alright now…because Tom didn't look for nor expect such, because Tom wanted him to be dependent.

He didn't even really need the meds the hospital gave for his head, as it ached far less frequently than before he'd had the bulk of his memories restored.

And now…it barely twinges, and Harry had his theories on that.

In all truth, Harry felt his body was quite able. His rehab at the hospital had done quite a bit for him.

There was nothing left for him to do but give his body time to get back to the fullest of strength, and he'd be running and jumping with all the rest.

Harry knew—Tom's aid was desired…but not altogether *essential* now.

His parents weren't accustomed to being his nursemaids. And they trusted the advice of professionals and people they put Harry with in order to help him.

Their careful hands-off but available approach had been their modus operandi for all his life.

He'd always been safe where they placed him…if not altogether content.

And they'd always been busy, but aimed for the best for him.

Harry did not fault them for this. In fact, by this point—he encouraged their approach and craved his further independence from their hovering.

Sure, as a housewife his mother was very involved in what he went through and what was going on in her house with her son.

She had nothing better to do now. It hadn't always been that way. Her *better thing to do* was once to help put food on the table and keep a roof over their family's heads.

Right now she was focused on him because she had room to be.

Before—she'd been attentive, but distracted by so much business.

When Harry became her only true business, he'd fallen under scrutiny at the most inopportune time. And seeing how much he'd grown had thrown her for a veritable loop, which his father got accidentally dragged into.

His father had always been there but working to provide.

He loved his Dad and knew he could count on him, but they weren't extremely close the way you would think.

Sirius had been closer in certain aspects, even if Harry had never quite seen him as a *father* figure…so much as someone he admired the spirit of and wanted to feel impressed by him—and to adore him for being himself, however small and ineffectual he was at the time.

His father was strong and formidable in his expertise while being gentle with Harry, the perfect counterpart to the sternness of his Mother and all her ways.

James and Lily functioned as a unit of one accord to make sure Harry was well taken care of and did not come out of their busy lifestyles any worse for wear.

They had both trusted him to grow well in the environments in which they placed him for his benefit.

Now…with things being the way they were, Harry just wanted to be *selfish*.

He wanted to lay back and allow himself to be cared for in all the ways he hadn't growing on his own. He wanted to take advantage of Tom's obsession.

He wanted to keep being the thing Tom focused on.

He wanted to provide Tom with what it was Tom craved…unconditional love and acceptance.

He knew Tom still had secrets…as did they both. He knew Tom was fixated in a way that wasn't exactly healthy for his separatist mentality.

He knew that he had Tom hooked like a drug, and was in the position where Tom had an endless supply of his fix and would never give it up without a lethal injection and some impossibly hard rehab.

Upon which point he'd fall right back off the wagon—if given a fraction of a chance.

Harry knew all of this. It made him nervous.

But it also made him *glad*. It made him giddy. It made him cruel. It made him cunning.

It made him…*fundamentally bad*.

Because when you love someone…you're not supposed to encourage their dependency on something bad for them. You're not supposed to stand idly by whilst that dependence grows to the point of psychosis.

You're not supposed to allow yourself to be the bait on a hook you know will pierce their flesh and cause unbearable pain if ever ripped out again.

You're not supposed to consistently and systematically feed into their every desire for their obsession.

You're not supposed to be just as *obsessed* with them as they are with you, to the point of caging you both until you've thrown everything else on the back burner.

But that was exactly what he'd done.

That was exactly what he was doing.

And Harry, staring at the apartment door and twiddling his thumbs peacefully with a blank stare…

All he could do was wait…*and smile*…

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When Tom came through the door, he was immediately accosted with an armful of Harry.

Dropping his bag on the threshold as the door swung shut behind him—Tom wound his arms tightly around his boy and carded his fingers possessively through soft, wild locks.

"Welcome back. " Harry spoke, with his voice muffled against Tom's strong, uniformed chest.

Tom chuckled deeply with pleasure visceral and unmatched, and he coaxed Harry's head back by the chin so he could meet shining emerald orbs staring adoringly up at him.

“Have you missed me…*darling*?” Tom’s hazel eyes sparkled with mirth and desire, as Harry pouted and rolled his eyes.

“If I say *yes*, you’ll get a bigger h-head.”

Tom smirked down at his boy and said softly, “All the better to love you with.”

Harry blushed, mouth opening and closing ineffectually before Tom leaned in—closing the distance between them and soundly kissing the last of his senses away.

If there was one good thing about *addiction*…it was the fulfillment.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

And there you have it.😙

I wonder if we've managed to crack the surface of Harry's crazy? 🙄 I think so. Perhaps. 🙂

The first half with Luna and Tom came out so quickly, and I was just watching with popcorn as they went at it. 🍿 I quite enjoyed writing that bit. 🤎

The car ride had me face palming. 😯 Because of course Tom would turn an overture of friendship into #YouJustGotADog.🤦♀

I can't even. 😐

In any case, I'm pretty satisfied with how this all turned out and do look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you awesome readers. 🥰

Until the next Violation,

Stay Safe ~ 🌺🐍○

25th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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25th Violation

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On Thursday evening, the fifth day of Harry's migration from his parents' household— Lily got a call.

"Hey, Mom. How are you?"

It was pleasantly surprising to hear Harry's voice on the other end of the line for the first time since she'd entrusted him to Tom Riddle's tender mercies.

"Oh honey, I'm just fine. It's good to hear from you. Tom's been telling me how tired you've been, and I was starting to worry. Have you been eating well? Taking all your meds and such?"

Lily cradled the cordless phone between her neck and shoulder as she moved through the house.

She'd just been getting ready to make a quick trip out to the grocers, but being waylaid by the phone ringing, she wound up perched in an arm chair in the living room listening to Harry's encouragingly bright and breathy laughter in her ear.

He sounded happy…healthy, content.

Lily relaxed in the chair and crossed her legs as Harry spoke, *"Yes ma'am. No worries. I'm b-being well cared for."*

"You certainly sound good. Your father's not here right now, so you'll have to catch him another time if you want to chat." Lily twirled a lock of red hair absently around her forefinger, and glanced at the living room clock.

"No problem. W-what are you up to? Did I catch you in the m-middle of anything?"

Lily sighed and muttered, "Not particularly, dear. Just about to do a bit of shopping—I haven't restocked lately, and the cabinets are looking a mite bare. Also…milk."

Faint amusement colored Harry's next words, and Lily's chest expanded with warmth. *"Guess D-dad's been drinking again."*

“Every time I look up, the carton’s half gone.”

“I t-told you to freeze it. Lasts longer and you won’t have to keep b-buying.” Lily scrunched her nose. “Then it gets that watered down taste. Bleh…”

Harry laughed and Lily relaxed further. It was so good to hear her baby so lively. She congratulated herself on trusting Tom to take care of things. It was a load off her mind, truly.

“I’ll tell James you called and send him your love. So you just keep recovering, sweetheart. And greet Tom for me.”

“Will do. Maybe don’t go c-crazy without me, hm?”

Lily snorted delicately. “You forget—I have hobbies. Now I can get some reading done. Don’t you give your host trouble—be good, dear.”

Harry mumbled something indistinct under his breath, and Lily raised a brow. “Come again?”

“I said, I’ll be a s-saint.”

Lily smirked and got up from the chair, collecting her purse and wandering into the kitchen to where the phone hook resided. Gathering her list tacked to the fridge along the way, Lily gave her closing sentiments.

“I have no doubt. Off you get, go rest up some more and don’t forget to eat a good meal and take all your meds and supplements. Love you, baby.”

“Love you too, Mom. Take c-care…”

Lily hung up the phone with a satisfied smile and proceeded to the store.

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Pulling into the store parking lot, Lily got out of her car.

She was a few feet from the automatic entry doors when an old, hobbled woman with a stack of papers accosted her. “Excuse me, madam—I only need a moment. Have you seen this child? He’s a student at Hogwarts, has been missing for weeks now…it’s like he dropped off the face of the earth…”

Lily took a sheet and stared down into the unfamiliar features of a slight, rotund boy—rather unfortunately channeling something in the rodent family with his facial features.

He looked young. Not as young as her Harry…but definitely a child.

Addressing the woman, Lily spoke apologetically, “I’m sorry…I have never seen this child before. What was…is…his name?”

“Peter. Peter Pettigrew. My…surrogate grandson.”

Lily hummed thoughtfully and stared unblinkingly down at the printed off mugshot—for it could hardly be called anything else comfortably, with the somber expression on the boy’s face, and the colorless unflattering attire he sported staring out of the shot— above boldfaced numbers (presumably belonging to the old woman).

“He’s a good boy. Never could hurt a fly. Always keeps to himself. Doesn’t make trouble. His mother is a louse and unfit to rear, but the courts refused to take him away. They’ve been living together in the Knockturn District…he always visited me (*coughcough*) before…at the home. He never didn’t show up like this for so long. She hasn’t even filed a claim—the wretch...”

Lily winced for the colorful language the old woman employed beneath her breath about the mother of Peter, whom she so disapproved of.

“You’re certain he’s missing?” Lily cut through the building tirade gently with her query.

The old woman’s eyes glinted and shifted as she busily shuffled the sheaf of printouts in her deft, but wrinkled hands. “Positive, madam. We had an arrangement…you see. I taught him certain things…and he told me stories. Good stories…my family forgot you see…I hated them.”

Lily frowned slightly as the old woman began muttering under her breath again, snatches of disparaging words about her apparent absent family.

The old woman was quite deceptively diminutive, with a stoop and wispy white hair bound beneath a scarf. She was bundled in an oversized coat against the chill weather, and she seemed rather disturbed by the alleged disappearance of her grandchild.

Lily sympathized.

“I may not know this Peter, but I can have my husband make some inquiries. He’s involved with law enforcement you see. It’d be simple for him to get the case beneath the right noses…I’m sure.”

Perking right up, the old woman affixed Lily with a grateful—if staid look.

“I would appreciate that immensely. Someone has to look for him. Before he disappears—like I did…”

At Lily’s questioning look, the old woman huddled into herself, clutching the papers to her chest and shaking her head skittishly. “Nothing to concern yourself with—it was so long ago.” Her voice trailed off in a faraway manner, lost in some old unpleasant reminiscence.

“I’m sure he’ll turn up. Have faith…”

“Bathilda. My name is Bathilda. The last living Bagshot…how quaint.”

Lily nodded and smiled warmly, folding the picture of Peter down until it fit into her pocket, “It’s very nice to meet you, Miss Bathilda. I’m Lily. Lily Potter.”

Bathilda looked up at her and affected a cringe of a smile, “Mrs. Potter. A pleasure…all things considered.”

With a last promise to alert her husband to the missing child, Lily entered the store. It really had cooled off. She should have worn something more weather appropriate.

Ah well…she wouldn’t be long.

And with that encouraging thought, Lily grabbed a basket and set about doing her shopping.

Not for the first time—she was thankful Harry was safe in such good hands. Anything could happen anywhere it seemed.

That poor Peter child…

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Tom watched—smug and hawk eyed, as Harry closed out the cell line on his mother, whom he hadn’t even brought up the topic of what number he was using with, nor any invitations to call him back on said line—before shutting her well away.

Tom tilted his head, causing his ebony bangs to overshadow his sharp gaze whilst he methodically chopped and diced vegetables in the kitchen for their dinner. From his good vantage point, he keenly observed Harry perched easily on the couch.

He’d given the cell to his boy earlier after he’d gotten home and been greeted so effusively at the door. It had been most pleasing to receive so much reception upon entering his once vacant and spartanly appointed, but elegantly masculinized apartment.

It was a vague memory how empty the components of his lifestyle had been without having Harry in his grasp, in his reach, in his space like this…

He did not dwell on what had been. He focused entirely on what now was…and could always be.

As he chopped and washed and prepped the trappings of dinner for two, Tom smiled idly… stealing many glances of his boy during the process and approving of what he saw.

Harry looked at home, relaxed, and utterly content. Like a cat stretched out in the evening sun streaming through the curtains, just waiting to be pet and pampered by the hands of his dedicated master.

It was so *simple* to imagine a future with Harry…mirroring the ease which suffused their bubble wrapped world.

Tom would be working behind the scenes, manipulating pieces to his advantage as was his wont, supporting their comfortable and luxurious lifestyle in the efficient way only he could manage.

They'd be able to do anything, go anywhere, and experience whatever they wanted to… together.

The world would be spread out before them, ripe for the pickings. Harry could find something he enjoyed and do it alongside Tom, and Tom would do all he could to make sure Harry's chosen field remained lucrative and fulfilling for his boy as he pursued such purposes.

Harry had talent…he could do whatever he wanted. Tom would see to it.

And every night—they'd sleep together and wake up together the next morning. And every evening they'd eat together and talk together and *be together* without any outside interference or unnecessary drama.

Harry would call his parents, say *hi* and hang up. Content to know they exist and continue to exist healthy in a place nearby. Tom would, every now and again…accept calls from that *Luna-girl*, the figurehead of Harry's social life…and allow her to keep his Harry otherwise amused beneath the watchfulness of his eyes and attuned ears.

Harry would be more than satisfied with his lot in life with Tom.

Tom would be more than satisfied with his lot in life with Harry.

They'd be together and contented with each other forever. Any disruptions to their lifestyle would be swiftly headed off and dealt with most expeditiously.

There was literally no reason this couldn't be. There was literally nothing stopping this future from manifesting into being.

Tom was hungry for it. Tom *craved* this…

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"You sure you don't want h-help in there?" Harry's lilting voice filtered through Tom's musings and provoked a smirk to come creeping onto his lips, "You can come watch at the bar, but I require no assistance, darling. Let me do this for *us*. I enjoy it."

Tom could hear the sullen pout in Harry's voice as he spoke, and he chuckled as the sound of the barstool sliding noisily backwards—accompanied by a huff from his boy, could be heard behind his turned back stood at the stove.

"Y-you're determined to make me a loafer. That's r-rather awful you know…"

Tom tutted and spun around as he set the veggies to simmering in their seasonings and olive oil. "*Harry*…you need only relax and let me care for you. I do not *want* to work you in your home with me."

Tom eyed the pleasing flush staining Harry's cheeks as his boy glared attractively up at him, now leaned over the island and hovering in front of Harry's upturned face.

"Maybe I w-want to do things *with* you. Maybe I *want* to help."

Tom smiled—a slow and devious smile, leaning in until his breath wafted against Harry's sensitive ear as he huskily purred, "But we *do things* together all the time…*sweetling*. Shouldn't you take a break and let your body get the rest it deserves? I would hate for you to be *exhausted.*"

Harry meeped and jumped in his seat as Tom swiftly swiped his long, wet tongue from Harry's ear lobe to the uppermost point—before biting down gently on the delicate, pink skin thereof.

Harry's hand reflexively shot up to clutch his molested ear as Tom pulled away with a predatory grin and mischievous glint in his shining, hazel eyes—stepping unhurriedly away from Harry to attend to dinner again and whistling playfully under his breath as Harry ineffectually flipped him off and cursed colorfully in embarrassment, shifting all the while on the stool beneath the unfortunate burden of inopportune arousal.

Harry bristled and glared heatedly at Tom's broad shouldered, firm backside—swaying back and forth to some private melody, and being further accentuated by the apron he had cinched around his waist.

Yes...Tom mused; he could very well live with the prolonging of this state of affairs.

"Dinner's nearly done, you can get washed up. Set the plates out if you like, that much I'll allow."

Harry grumbled and hopped stiffly off the barstool, pinching Tom's thigh rather viciously as he brushed past the taller teen on his altered path to the sink, and grinning victoriously as Tom flinched and shot him a burning look.

"Idle hands. My apologies, *Tom.*"

Harry sing-songed as he washed up and got the plates set out as Tom had directed.

In another heartbeat, Tom had his apron off and was suddenly pressed up close behind him (after having set their food to warm)—and Harry yelped as long arms locked secure around his slender waist, and Tom began mouthing and alternatively nipping sharply at the juncture between his neck and shoulder.

"*Haa*…w-what about…*nngh*…dinner?" Harry panted unsteadily, and tilted his head further to the side. Giving Tom more access as his lips and teeth wandered up the side of his boy's neck.

“It’ll *keep*.” Tom rasped hotly against Harry’s skin, before setting about wrecking his boy in all the very best ways.

That evening—Tom’s kitchen counter got quite the christening.

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Harry shuddered and cried out as Tom slid roughly into him, moaning a guttural…*dark thing* from deep in his chest as Harry’s hands scrabbled at the marbled countertop, searching for purchase unavailable on the smooth, hard surface he was sliding back and forth so wetly upon with every mighty *snap* and *roll* of Tom’s thrusting hips, building up to a punishing crescendo that had Harry forgetting the right way to *breathe.*

“AH! Tooooom! NGHAAA!”

“You’re *mine*…*Harry*…” Tom grunted through harsh panting, never damaging his rhythm as he poured his sentiments thickly, *insidiously* through Harry’s reddened ears. His sinister murmurings being outdone by Harry’s wanton screams as Tom rhythmically pounded him.

“Every *inch* of you…*haa haah*…every part of your *flesh*…*aah*…your mind…body…*and soul*…*HAH*…is *MINE*!”

Half crazed and feverish, Tom leaned in—bending Harry’s supple form near double as he captured those gasping lips with his own in a positively filthy, open mouthed kiss—which was more a violent clashing of teeth and tongues than anything truly mechanized.

As he licked into that gaping maw, stealing the remaining precious air from Harry’s lungs, Tom thrust *harder*…tirelessly moaning his own pleasure alongside Harry as he grabbed hold of the bobbing length of flesh pressed so tightly between them, purpling at the mushroomed tip and dribbling precum messily between their slippery bodies.

Harry’s chest heaved rapidly for the dual sensation of Tom jerking him off as he stimulated his prostate to the point where Harry wanted to push him away, and simultaneously hold him so tight their flesh fused together in one molten lump, inseparable by any scientific maneuvering.

When they came, they came *together*—with Harry’s climax exploding so aggressively from him that spots mottled and swallowed his vision, and Tom slumped boneless against him splayed upon the countertop…weighing Harry down and pulling out slowly after a few drawn out moments, provoking a wince and wracking shiver from his boy as his essence leaked copiously from Harry’s abused, and tenderly throbbing channel.

Harry puffed and gasped, and hooked his limp arms loosely around Tom’s neck as Tom laboriously caught his own breath, and hovered above him—leveraging Harry’s upper half

from the countertop carefully as he stood fully upright between Harry's still widely splayed legs, now both dangling from opposing crooks of his strong arms.

"*Haa…hah…ah*…we sh-should…clean up…" Harry whispered, red faced and delicate as he felt the cum leaking from his body, feeling utterly exposed and deliciously dirty as Tom breathily sighed a laugh, and tenderly kissed the side of his sweaty forehead and warm cheek.

"That can be arranged. But first…" Harry blinked as Tom pressed him progressively backwards, until he was once more lying flat against the counter with his lower half being supported by Tom in the air.

Opening his mouth in question, Harry suddenly squeaked as Tom ducked down and ravenously *licked him* from his tailbone to the sensitive underside of his hanging sac and sensitized member.

Moaning a guttural moan in carnal appreciation for the taste of *Harry* intermingled with his creamy seed—Tom glanced up through disheveled bangs, to catch and hold Harry's lustfully dilated and glazed eyes with his own.

With a last wicked smirk—Tom set about cleansing Harry in the dirtiest of ways…to the litany of his name being chanted on Harry's bruised lips as he so *thoroughly* ate him out.

Needless to say…dinner was rather late that evening.

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Peter had been an odd duck.

The first time he'd come to visit, he'd asked her about her photography days. Back when she'd been a pro at dark rooms and fancy lenses and hand crafted filters, instead of selling candid shots to tabloids to make a quick buck enough to keep her belly fed in the sensationalist days.

She used to be good at her job. An old hand at fundamental manipulation and human interest pieces, before she fell out of favor for being an indiscriminate whistle blower.

Everybody was fair game back in her golden years. Meaning—everybody had a bone to pick with her at one time or another.

She still remembered living next door to this high profile family of four, two brothers, a sister, and a mother, living together in solitude due to the mental instability of the youngest girl child.

It had been by chance that she witnessed something she shouldn't have.

It had been a stroke of luck that she'd caught a murder on camera.

If she'd come to light with that, it would've made her career. But like all damaging information and evidence, a lot of people were far keener on covering things up and shutting her down about her knowledge when she'd attempted to take it to press.

She'd had to go on the run. Effectively ending her high profile career and falling into obscurity for her personal safety.

In those days, a woman had few options outside of specialist fields to get ahead in life. And with her photographic savvy keeping her on the most wanted lists of higher ups in society with big things to hide, she'd been made to hang up her lens in favor of crafts less likely to get her killed in her sleep by some misfortune.

Self-preservation won out over her desire to see dirty laundry aired beneath the noses of the critical masses.

It had been her life or her craft.

After living a less than stellar existence of grunt work and less lucrative, but safer modes of subsistence, Bathilda had emigrated across the continent and settled down with a banker—one Bernard Bagshot.

He'd been the old fashioned type, a decade older and a stickler for women working in the house and men taking the reins in all the important sectors.

Bathilda hadn't been so much *in love* as she was in a new place with no other means to live comfortably on her own. She'd been pretty enough back then to inspire vows and matrimony.

And considering she'd been smart enough to keep her past…indiscretions…to herself, Bernard hadn't caught wind of her true capabilities until they were well and truly ensconced in married life with a small brood of their own.

It didn't take long for their *wedded bliss* to fall apart after he found out.

Apparently…news traveled.

And being involved as Bernard had been with certain law abiding and dodgy citizens, her name came up as someone to be on lookout for when he was dealing with *certain* matters after official hours in smoky back rooms and masculine pub joints.

Bathilda hadn't been a common moniker.

She'd always cursed her pride in attaching her work to her actual name, rather than a pseud. But pride hadn't let her not take direct credit for her efforts.

It wasn't until their eldest went away to college in the Midwest and their youngest was set to graduate from high school, that Bernard and she had called it quits. By that time, they'd been well and truly on the rocks…and nothing could have saved them.

His paranoia and shouted accusations after the cops began sniffing around his place of business were enough to disturb the neighborhood on a weekly basis.

After their split, Bernard had gotten into some real trouble with the law and wound up in prison—where he was driven to commit suicide.

Their eldest had joined the Peace Corps and gotten himself killed in some skirmish overseas. And their remaining youngest…was the victim of a drive-by in Kansas.

By the time she'd hit sixty, she was the last living direct Bagshot…with none save Bernard's less than caring branches of family to look after her interests. It didn't take long for her own resulting solitude to drive her up the wall and half out of her mind.

Less than a full decade later she'd been consigned to the home by Bernard's youngest sister and Brother In-law, who wanted the deed to the house he'd left her to finance their own business ventures, and thus needed her well out of the way.

They left her consigned to rot in the nearest home without a backward glance.

It was there that she'd spent that past seven years convalescing and growing progressively frail and detached from reality.

The home wasn't a prison, they had all the conveniences you would expect of a modern appointment…but there was nothing really there to inspire you to *live*.

It had been Peter who'd given her something to look forward to again.

He said he'd been volunteering for a school assignment in humanities, and he'd wanted to interview her because she seemed the most interesting and cognizant elder person in residence.

He hadn't been off base. And she'd humored him.

Eventually they'd struck up a…friendship of sorts. And Bathilda found Peter to be quite the odd duck.

A boy of thirteen shouldn't have been so eager to spend time at an old folk's home, but apparently he liked having an excuse to not be at *his* home.

That was when she found out about his living situation. Her sympathies and motherly instincts had been reawakened after long slumber.

Memories of her own long ago home life in less than stellar conditions as a girl, which had driven her need for purpose and set her on her most colorful photographic past, had come unbidden back to mind.

It was from that point on that she'd resolved to give that child something with which to take his mind off his woes, and perhaps facilitate his transition into a functional member of society.

Or at least give him a nice hobby to fixate upon.

And so…in return for his constant narration of life outside the walls of the boring home in which she lived, she taught him about photography and how to be invisible to get the best out of loaded situations.

It had been fun to impart her secrets of subterfuge and sleuthing.

It had been fun to see him take to her teachings like a fish in water.

Over the years they'd known each other, until he started his junior year at Hogwarts, they'd kept in touch and tended to have biweekly sessions—to which Bathilda always looked forward.

The longest he'd ever gone had been a couple missed weeks during the summers, when he'd had to attend remedial lessons.

But beyond that, he'd always been faithful to their friendship.

It was what clued her in that something was wrong. The last she'd heard, he'd been having a stellar time at Hogwarts—as he'd found a subject worth his catalogue within those halls and was more than pleased to discuss it with her.

Apparently he was…quite *taken* with a guy, who went by the surname Riddle…and he quite enjoyed harmlessly shadowing and admiring his prowess from afar.

Bathilda wasn't unfamiliar with the type.

Peter hadn't been shy about showing her his album, the scattered times she'd inquired about his progress. It was quite extensive and well done, in her professional opinion.

She could see why the *Riddle* had captured her Peter's attention so. Even on camera, the young man was magnetic…in an unsettling way.

She couldn't put her finger exactly on it—but she knew just by looking, that there was quite a lot hidden beneath the surface. It was enough to give her pause and make her pay attention even more during Peter's tales.

Unerringly…his stories seemed to center around his classmates, and that *Riddle character* in particular.

He could go on for hours about the accomplishments of that one, and it was quite warming how he had someone to so obviously *look up to* in his life.

Bathilda only hoped her instincts on this matter weren't quite on point, because although rusty…she'd always had a nose for trouble.

It was how come she'd been so good at her job back in the day. Somehow—she'd always known where to look to sniff out a story. From there, it'd been a matter of catching the right angle in a shot.

She'd done her best to impart her keener insights in a roundabout way to Peter, but he had a tendency to brush off her concerns and deliberately extol the virtues of his chosen subject matter.

So she'd let the matter rest. After all, how much trouble could a young man her Peter's age *nowadays* really be? The world was a different place from when she was young.

There wasn't sufficient enough cause for maintaining the wariness young people already out in the world once garnered in their teen years, already being considered adult enough to be justice offenders.

Even if he did have that *look*…she had the rationalized hope that it was merely future *potentia*l she was picking up on, rather than anything worrying at present. And thus, such foreshadowing could be overlooked.

It hadn't been until most recently that she'd had her worries and suspicions roused once more.

It had been the last week of October when she'd last seen Peter, and he'd been over the moon. Apparently he'd been taking so many shots that he'd run out of space in his album and had to purchase a new one.

And these shots…were far more candid than even his earlier distant works.

She would call them borderline inappropriate…from a professional standpoint. They were the type of shots that she would've been given endless flack for in her day.

But she understood the appeal—as they were very well taken.

Peter had always been a quick study. She'd praised and cautioned him not to get so close that he couldn't see the noose tightening round his own neck when he worked.

Peter had merely smiled his smile, and told her he had the perfect idea for a portfolio closer.

Bathilda had smiled back and nodded right along, even as long silent bells were dimly chiming in her murky subconscious about warning the boy off his quest.

Not for the first time—she castigated herself for not being more proactive in warning the child. It was obvious that he'd fallen into some kind of pit…and she didn't know that it was one she could pull him out of…but she would try her damndest.

She owed him that much.

He was the last of her chosen family.

The others did not count. She'd never wanted them, nor they her.

At least with Peter…she knew he held affection and respect for her. And with all his oddness, she never got the feeling he was being artificial with her.

It had been his unrestrained honesty and legitimate interest that had gotten her to take such a shine to his company. She would not betray him by giving him up for lost just yet.

It had been over a month since she'd seen him, and now—she was actively searching him out.

The first bit of real progress she'd been able to make had been her encounter with that *Lily Potter*. Her bones weren't near as strong as they'd once been, and so the chill wind outdoors blew straight through her.

Thus…her canvassing of the area was relegated to places like the grocery store parking lot and general town areas where people frequented, and the home allowed their residences to be chauffeured unchaperoned to and from—the ones still capable of such independent feats.

She could only do so much as one little old lady.

It galled, but couldn't be helped.

She'd reached out to Ms. Pettigrew a week or so prior to her outing, but the woman hadn't even been fully cognizant of her missing son's status—and only brazenly maintained that he'd show up whenever he got hungry again.

Bathilda would have railed on the woman then and there and gotten the police involved, if she'd thought such a ruckus would have helped the situation any.

Apparently, his mother was Peter's only viable relative. And should she be declared incompetent as she was…Peter could wind up in an even less comfortable situation in foster care, being that no one upstanding ever wanted a child so past the majority age threshold.

And Peter…well, he wasn't much to look at—in truth. Bathilda wasn't blind. She merely saw beyond his unfortunate countenance into what recommended him as an actual person.

There was spunk and dedication in the boy. He at least had the courage to chase what he loved, even if he never held it in reality.

He admired what he admired and didn't apologize for it.

Bathilda could respect that. So many people liked things and made excuses for the liking, because they were ashamed.

It was refreshing to not have that particular hang-up to contend with when it came to Peter. She was too old to deal with the wishy-washiness of people who hid from and feared their desires.

Hell…she'd lived her own life running away for far too long in the wake of her history to be able to stomach any such additional drama.

If there was nothing else she knew, it was that life was too short to spend on things you didn't really want to be doing.

Peter…he did what he wanted, what he enjoyed.

And Bathilda was happy to have been able to facilitate and support his interests. Now…if only she could track him down and be sure that he was safe again.

It was all she wanted. And she was too old to not get what she wanted.

No matter how long it took. She would see this matter resolved.

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She'd never wanted to be a mother.

The one time she'd spread her legs for a man who'd have her, it'd been for the specific purpose of being paid for her services…such as they were.

Money was hard to come by with her education levels, and she'd never been a looker. But a hole was a hole and if you found the right place, all could be bartered.

It had been a whim to keep it—not out of any true attachment to the thing, but because there was a thing called government assistance, and abortions left scars and cost more money than she'd been willing to cough out.

She may not have been pretty, but she didn't want to be cut on.

When the baby came, she'd been largely alone for the process. Her parents weren't better than herself and so passed on their values…or lack thereof…to their only child—Gertrude Pettigrew.

If you get saddled with a lemon, go make lemonade…and spit in it. That'll show the bastards.

So what had she done? She'd grown the thing.

It was easy being on welfare, and the nearby school district accepted charity cases easily enough with their sympathetic learners program.

Diapers and formula were a pain, but eventually it learned to use a pot. And they'd been able to live quite comfortably in government housing for the duration of its formative and adolescent years.

She'd named it Peter. After her uncle who'd passed away before she'd reached high school, and had been more decent to her than her parents for a brief time…even though he was a degenerate.

That was as far as that sentiment stretched.

When Peter got up size enough to be left at home unattended, she'd started bar hopping in the disreputable parts of town to drown her sorrows…and coming home at all hours drunk off her ass to a child barely able to string a proper sentence together wasn't the highlight of her day.

Peter had always been a slow bugger.

She'd thought he may've been one of those autistic things…or at least mentally handicapped.

But no—turns out he was just stupid and anxiety prone, also ugly. She could say it. They were related and she knew where he got his genes.

At the very least, she did make sure he had regular meals. The fridge stayed full on food stamps, and she cooked bulk meals in pots well enough to last them for weeks at a time… whenever she was so inclined to partake in regular meals with the kid.

Every time she looked at him, with his rat like features and unfortunate capabilities…she saw vague impressions of the customer she remembered grunting on top of her still virginized younger self.

If she'd been kind, she'd have gotten rid of him. As matters stood they coexisted well enough.

Especially now when he didn't even come home regularly—she didn't mind his whereabouts, he'd often skived off whenever she was in her funkier moods and done whatever it was that kept him out of trouble.

So long as he did come back eventually, she didn't worry about him.

He was over four feet tall now. He could handle himself.

It was no surprise that with the advent of winter and arrival of the holiday season, she'd been even less inclined to pay attention to her child than normal. It was always around this time of year that she went on her worst benders.

Losing days and often weeks of time from her recollection and waking up to the New Year none the wiser to whatever the hell happened that past month.

It was just the way of things.

Not everybody had what it took to be a parent or productive member of society.

She'd gotten a random call some days ago from a lady asking after Peter, questioning where he was and if she'd reported him missing to the authorities.

In no uncertain terms, as she'd been nursing the mother of all hangovers at the time and feeling far less than charitable about the world and life at large—she'd told the lady to bug off.

Said Peter would come home whenever he got hungry again, and what went on in her house with her kid was none of her goddamn business—thank you very much.

To the litany of undeserved scorn and indignant words, Gertrude had hung up the line and never heard from that lady again.

It'd struck her as vaguely odd then that she hadn't seen Peter in a minute…but he was always skulking about, so she'd probably just missed him coming and going during her own absences and instances of better things to do.

Whoever that lady had been had no right to judge her.

She'd brought the kid this far, had even gotten him meds for that stupid anxiety disorder—which counted as a mental detriment which the government footed the bill for.

Otherwise—she'd have just told him to suck it up and get a paper bag. It wouldn't kill him to be a little more on edge than most, and those pills were more expensive out of pocket than something that small had any right to be.

Nevermind her own drug habits—she only indulged when she got freebies. But alcoholism and negligence were her main vices of choice.

It was so much easier to maintain a drinking habit and ignore a child you never wanted…than to be strung out on anything so strong as to be fundamentally detrimental to her body systems.

The way Gertrude saw it, she could be so much worse.

And again, he was alive and kicking. That was more than could be said for most. Far be it for her to question what a teenager got up to nowadays.

When you lived in the Knockturn district, there were bound to be any number of unsavory things to be caught up in.

At least Peter hadn't yet been to prison, and was allowed to attend Hogwarts…despite his limitations. As it was the only available school around and remained quite a reputable institution, all things considered.

Surely he could make something half decent of himself with those prospects.

Gertrude wouldn't know. She just gave birth to it, and fed and sheltered it.

Her life was basically over at this point, so what did she care what he did with his? She likely wouldn't be around to see or care…getting up in age as she was.

Taking everything in her life into consideration as it had now become, just left her embittered and depressed; so she did her utmost to simply smudge it all out.

And if it took her until late December, a week before Christmas to realize the child she'd never wanted could possibly be legit *missing*…well…sucks to be her charge.

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In all her years, Gertrude had never actually been arrested.

She'd come close a scant few times for drunk driving and disorderly conduct in public facilities at stupid o'clock…but never had she been legit behind bars.

Now she was sitting at the station, bouncing her leg and staring blankly up at the festively decorated bulletin board on Christmas Eve, dry mouthed and low key panicking as she stared at a tacked up flyer with her son's face on it—staring morosely out at her beneath the words *Have you seen this Child.*

This was the one time in her life that she had a very real fear of being put away.

This was the one time in her life that Gertrude wished she were a better mother. If only to prevent the advent of the conversation she was being made to have with an officer of the law, who would soon have her in cuffs for what she'd so negligently allowed to go unreported this long.

"Ms. Pettigrew…what you are telling me is…you have no idea where your son could be or has been except school…for the past *month and a half*?"

"Yessir, officer." Gertrude's gut churned unpleasantly for the policeman's unimpressed look. She did so hate being judged.

"You have allowed a minor in your care to go unreported as missing for over a month and a half because of sheer *negligence*?"

"He's always been independent, sir. He don't do nothing wrong…just a little stupid is all. He always came back when I 'spected him to…"

The officer pinched the bridge of his nose and heaved a largely put upon sigh. *Christmas Eve* was not the time to be dealing with a case of such bad parenting and a missing child.

Not the time at all.

"This case…your child…came across our desk a short while ago, and we've merely been backed up to the point of not contacting you until now—Ms. Pettigrew. I do hope you understand the urgency and unlikelihood of us making actual progress on this matter any time soon. Due to your ineptitude as a parent and failure to promptly report his status…any evidence we may have been able to gather at the beginning is well and truly lost to us. Surely you understand the magnitude of your involvement…or lack thereof."

"Yessir, officer."

The officer grit his teeth and began typing at his desktop computer and asking her routine questions about her son, the majority of which were common knowledge for anyone looking at his birth certificate.

The more personal the questions got, the less she was able to tell him…and the more irate and short with her he became.

“Do you know of any friends we might interview on your boy’s behalf in order to learn more about his circumstances? Anyone at all…”

Gertrude averted her eyes from the officer’s hard stare, and she mumbled beneath her breath, “There was a lady…who called the house. ‘Bout a week or two ago…I dunno…she seemed to know him…well…”

“What was her name?” The officer tapped his finger against the keyboard impatiently.

Gertrude winced. “I never got it. But the number…should be on record. I’m sure.”

The officer picked up the phone beside him and dialed a series of numbers, giving Gertrude the permanent stink eye all the while.

“Patrick. I need a warrant for all phone records on Ms. Gertrude Pettigrew. Stat.”

Gertrude balked. “What d’you mean *all?* It’s just one number!”

“I need to be sure you’re not providing a falsehood about the person who called. Standard procedure, ma’am…nothing more.”

“I’m telling you I only spoke with her once! I don’t even know who she is.”

The officer frowned, “You are in no position to hinder this investigation. As it stands, should your child not turn up within the next three months of our investigation, you will be charged with criminal neglect and jailed, heftily fined, or *both* for your misconduct. This is not a matter up for debate.”

Gertrude felt indignant, sour tears fill her dull eyes and her throat closed up unexpectedly as she hung her head.

It was just her luck. The thing she so needlessly kept and apparently *lost*…would be the reason her life was inexorably ruined.

Not like it was anything special in the first place. But at least she had been living it…well enough.

Dammit all…

Happy freaking *Christmas Eve*.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

Geh…Happy Holidays peeps! 😄💝

I'm not even sure how to feel about this –Violation-…I could've made it longer, but I wanted you all to have something enough to get you going before Christmas Day. 😄 When hopefully you'll all be safely ensconced in your respective homes with whatever loved ones you're able to see during this turbulent time.🤗

Ahhh…2020 is finally about to leave us all alone. ♥ T-T #TrueBlessings 🥂

In any case, I hope my fudging around with the timeline didn't feel too jarring.

I know it wasn't explicitly stated, but we're kinda keeping pace with the actual seasons right now…even though this fic takes place way before the current climate.

I do try to be a little #Festive. 🎉

For a dead guy, Peter sure gets around…huh? 😐🙄☹

I look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you wonderful readers, and do hope you all enjoyed this –Violation- to the fullest.😄

Feel free to spitball plot devices in the comments, as #DaMuses be getting ravenous for #NewYearDrama.😇😈👼

I'm also kicking around a #SpecialFluffy holiday segment for all our favorite lead charas…but I could use a bit of legit inspiration for cuddly seasonal scenes.

I appreciate the holidays but have never really celebrated anything but New Years with the FAM. 😏

So if you wanna see some Mistletoe and Stockings and such—you're gonna have to prod me with a #Big-Stick.

Otherwise…we may just do another time-skipish thing to New Year's Eve…which is Tom's b-day. ^-^

I don't wanna waste Christmas…but I also don't wanna just rip off the Hallmark channel and make you guys puke candy canes. 😙💕

Until Next Time,

Have a safe one and stay frosty! Cheers ~ 🌺🐍○

26th Violation - **Holiday Special (Part 1)**

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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26th Violation

****Holiday Special****

(Part 1)

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Christmas at Riddle Manor was always ostensibly festive.

Long before and ever since he'd brought home that whelp of his and raised him into the legitimate heir of the Riddle interests and fortune, Tom Sr. had been made to care about the holiday façade.

It wasn't that he disliked this time of year…specifically.

His young wife—Lucille, had a thing for holiday cheer and shopping in general, but she grew even more voracious around this season and made sure her luxury needs and effusive wants were catered to in all the very best, showy and expensive ways, which spilt over into lots of fanciful decorations all over the grounds and residence, commissioned evergreens fully decked out and lining the paths and drive, as well as a humongous monstrosity in the entrance hall which shimmered and glittered like the Godzilla King of Christmas cheer.

Growing up, Tom Sr. had been involved in more functions and black tie affairs this time of year than he cared to ruminate on, spearheaded by his deceased sire on many an occasion, sucking all the sentimentality and actual familial joy out of the holiday and making way for business negotiations and New Year arrangements and contracts which would carry over into profitable future prospects all round.

Nothing like eggnog, classic carols, and ceremonial drinking plus sexual exploitation to get proposals signed, pockets lined, and hefty debts resolved or otherwise zeroed out.

His father had always impressed upon Tom Sr. the importance of pomp and circumstances surrounding festive gatherings which brought together all and sundry under the guise of wholesome entertainment and charitable donations which could make or break an institution reliant on such good will and stunted publicity.

Everybody wanted a reason to look good at least once a year. Everybody wanted an excuse to be happy and flaunt their ludicrous wealth amongst their wealthiest compatriots and partners

in order to seem just as important and well-appointed as they effectively (or ineffectively) projected during the fiscal year.

It was always good business to do business during the busiest season of the year.

And while everybody had a good time and enjoyed what such excitements and raucous entertainment brought, it was prime time for the vultures to scavenge amongst the inebriated and otherwise reckless investors of society's elite.

So no…Tom Sr. didn't dislike this time of the year…specifically. He tolerated and took it for all that it was.

An indelible opportunity wrapped up in a neat little bow, placed beneath murdered greenery and shiny baubles broken out for one purpose and one purpose only—the distraction of greedy eyes with shiny things to detract from all the corruption of endless shadows closing in.

And who better to pass on such traditional knowledge and wisdom to than his heir, whom he also tolerated and was tolerated by in return…always during this auspicious season of holiday effluence and cheer.

"Hun, what about Tommy? You haven't spoken to him yet, and I wanna get the portrait done ahead of the guests this year..."

Tom Sr. rolled his eyes surreptitiously and pressed an indulgent kiss to his wife's cherry red, pouting lips as he passed through the bustling kitchen full of the smells of holiday roast and sugary confections being prepped for the *Christmas Eve* festivities scheduled for that evening —snagging a flute of bubbly champagne along the way and squeezing her perfectly rounded bottom like the caveman he secretly was.

Lucille gasped and smacked his arm playfully as he stepped away, sipping from his drink and replying, "He'll be here. Relax. We have a working arrangement. He knows his duties."

"Call him! You know he's bound to try and skip if you don't! Remember last year…"

Tom Sr. drifted off, tuning his supple young wife's whining voice out as he made for the sanctuary of his private office and drawing room.

The Manor was alive with activity, with interior decorators putting the finishing touches on rooms throughout the house and altogether making a harried nuisance of themselves, alongside the cleaning staff and extra butlers and maids hired exclusively for support during the special function.

The things he put up with for seasonal inflation. Tom Sr. sighed in relief as he entered his sanctum—well apart from the infiltration of all and sundry.

Snatching up his cordless office line, Tom Sr. speed dialed his son and settled down into his comfiest arm chair by the fireside for another charming conversation with his spiteful genius of a bad seed.

Ring~ Riiiing~Riiiiiing….CLICK.

"Father. What do you want?"

Tom Sr. smirked and took a slow drag from his thin flute. "Happy holidays, son. I was just thinking of you and decided to call. Lucille sends her regards."

A heavy sigh rattled through the speaker, and Tom Sr. wondered if it was normal to feel so much internalized glee from antagonizing his offspring.

"Apparently you and I have two different dictionaries. Apocalypse does not equate season greetings."

"I'll tell her you sent your love—such that it is. She'll be thrilled."

"...if there is a point to your idiocy, get to it before I hang up."

"My…you are a scrooge. No matter. You must come to the Manor today. Preferably a couple of hours before the guests arrive. And I expect you to put in an appearance at the party."

Tom Sr. heard a rather loud and derisive snort, and then there was the sound of rustling movement—alongside a muffled soft voice, to which his son was indistinctly murmuring in uncharacteristically gentle tones.

Tom Sr. raised a high brow and glanced dubiously at his nearly drained flute. If his ears weren't drunk already…he could swear somebody else was with his son at (his eyes darted to the mantle clock) 8:45AM on the morning of Christmas Eve.

Tom Sr. cleared his throat noisily. "Are you…with someone? Tom…Tom!"

There was muffled laughter and an inordinate amount of rustling now. Tom Sr. frowned deeply and glared into the distance as he was effectively ignored for all of a good two minutes.

"Apologies. You were saying?"

Tom Sr. deadpanned in a no nonsense tone. "Four o'clock sharp. You will be at the Manor. You will take photos with Lucille and I, and you will greet our compatriots later in the evening. Do not argue. This is not up for debate. You know your duties."

"...I'd rather not."

"You have no option. Bring your friend or whoever you're fucking around with at the moment—I really don't give a shit. But you will show up. Do not try me."

Silence reigned on the line for so long that Tom Sr. would have thought he'd been hung up on in a fit of outrage, were it not for the litany of hushed words he picked up on being urgently hissed in the background at decibels too low for him to decipher.

As if someone were coaxing his son not to explode into (doubtlessly creative) expletives for the itching ears of homeland security.

Huh.

Since when did his son have anyone like *that*?

Tom Sr. was beginning to feel rather out of the loop. Even though he didn't keep too abreast of his son's *personal* life, so long as it didn't interfere with the teen's work ethics…he was distinctly curious and more than a little pissed to be getting the brush off in favor of some stranger whispering in his son's ear.

As though they had some sway over the kid which he didn't—as though his son would actually be prone to listening to someone besides the voice of his own perfunctory obligations…shared generationally between sire and descendant.

It was the one thing they held in common, aside from exclusive genetics.

Tom Sr. didn't know what to feel about the infringement of such permanent actualities by an interloper in this instance.

He already benevolently gifted his son the concession of being allowed to spend his bedamned anniversary however he saw fit, as he preferred to soundly reject being in the despised presence of his actual kin at that time of year…specifically.

And Tom Sr. didn't actually care enough about the date to make a true fuss over his son's staunch avoidance of him during such a period. Not even as the date did coincide with every year's death throes.

Aside from that, they'd long had a working arrangement—that Tom Jr. would always take care of his public obligations, no matter how he felt privately about catering to all the seasonal schmucks.

It always came down to what must be taken care of and done for the benefit of the Riddle interests at large, without fail.

He would loathe to have to try and hammer that lesson through his son's skull any deeper than he already had, simply because Riddle Jr. was feeling rebellious—fraternizing with an obvious paramour (for it could hardly be anything else at this time of year, knitted up together and whispering endlessly as they had been).

*"Fine…I—**we** will be there. Briefly. Don't expect an extended visit."*

Tom Sr.'s chest heaved upon a cross sigh; there were always so many teeth to pull. How monotonous.

"Have it your way. Just be on time. And dress to code…that means your *guest* too."

He could practically *taste* the eyes rolling in his son's voice, so saturated was the disdain. *"If there is nothing else, I would like to not waste my entire morning on you."*

“Very well. Your cooperation is appreciated.”

CLICK.

Tom Sr. stared at the receiver in his hand as the line went unceremoniously dead. He scoffed, and felt the oddest tugging sensation in his chest, something akin to frustration…but not quite —more nauseating than anything.

Huh.

He must be getting old…

That—or his seed had given him indigestion.

Riddle Sr. banked on the latter, as the former skirted beyond the absurd.

He needed more champagne. It was sure to be an eventful day.

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Tom hung up the phone on his father and tossed the thing onto the couch with a disgusted scowl.

“H-hey…don’t be like that. It’s *Christmas Eve*. Smile…for me…?”

Tom glared irritably at the ceiling, but allowed his long arms to wind petulantly around Harry’s naked torso as Harry clambered easily onto his lap beneath the bedsheets, hanging his arms loosely around Tom’s neck and strong shoulders, and nuzzling against his ear… before kissing his way tenderly along the side of Tom’s determinedly stony face.

Harry smiled as Tom’s scowl involuntarily retreated further and further with every lingering press of his lips upon Tom’s flawless, ivory skin.

He kept on butterfly kissing spots at random, until he reached Tom’s expectantly slackened and parting lips, falling into an indolent…sultry kiss…ripened with thick morning breath fluctuating between them.

Harry wrinkled his nose as Tom’s fingers twisted in his hair, forcing him deeper into the mechanics of the kiss before he could draw back again, forcing the issue persistently until Harry was relegated to merely pawing against Tom’s chest.

Helplessly panting breathless laughter for the unpleasant taste being left on his tongue, as Tom’s mouth worked tirelessly against his own.

That’s what you got when you did utterly filthy things at night and neglected to brush your teeth afterwards, Harry knew.

It was hot when it happened, but rather unsavory first thing.

Finally being allowed to breathe untainted air, Harry was quick to force his hand up over Tom's mouth—poised to dive right back into the fray, even as he maintained brokenly between fizzling mirth, "You k-kiss me again…*haha*…a-after...*haaah*…you *brush*."

Tom merely grinned unrepentantly beneath Harry's hand, and raised a cocky eyebrow before knocking Harry sideways onto the bed and pinning his boy effectively to the mattress with his taller body.

"Say you love me." He demanded hotly, purposefully wafting waves of sour air in the general vicinity of Harry's flaring nostrils.

"*Unfff*…Gerroff!" Harry twisted his head immediately to the side and writhed beneath Tom, outright giggling as he held his breath and struggled to evade Tom's open mouth—which kept blowing air on him most unpleasantly.

"Say it." Tom purred deep as he refused to let up. Tormenting Harry with his own pleasure and groaning darkly as Harry's movements brushed the lengths of their partially clad bodies continuously together, provoking warming friction down below with startling intensity.

Harry gasped aloud as he clearly felt Tom beginning to *rise* to the occasion.

"N-no! Go brush! *Haah*…now!" he pushed ineffectually at Tom's shoulder, and legit squealed when Tom crushed him into the sheets and began sucking and licking his way down his body, ignoring all of Harry's protests and hygienic wisdom with the singlemindedness of panther with prey.

"Not 'til I hear it, *darling*. And you're going to kiss me again…soon…"

Harry thought it patently unfair that Tom was threatening him so ominously with bad breath kissing, but he grinned and bit his lower lip against an abrupt moan as Tom traveled lower and lower on his body, with his offending (but talented) mouth sampling much flesh along the way.

"*Unnn*…say…wh-what now?"

Tom raised his head and stared heatedly up into mischievous green orbs, shining brightly down at him from beneath disheveled bangs, highlighted further by the rosy flush in Harry's cheeks and his delicately curling lashes brushing his cheekbones on every fluttering blink.

"What you said before…when you *remembered*."

Harry made a show of visibly wracking his brain, and Tom scrunched up his nose—thoroughly unimpressed, before giving the junction between Harry's groin and thigh a punishing, sharp nip in retaliation.

Harry yelped and thrashed as Tom continued his assault, nipping and sucking a legion of riotous red hickies in scattered locations no one else would ever find.

"*Haa…nnngh*…T-Tooom…"

Harry was hard enough to be leaking copiously at this point, and Tom studiously ignored the boy's bouncing erection in favor of less fulfilling, but endlessly sensitive and tortuous pursuits.

Harry panted and clawed at the sheets, spreading his legs invitingly as Tom fastidiously marked his skin.

On a last, particularly hard and wet *suck*—Harry groaned and rasped out at last, "Love you…"

Tom froze mid-motion of relinquishing the bruised skin, peering silently up at Harry as he opened his mouth with triumphantly glinting eyes and murmured all too casually, "Come again?"

Harry exasperatedly rolled his eyes and threaded his fingers graspingly through Tom's ebony curls, before tugging him upwards until they were effectively nose to nose again, and whispering ardently, "You heard me."

Tom widened his eyes theatrically, lifting his brows in a mockery of innocence as he drawled, "My ears seem to malfunctioning this morning. You'll simply have to repeat that."

"I said…" Harry crushed their lips together, kissing Tom open mouthed and uninhibitedly… clashing and twisting their tongues, until they were both forced to resurface for oxygen. "…*I love you*."

Chest heaving against Harry beneath him, Tom rested his forehead against Harry's own and didn't even try to suppress the goofy, lopsided grin tugging at his well kissed mouth.

"Once more. With feeling." Tom demanded.

Endlessly exasperated—but utterly charmed, Harry complied.

And finally…after a veritable age spent taking care of their *hard* problems…Tom went to go brush his teeth, starting the day in earnest with Harry dogging his every step.

That was how *Christmas Eve* officially began for Tom Riddle Jr. that year.

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"You know you don't have to do this, right? It'll be nothing but dressed up stodgy old people and wannabes looking for a shot in the society spotlight. You won't see anything interesting, I assure you."

Harry smoothed his hands over the fine fabric of the customized white ivory and black three-piece suit Tom had taken him out to get that afternoon, grumbling all the while about having to subject Harry to what he deemed an unnecessary trial of patience at an otherwise stressful time of year.

Harry adjusted the buttons at his neck and turned this way and that in front of the dressing room mirror, smiling coyly at Tom as he at last reemerged for appraisal, holding his arms spread in the universal *how do I look* gesture.

Tom leaned casually against the wall with his arms crossed, and he tilted his head to the side as he raked his eyes intently up and down Harry's sveltely elegant figure. All his boy was missing were wings…and he could be an angel…Tom reckoned.

The irony did not escape him.

Tom himself resembled a rather handsome *devil* by contrast, standing tall and fit, decked out in his own sleek black suit, tapered specifically to his height and superior build with a vibrant green tie affixed at his neck—purposefully chosen for contrast because it reminded him of Harry's eyes, and not merely as festive costuming.

A part of him was supremely pleased he got to see Harry all dolled up like this.

The remaining portion, however…*covetously* didn't want to be made to share such a breathtaking sight with *anyone* else, least of all his undeserving father and those gluttonous rich bastards he called associates.

But alas…needs must demand.

He would be sure to keep Harry by his side at all times during the evening's event.

Tom's eyes gleamed with something muted, and oppressively famished. Harry swallowed thickly and averted his gaze. "Sold, I guess," he murmured with a happy blush staining the bridge of his nose, shuffling his shiny black dress shoe clad feet.

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“By the way, Tom—“ Harry began, commanding Tom’s undivided attention as he stepped closer and lowered his voice to an intimate whisper, “A-after we go to your folk’s place…can we s-swing by my house? I spoke with Mom yesterday…and she requested us *b-both* for our traditional Holiday supper. L-Luna will be there too…with her Dad…it should be n-nice…”

Harry stared up at Tom hopefully; eyes sparkling with a luminescence Tom couldn’t look away from—even as his stomach flipped and churned curiously at the thought of an *actual* family gathering for the holidays…with himself and *Harry*…and *Harry’s family* and friend…plus one.

It sounded like the type of thing typified in Hallmark films.

Tom wasn’t sure just how he felt about the prospect of such an authentic assembling.

It was one thing to be in an intimate setting with people when he had a particular function and reason to be around them. He handled being at the hospital well enough amongst Harry’s extended loved ones off and on, because he’d had a definite place there…by Harry’s side.

And while he was still by Harry’s side…still very much attached at the hip to all things regarding *his boy*…Tom felt a strange hesitation to attend such a genuine thing.

It didn’t help that it’d be his first honorary scene of such…*in ever*.

His father and that woman did not count. They never had to him.

That man was more a business partner and means to an end that anything else, evidenced by his abandonment and later *obligatory* recollection of his son.

Tom only called him *father* because of the wasted instrumental seed—and naught else.

Lucille was a hanger-on and far too…*much* and little, to mean anything to him. She wasn't his mother. She was his father's bed warmer…a mere twelve years his senior.

It was no secret his old man was rather lecherous in his own right for such fine and tender flesh.

Tom didn't spare much thought to either of the two of them outside formal occasions and forcibly coerced interactions. They were the white noise background to his singular accomplishments.

"…you in there…*Tom*…?"

Harry's voice echoed as he was touching Tom, squeezing the taller teen's shoulder and frowning in concern, as Tom's mind had uncharacteristically wandered away from the immediacy of their current situation and down the rabbit hole to his patent lack of sentimental family ties.

"You want me at your…family gathering…?" Tom stared blankly at Harry as he spoke in monotone, and Harry flashed him a rather disarming, worried and awkward grin.

"Why d-do you sound so shocked? I want all my l-loved ones together…and that includes *you*—a*lways*."

Tom nodded slowly, allowing that to sink in the way it needed to…the way he *desired* it to… through his bones and into the marrow, until his blood was sufficiently poisoned by it, pumping throughout the whole of his heart—heating the blood soaked flesh to unbearable warmness in his chest cavity, being seared open like so much cracked stone beneath the sun's rays.

"Maybe I should tell you m-more often…as you don't seem to believe it…yet..." Harry was teasing him now—gently, cautiously pressing his hand to Tom's chest…sliding it upwards until it settled against Tom's cheek. The lightest pressure he could feel like a sensuous brand, traveling in a steady stream down the length of his spine.

Tom turned his head to the side, holding Harry's hand in place whilst their gazes locked. He pressed his lips affectionately to Harry's fingers; kissing them all briefly—radiating a near smug gratification for the goosebumps he could see peppering Harry's delicate skin.

His boy was becoming flustered.

Tom's voice affected a rumbling purr as he walked Harry backwards into the curtained off dressing room, smiling as they were concealed from all and sundry, and Harry's eyes dilated

rapidly as he continued to stare up into Tom's own glinting, hazel orbs, with the ghost of resurrected arousal manifesting upon his sweet face.

"I would recommend wearing the suit out of here, but I'm afraid we'll have to visit the stylist next, and I do not wish for your clothes to be ruined by stray hairs and shampoo stains and such…so it has to come off…"

Harry dry swallowed and murmured, "I'm sure they h-have drapes…you needn't w-worry about that…"

Tom smirked, beginning to slowly unbutton Harry's suit from the waist up as he sighed aloud, "I'd rather not chance it."

If the genial shop attendant noticed two of his customers had suddenly disappeared, and strange…insidious noises were drifting about from the dressing room, he wisely held his tongue and chalked it up to the holiday influence.

Some people were merely unable to restrain themselves this time of year.

Aahh…youth.

He remembered it well.

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After leaving the previous shop, permanently red faced and stammering with Tom toting Harry's purchased suit all bagged and zipped up, wearing his own suit out of the shop as he grinned wolfishly at the endlessly polite attendant, and paid for them both—judiciously concealing the receipt from his boy's averted eyes, so as not to provoke an unnecessary heart attack, Harry and the older teen made their way to the only available hairdresser in town…a mere hour before they were set to close for the holidays.

Now Harry was sat in the chair beneath a full bodied tarp, glaring lightly in obvious silent accusation at Tom through the mirror—who licked his lips slowly, and smirked back at him, utterly unabashed by his earlier display of depravity in a public location under the flimsiest excuse of protecting the suit.

Now Harry would have to do another change out before they made it to Riddle Manor.

Harry sighed, and fought off an unbidden smile tugging at the corner of his mouth for Tom's continued interest in having him in all ways, at all times.

You'd think he'd be well *sated* by now…but Harry wouldn't complain. Whatever Tom wanted from him, so long as it kept the other near and well attached, he'd provide.

He just hoped they never got arrested for stuff like what Tom so readily did to him in that dressing room.

His parents would not be impressed.

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Apparently Tom was already as perfect as he was going to get, and so Harry had been the only one in need of professional grooming.

It had been most embarrassing to hear the incensed mutterings of the flamboyant hairdresser going on and on in reflexive horror about his patently wild locks, and threatening to take half of it off in retribution for the birds' nest of a state which it had always kind of resembled.

Harry had gotten ready to plead for clemency, as he didn't want to be bald…but Tom swiftly stepped in with his own polite, but *firm* suggestions that the hairdresser merely wash it well, trim the ends and give it a soft blow out, as they were truly pressed for time…and the man was a *professional* who'd surely be able to make such simplicity look divine.

Taking the slick flattery straight to heart, the hairdresser had puffed his chest then and brushed Tom to the side—saying with inflated authority that he would have Harry all fixed up in a jiff—or his name wasn't Gilderoy Lockhart.

Harry decided to just close his eyes and think of England as the man got to work.

Because apparently Tom liked his hair just as well—and certainly would not stand to see him butchered, in any way, shape or form by the man.

It had been a decidedly relaxing forty five minutes. Harry felt considerably pampered and relaxed.

Afterwards—gazing into the mirror with Tom humming his approval, and Gilderoy crying effusively at his apparent masterpiece made from blatant catastrophe (his words exactly), Harry had to admit…it was the best his hair had ever looked on him.

It also helped that Tom couldn't seem to stop staring.

He thought he'd be coming back to this shop in the future as well. Further insurance for his appearance could never *hurt* his prospects—such as they were.

He did love to have Tom's undivided attention.

Harry smiled angelically up at the tall teen and stood from the chair after shrugging out of the tarp to the friendly goodbyes of Lockhart.

Tom exited the shop with Harry affixed proudly to his side, strutting calmly out into the late December air and murmuring up at the overcast sky as his breath misted into white clouds in the air, “We just might see snow, darling.”

Harry shivered and huddled closer to Tom as a cold gust of wind blew through them. “Y-yeah? You really think so?”

Tom looked down at him and playfully winked, “I do.”

Harry pushed his glasses up his nose as the partial fog cleared out of their lenses, and asked, “Are you f-fond of snow…?”

They reached the car in short order, and Tom opened the side door for Harry to slide in—waiting until they were both inside the warmer vehicle before responding, “It’s the purest thing about this season. So yes…I suppose.”

Harry smiled softly.

He certainly hoped they did see snow…if only to be able to catch that tender light filtering through Tom’s eyes again.

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Christmastime had a way of bringing out the melancholy in the otherwise buoyant Lovegoods. It had been her favorite time of year, once upon an age ago.

Their entire family, small and intimate as it was, had loved to decorate the entire house together—each adding their own eccentric take on the holiday season and making the house look like a chaotic wonderland of whimsical cheer and warmth and joy.

Nowadays…Luna and her father had more subdued times this time of year, because the memories…they just wouldn’t let up.

It was bittersweet.

Her mother had been so full of life. And everything about the giving and loving time of year had brought out the tenderness and adoration from her to the extent that it spilled over into every nook and crevice of their home.

Her father especially became morose at this time.

Any celebration they did felt oddly lopsided and unbalanced, and so…they didn’t make as much of a deal of it as they once had.

Luna didn’t want to see the light of suppressed ache and loneliness clouding her Dad’s eyes the way it had a tendency to, especially after her Mom had first passed.

Those had been very dark days indeed.

It'd almost felt like Luna had lost the both of them at once. Luna remembered…it was impossible to forget, and so she didn't press the issue of holiday cheer onto her Dad's shoulders more than he could bear.

No matter that she longed for the intimacy of their family's once upon a time closeness during this season.

It was merely a hole she had never truly expected to have quite filled again. And she'd accepted that.

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When the Potters had invited the Lovegoods to share Christmastime with them, Luna had been apprehensive at first—telling Lily that she'd have to check with her father, because she didn't know if he'd be able to stomach being cheerful with relative strangers to him at such a loaded time, no matter how much Luna loved spending time with the Potters and had attached herself to Harry…she couldn't in good conscience force her happiness on her father as though his heartache didn't count anymore.

As though by her mending, he was expected to be able to suddenly do the same.

Luna had been most pleasantly floored and surprised when her father had agreed to accompany her to the Potters. Saying softly that it would be nice to spend Christmas amongst friends again, and that Luna deserved to be around the ones she so cared for during such an auspicious time of the year.

And also—he needed some adults to get safely drunk with, so what the hell?

Luna had beamed brightly and immediately phoned the Potters to inform them of her father's acceptance, bubbling with excitement and making sure to recommend Lily invite Tom… thinking of Harry's happiness all the while, only to find that Lily had definitely not neglected either of the boys in that sector, and so Luna would be amongst all the people she cared about this year.

It was enough to leave her grinning like a madwoman for the remaining days leading up to Christmas Eve.

Her biggest worry now was gifts. But as homemade was her specialty…she decided to stick to what she knew.

After all—mother had always said, if you put your heart and hands directly into it, you were sure to receive love in return. And Luna wanted nothing more than to collect and save all the love she could.

It was her smallest obsession.

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When Christmas Eve arrived, Luna and her father showed up on the Potters doorstep at 4o'clock sharp—ready to begin the evening's festivities in earnest, loaded down with a bag full of wrapped presents and well wishes.

Lily and James greeted them both at the door, and Luna gazed eagerly around at the warmly decked out and festive house as they entered the familiar living space.

Lily hugged her warmly as James clasped hands with her Dad and laughed openly as Xenophilius surreptitiously pressed a bottle of *Ogden's Finest* into James' hand—stage whispering it was for later, when the kids were otherwise occupied with each other.

Luna shrugged out of her coat and bounded over to the couch, asking softly after Harry and Tom as Lily joined her.

"They'll be on a bit later. Harry called and told me he was accompanying Tom to his father's for a brief visit. Apparently it's some huge shindig Tom wanted to get out of but couldn't."

Luna nodded in understanding.

"Tom and the Riddles are well off."

Lily smiled and raised a conspiratorial brow, "I gathered as much, no regular teen would have access to such a nice place as that apartment Tom has. I just figured I shouldn't pry into his personal affairs too deeply…as Tom never volunteers information about his family. It wouldn't do to make him uncomfortable when he's doing so much for Harry."

Luna sighed and remarked, "My Mom…when she was with us, used to take us ice skating every Christmas Eve at *Rosmerta's Rink* in Meade Ville. It's only a twenty minute drive from here...but they do the loveliest Christmas display for families in attendance this time of year…"

Lily blinked, interest piqued. "I wasn't aware there was a place like that around here. I haven't been skating in ages."

Luna smiled serenely, "Mom used to figure skate when she was younger, nothing truly competitive—but she loved the ice as a girl. She said it was part of the reason her and Dad moved here…as the rink was nearby enough to be accessible without compromising Dad's job or my schooling."

Lily hummed and rubbed Luna's hand soothingly, picking up on the faraway tone of Luna's voice as she recounted facts about her mother.

“She sounds like quite the woman.”

Luna nodded, “She was.”

Lily hummed thoughtfully, “What time does *Rosemerta’s* close?”

Luna airily responded, “They’re open until an hour past midnight.”

Lily grinned. “Fantastic.”

Luna tilted her head curiously as Lily called out to her husband, who was in the kitchen with Xeno—stealing cookies and likely taste testing the eggnog. “James! Luna has just told me the most wonderful thing, and I have a notion.”

James floated back into the living room with a telling white moustache on his upper lip, to which Lily playfully glared and shook her head, “After Harry and Tom get here and we’ve had something to eat…how do you feel about hitting the ice?”

James blinked and Xeno walked up behind him, sporting a matching stash above his lip and staring at his little girl with a knowing gleam in his eyes.

“Let me guess…*Rosemerta’s*?” Xeno smiled.

Lily glanced between Luna and her father and said warmly, “It’d be our first holiday outing as a family in this area. I’m sure Harry will be ecstatic for a new place to visit.”

At the mention of Harry, Luna recalled his injury and furrowed her brow—about to promptly interject her reservations about having her friend on the ice with his frailties…no matter how it caused a weight to sink in her stomach.

“Harry’s legs…he probably shouldn’t…”

Lily’s eyes glittered with some private amusement as she turned to Luna. “Now dear… between us all, he’ll be perfectly fine. Also—I’m sure Tom will be more than available to keep him upright.”

A little less apprehensive and regaining enthusiasm for the prospect of going back to *Rosmerta’s*, Luna replied, “I’m sure you’re right. We can watch over him. And Tom certainly will.”

Lily smiled and addressed James once more, “Well, honey? You game or have your bones become so frail already…?”

Lily trailed off mischievously as James bristled in playful affront. “I’ll have you know, back in my day, I was King of Skates.”

Lily raised a skeptical brow, “Hmmm…this I must see.”

And just like that, additional evening plans were made. Luna could hardly wait for Harry and Tom to arrive.

Even her father looked pleased to have their family tradition restored so readily amongst their new friends. Luna couldn't ask for anything more.

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Harry grimaced as he took another careful sip of unfamiliar champagne as he stood awkwardly by the refreshment table in the massive decked out internal chambers of Riddle Manor, after having been effectively separated from Tom in a whirlwind of the stodgy people Tom had forewarned him of—vying for the older teen's attention most voraciously, until he'd been made to entertain their interests in a separate location.

It really was the type of thing Harry could only call blatantly commercial.

Everything was beautiful in the house. The drive up to it had been rather lovely, even in the daylight when they'd arrived. Now, a little after sunset, it looked quite magical.

All lit up and glittering.

But it left Harry feeling cold deep inside, and being left amongst so many unfamiliar, apparently wealthy and socializing strangers as he had been, Harry couldn't in good conscience consider it a comfortable…or nice place to be.

Was this really what constituted *Christmas* for the Riddles?

Such an empty and meaningless show of the holiday without any sentimental value attached?

Harry couldn't quite stomach another sip of champagne. He hadn't touched a bit of the food after his first bite, as it all looked sumptuous…but lacked what he equated to homemade love within the high class ingredients.

It was so obviously contrived and paid for. Harry hated it.

And so…alone he lingered, just holding the pretty much full champagne flute to look somewhat occupied, and searching the room for Tom to reappear and whisk them both away.

It hadn't been as bad when they'd first arrived; he'd actually met Tom's father and stepmother...Riddle Sr. and his (rather young and pretty) wife.

At first, Harry had been stunned by the apparent facial likenesses between Tom and his father. But then Riddle Sr. spoke, and all similarity was stomped viciously out.

Where Tom's voice held a velvety, intense and controlled quality which always compelled Harry to listen and sent endless chills down his spine when he used it *just right*…

Riddle Sr. had a voice that left him feeling unclean on the outside. It was lilting…oily, condescending in a way that made you feel like you were being complimented when he was

dressing you completely down.

And when Riddle Sr.'s unfamiliarly dark hued eyes met Harry's own shining emeralds, he'd felt like an ice cube had been slipped straight down the back of his suit—unexpectedly, and viciously chilled.

Tom standing at Harry's side had stepped forward, half shielding Harry from his father's gaze, and staring straight back at the man with an expression surpassing the coldest of winds blowing outside.

As Tom spoke, never taking his stoic eyes off Riddle Sr., it was to Lucille—who was cheerfully affixed to Riddle Sr.'s arm, in a little red cocktail dress and heels, matching ruby drop gold earrings and an understated, diamond and mixed green jade necklace clasped at her throat—seemingly unaware of the tension building between the senior Riddle and his son.

"I assume you want the usual portrait, shall we adjourn to the location?"

"Fantastic, Tommy! Come on dear, we need to get this done before the guests arrive and get all up in the shots. It's good to meet you Harry."

Harry nodded and smiled stiffly as Tom steered him along after Lucille's swaying hips and Riddle Sr.'s matching broad backside.

He could see where Tom good his carriage.

But he much preferred *his* Tom to the older model. He didn't think Riddle Sr. thought much of him at all, and his gut churned at the notion of spending much more time in the man's company.

He was quite unpleasant, in a backhanded—politic way Harry felt he could grow to despise.

Tom's hand had squeezed his shoulder reassuringly, even as Tom kept his flinty gaze forward at all times, allowing them to be maneuvered through the Manor and to Lucille's chosen portrait taking destination.

Apparently it was out back, on the scenic, elegantly decked out patio area—flanked by a hedge maze garden stretching well off into the distance of the spacious backyard.

Harry had watched passively as Tom was whisked away to pose with his father and Lucille, amongst a bustling lighting crew and camera men who began snapping away as soon as they got the perfect ambience established.

Harry had never seen Tom look so distant and unapproachable.

Sure…it wasn't directed at him, but he felt like he was observing a stranger.

This was the way Tom was to his actual family. This was the way Tom interacted with the man who'd given life to, abandoned, and then regathered him like so much unwanted but useful…junk.

Harry flinched as Riddle Sr.'s smile and arrogant eyes found him across the way, and the man pointedly attached a claw channeling hand to Tom's shoulder, to which Tom did not show rejection nor appreciation… as nothing untoward approached his handsome face in response, still perfectly poised for the camera.

After the shoot was over—the evening had rapidly begun to deteriorate to its current unpleasant state.

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Harry heaved a sigh as he quietly watched the proceedings.

His suit was beginning to feel stifling. It'd been alright at first, a novel experience to be all dressed up and looking mature, and unlike his usual casual, teenaged self.

But as the evening wore on, the novelty wore off…leaving behind a discomfort he could only grit his teeth and bear.

Tom had yet to return, and Harry didn't want to move away from his spot leaned up against the wall, still close to the refreshment table; lest he get lost in the huge Manor's depths before Tom found him again.

He fingered his cellphone in his pocket, which he was glad he'd thought to bring.

Soft Christmassy music was being played in the background by an in-house orchestral assemblage, and no one had sought him out. It made him feel invisible and insulated, longing for his own family to wash the bad taste of this contrived social event out of his mouth.

Just as he had resolved to dial home and at least hear the voice of his mother to comfort himself whilst he waited, a new voice entered his ears, speaking politely and sounding as gentlemanly as you'd please.

"Good evening, I had not expected to find you plastered against the wall here."

Harry turned his head to find himself staring up at a very attractive man, the antithesis to Tom's dark and dangerously sexy vibe.

He was shorter than Tom by a couple of inches to Harry's near foot, making him still quite a bit taller than Harry himself.

He had slicked back, white blonde hair—and his eyes were a pale blue, which gleamed with some undefinable expectation Harry didn't know how to comprehend.

"Um…good evening…I don't believe we've m-met…" Harry trailed off with a slight frown.

“How remiss of me. My name is Draco. Draco Malfoy. I’m an *associate* of the Riddles and your friend, Tom Jr…specifically.”

Harry’s mouth formed a small *oh* as Draco stretched out an elegant hand, which Harry took without thinking. Draco smiled down at him and shook Harry’s hand in a smooth grip, before raising it automatically to his mouth and kissing the backside—causing Harry to startle and make an abortive move to jerk it away.

“Err…” Harry stuttered with a confused blush, and glanced around skittishly with his glasses sliding partially down the bridge of his nose, as Draco kept his hand well detained.

“How is life with the youngest Riddle? I presume you’ve settled in well since you began living together?”

Harry blinked once, stunned. “You know a-about that?”

Draco’s smile was disarming as he finally released Harry’s hand and leaned a shoulder against the wall beside the shorter boy, tilting his head to stare down at the unsure teen with predation concealed within the depths of his baby blues.

“Of course…Tom and I are rather close, you see. We share many *things* in common.”

Harry’s spine stiffened for the undertones in Draco’s careful wording, and his eyes narrowed in suspicion. “What do you mean…by that?”

“I mean…*Harry Potter*...that I find you just as *intriguing* as Tom does.”

Harry squared his shoulders in recognition and stepped away from the wall, putting some necessary distance between himself and Draco as he pushed his glasses up and prepared to firmly shut the man down.

“I’m really n-not that interesting. You should play in your own y-yard…Mr. Malfoy.”

Draco stood up straight and bridged the space between himself and Harry in one step, murmuring silkily, “Mr. Malfoy is my father. Please call me Draco.”

Harry huffed and pushed at Draco’s chest, firmly asserting his lack of interest with the force behind his arm, causing the taller man to stumble slightly backwards.

“I don’t know you enough to be on a f-first name basis, *sir.* And Tom would *not* approve.”

Draco smirked and licked his lips, suddenly appearing less attractive, and more foxlike than anything. “Is he your *Daddy* then?”

Harry glared, ignoring the jolt in his chest as his cheeks involuntarily warmed for the notion. “Excuse me.”

Harry made to walk away from Draco, turning his back on the man pointedly, refusing to dignify the blond any longer with his attention and deciding to be proactive and search out Tom’s whereabouts on his own.

He was so *done* with this party.

“Don’t be like that.” Draco caught Harry by the arm, and spun the boy back around—his grip more viselike than it had been before—impressing upon Harry the fact that he was very much dealing with a *full grown* man.

“Let go.” Harry said clearly through clenched teeth, not even attempting to tug his arm away, and staring Draco down with a cold rage simmering behind his eyes.

He did not appreciate this man touching him. He did not want this man’s hands attached to his body in any way.

If Tom didn’t come right now…he was about to make a scene.

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xXOXx

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Tom was saying his firm goodbyes to the last of the vultures and making his way back to where he’d been parted from Harry with his steps eating up the distance through the swarming guests as though he had a straight path, and wasn’t ducking and weaving like a pro through the proverbial *not parted* red sea.

He tugged irritably at his tie and resolved that he was done with this place.

That no matter what his father had to say, he wouldn’t be staying a moment after he had Harry back in his clutches.

It had incensed him like nothing else when those bastards had pulled him away from his boy, but he couldn’t shut them all down like he’d wanted, because he’d recognized them as some investors rather high up on the totem pole whom the Riddles had been courting for quite some time now—and making a killing off of.

It wouldn’t have been good business sense to alienate the trash.

So he’d done the unthinkable and allowed himself to be parted briefly from Harry. Assuming he could wade through the cesspool quickly and have them out of the way in a matter of minutes.

Those minutes had turned into nearly an hour.

And while he’d acted in the Riddle interests the whole time, finagling more than a few (partially drunken) contractual agreements, skewed in his own personal favor with Barty on speaker making certain impromptu *arrangements* as they’d all spoke (which were sure to bring Tom and Barty both much gain in the near future from the background revenue alone)…it had taken far longer than he’d anticipated.

And now, he was well and truly *done* with them all.

When he found Harry in the banquet hall, the last thing he expected to see was him hauling off and sucker punching Draco Malfoy in the face.

And when Draco slammed Harry against the wall in retaliation and made to strike back, Tom saw red and was on him in a veritable flash.

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Tom had Draco's swinging arm bent behind his back at a painful angle with one hand, and the other constricting threateningly around the man's throat—numbing his windpipe, before Draco could even think to yell.

Harry gaped up at Tom, emerald eyes livid and sparking with rage vibrant enough to send the blood thrumming through Tom's veins in a dark and visceral way.

"Make another move and I will snap your neck."

Tom's voice was low and dangerous, and his hazel eyes flashed with an insidious red tint as he held Harry's gaze all the while, holding onto the Malfoy who'd gone limp like an oversized ragdoll in Tom's grasp, shuddering in a cold sweat at the serious words floating through his ears.

Harry swallowed thickly as Tom addressed him. "Are you hurt?"

His boy shook his head, trembling minutely from the adrenaline rush of attacking Draco, his knuckles a little scraped and red—but himself none the worse for wear.

Still looking utterly divine in his suit, and making Tom salivate at the thought of peeling him out of it.

But first—

Tom switched his attention back to Draco, squeezing the man's neck once in deadly warning as he murmured, "I'm going to let go. You'd do well to keep this incident to yourself. If you come near Harry again, I won't hesitate to do actual damage."

Draco nodded as best he could in Tom's hold, and Tom released the man with a disgusted sneer as Draco clutched his throat and tentatively touched his nose—which had thankfully remained unbroken from Harry's determined, but untrained fist.

Draco stood ramrod straight and smoothed the lapels of his suit before stalking off without another word to Harry or Tom, who stared after him in converse states of relief and resolving rage.

It was a miracle the scene hadn't attracted the attention of the other guests any, as most of them were well and truly on their way to drunk and mingling away from the food at this

point.

The few servers in residence who'd witnessed the drama had prudently stayed out of it, because they valued their jobs more than getting into rich people's squabbles.

Once Draco well and truly disappeared from view, Tom stepped forward and pulled Harry near by the waist—tilting his boy's head up and kissing him deeply, uncaring of who might see as Harry clutched his front and kissed him fervidly right back.

When air became a necessity again, Harry pulled away with a gasp, and Tom smirked down at him—looking every bit as keyed up as his darling as he hoarsely whispered, "Let's blow this joint."

Harry grinned broadly up at him and replied, "Lets."

Right before Tom swept them both off the premises.

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xXOXx

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Driving away from Riddle Manor with Tom having loosened his tie, and grinning wolfishly behind the wheel—Harry stared out at the passing scenery of all lit up with Christmas lights and decorations, once again feeling comfortable in his skin as he relaxed beside Tom.

They were swinging back by the apartment to change, and then it'd be off to his parents' house.

It was a quarter past seven by the time they reached Tom's place.

In between making out and helping each other out of their fancier trappings, Tom and Harry redressed into more comfortable (but no less nice) attire for the remainder of *Christmas Eve* spent amongst people they cared about.

Harry stood running his fingers through his recently blown out hair in the bathroom mirror, and he laughed as Tom popped up behind him and began playfully biting at his skin above the turtleneck of his soft green sweater.

Tom had pulled on his own long black trench over khakis and a cream cashmere sweater of his own, in difference to the weather outside.

Harry kissed Tom's jaw and danced out of reach, saying they'd miss the whole evening if Tom didn't come on.

Tom mock pouted and followed Harry to the door of his apartment, smirking at the familiar scarf now wound around Harry's neck as Harry's eyes gleamed happily up at him through the partially fogging lenses of his glasses.

Harry grumbled something about retrieving his contacts before stepping out of the apartment with Tom close on his heels.

Tom grabbed his hand and pulled Harry into the elevator, deliberately jerking the boy in close enough to kiss again as the doors closed and they were carried down.

Harry couldn't stop grinning as Tom and he got back into the car, and he was practically bouncing in his seat from the excitement of bringing Tom home for an actual holiday away from the commercialism he was used to.

"I h-hope you're hungry. Mom always cooks a lot around this t-time. And do you like homemade eggnog? She has the b-best recipe…"

Harry's ramblings were cut off by Tom chuckling softly and squeezing his thigh, catching his gaze briefly with warmth shining in his own hazel orbs as they flew swiftly down the road.

"I'm famished. And I look forward to sampling everything you enjoy."

Harry blushed lightly and stammered an *okay* as Tom focused his eyes on the road and getting them safely to their destination, turning on the defroster as the windshield began to haze up from all the internal heat.

The rest of the drive was made with soft music playing in the background, instrumentals of holiday tunes humming through the radio speakers as they rode along.

Harry put all thought of the unpleasantness of Riddle Manor out of his mind as they got closer to their destination.

And he intertwined his fingers with Tom's as Tom handled the wheel with single-handed ease.

In no time at all—they were pulling into the lit up drive of Harry's house.

Harry took a deep breath as Tom shut off the engine, and he stepped out of the car at Tom's side, stepping close to the taller teen as they trekked up to the front door and knocked.

In a moment it was swung open, and Harry and Tom were greeted with warmth and smiling faces all around—the scent of dinner and dessert pervading the air and making their stomachs collectively rumble in appreciation.

And so it began.

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Christmas Eve at the Potters' was unlike anything Tom had ever experienced.

Sure…he'd read about and seen such festivities laid out on television before…in passing, but never had he been an active participant in such seasonal joy.

It made him feel awkward but very near unbearably warmed inside…especially as the only person *truly beloved* to him remained by his side the whole time.

Harry hadn't left him for a moment, and Tom had been included in all the evening's festivities from the second they'd crossed the Potter threshold.

Lily and James had both been welcoming, as well as both Lovegoods in attendance.

Apparently everybody had been waiting for Harry and Tom to arrive before starting on the food in earnest, and so—their arrival heralded the beginning of dinner.

At the table, Harry sat beside Tom with Luna directly across from him beside Lily, and James and Xeno on opposite ends of the dining table diagonal from their girls.

The table wasn't uncomfortably large with gaps for miles between people like Tom was used to; it was big enough to give everyone elbow room while maintaining the intimate family air.

It had also been laden down with familiar holiday dishes, each more succulent than the last and smelling better than anything Tom recalled the professional cooks whipping up in the Manor's kitchen.

There really was a discernable difference between food made for the unrelated masses, and homemade meals prepped for family and friends only.

It made something tighten in Tom's throat as Harry took it upon himself to prepare Tom's plate with a little of everything, until there was no room left on the plate for him to fill.

Tom had thanked his boy carefully around the sudden lump in his throat, and politely dug into the first thing which caught his eye.

The whole table seemed to go quiet as he took the first bite—and when he chewed and finally swallowed, Tom glanced up and around until his eyes fell on Lily and he truthfully murmured, "You've outdone yourself, Lily. It's delicious."

Harry beamed beside him and Lily laughed airily and prompted him to eat up, saying there was plenty to go around and she'd have an extra stone on him by the time the evening was out.

Tom had merely smiled and complied. It was no hardship.

Every swallow felt like it was melting something formerly iced over and solid deep within him, and the lump in his throat dissolved slowly as Harry's hand found and squeezed his thigh beneath the table, never moving and staying settled there as a firm support…even as his boy devoured his own meal one handed and made idle conversation with all and sundry.

Tom had his plate cleaned before he realized, and then came dessert.

By the time they'd all been adequately stuffed—Tom felt he could understand the appeal of the holiday season, beyond the commercial value.

It was a sentiment which brought a sting to his eyes and had him transitioning into a quiet mode which Harry picked up on, but didn't try to force him out of.

Understanding innately that Tom…was merely content and slightly overwrought, and did not need to be hassled for speech…as some feelings went beyond the realm of mere words—translated so much better in a gentling touch or tender glance.

Tom felt serene…and grateful.

Harry was more than happy to be the grounding fixture beside him through it all, as he silently coped with a range of emotion he'd once presumed well beyond himself.

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After the meal, everyone adjourned to the living room, and Lily brought up the matter of *Rosemerta's Rink.*

"It'll be fun, and we can all work off a few pounds in a lovely setting. Luna says it's always beautiful this time of year." Lily was staring at Harry and Tom as she spoke, as they were the only ones who'd yet to agree to the outing.

Harry shrugged and smiled, bumping Tom lightly with his shoulder as he clearly said, "I'm game if Tom is."

Tom blinked and stared down at his boy, something undefinable flitting through his eyes before he replied to the room at large, "Sure. Why not?"

Lily clapped her hands and hopped out of her seat. "Wonderful! I'll start the car to warming up while you all get bundled. You kids can ride together while we adults take one car. That way we'll save one of us some gas."

Xeno hummed and replied, "We could just as well take my vehicle, you know. I'm not averse to paying for such an outing amongst friends."

Lily grinned and remarked, "You sir, may split the costs of all the tickets and skates. As a guest, James and I shall treat you to a free ride at least."

Xeno held up his hands in the universal gesture of acceptance. Lily nodded her satisfaction and bounded out the front door.

Tom, Harry and Luna began shrugging into their coats and scarves.

In a matter of minutes—everybody was back on the road with full stomachs and hearts.

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xXOXx

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Rosemerta's Rink was a sprawling, magically lit, open air affair.

The ice glittered pure as the heavens beneath big and small skaters' feet, reflecting the myriad of fairy lights strung upon and between Christmas trees lining the area at strategic points, stretching ropes of colorful lights in glowing webs above the heads of everyone on the ice, leading up to a gigantic snow dusted, platform mounted silvery Christmas tree at the center of the rink…serving as the breathtaking focal point for the lights to stream from and all the attendees to skate in meandering circles around.

There were tabled booths on the sidelines covered with partial tent-like apparatuses which kept the worst of the night chill off and still allowed you to stare unimpeded at the gorgeous display on ice.

They sold fresh hot chocolate, steaming with marshmallows in cute mugs as warming treats.

And for families coming in, the entry fee and skates were neatly bundled in and affordable half priced package dependent upon the size of the party you came with.

Harry stood at Luna and Tom's side as their skates were divvyed out, and the three teens separated from the adults in order to get started on the ice.

Sitting on the benches along the sides and pulling on their skates, Harry's shown with excitement to be able to get out there on all that glorious slickness.

Luna was the first to stand, followed by Harry.

Tom took an inordinately long time lacing up his skates, but Luna and Harry waited patiently for him to finish.

When at last he looked up with both hands on his knees and his lips pursed in a curious manner, Harry tilted his head and asked, "Something wrong?"

Tom blinked once and averted his eyes after a silent beat. Harry frowned and stared in astonishment as Tom cleared his throat, with a light pink flush blooming upon his ivory cheeks and causing his nose to go quite red at the cold tip.

Luna hummed suddenly and plopped back down beside Tom on the bench.

Harry glanced from her to Tom, opened his mouth and shut it—and finally figured it out, saying slowly as if he didn't quite believe the words coming out of his mouth, "C-could it be…you don't know…h-how…to skate, Tom?"

Tom crossed his arms and stared pointedly off to the side as he muttered almost defensively, "There was never an occasion…before."

Luna said airily, “It’s never too late to learn. We can teach you.”

Harry nodded emphatically, sitting back down on Tom’s opposite side and grasping one of Tom’s long fingered hands in his own.

“Don’t sweat it. W-we’ve got this.”

Tom frowned and glanced warily down at Harry, “If I fall, I’ll take you down with me and you’ll get hurt.”

Harry snorted and flashed Luna a *look,* before standing again unceremoniously on his skates and tugging firmly on Tom’s arm—forcing Tom to clamber to his feet or overbalance the shorter boy.

Luna got the message and grabbed Tom’s other arm, acting as the further balance he needed to be fully stable between the two of them, as she stood serenely at his other side.

“And now…we skate.” Harry grinned with determination, laughing softly as Tom’s fingers laced tightly with his own, even as Tom stood ramrod straight and valiantly walked his way out onto the ice…heart lurching to his throat as he stepped onto the slick whiteness with Harry and Luna both acting as watchful sentries at his sides.

Despite his reservations for falling on his boy, Tom didn’t let go of Harry’s hand at any point…nor did he brush Luna off his arm.

By the time they got a good rhythm going, sliding carefully along in a line, three deep on the ice…Tom was actually having fun.

Harry laughed openly with glee as Tom got the hang of moving steadily at last, and Luna felt he got it good enough that she let go of his arm and relinquished his person fully to Harry.

Skating unimpeded, drifting backwards in front of the two boys—Luna’s face split into a beatific grin as she sang out, “It’s tradition to kiss by the tree if you catch the first snow.”

Tom smirked down at her, now rather haughtily maneuvering alongside Harry—looking all too graceful for his initial newness to the ice.

“I’ll kiss *Harry*, but you’ll have to settle for a hug...*Miss Lovegood*.”

Luna blinked up at him, blushing faintly as she dreamily exclaimed, “Oh my…Harry…I think he loves me.”

Harry tilted his head, making a show of scrutinizing Tom’s face as the taller of the two rolled his eyes and merely tugged Harry faster along the ice beside him.

Leaving Luna to catch up to them both skating the right way round as he maintained, “Clearly she’s delusional. Come along, darling. We have a snow to catch.”

Harry clicked his tongue and slipped suddenly out of Tom’s grip, sliding up to Luna and grabbing her by the hand as Tom stared at him—stunned and bristling, before raising an

eyebrow as Harry called out, “B-better catch me first! C’mon Luna—let’s make him work!”

And so, the chase was on.

By the time Tom caught up to the fast duo, they’d definitely made him work for his prize… and the moon was shining at its apex overhead, and the first dustings of snow had started to drift and flutter down to the ice.

Freezing in astonishment…with Harry clutched to his chest and Luna tilting her head back to catch snowflakes on her tongue, Tom wondered at the state of himself.

Glancing down at Harry held so tightly within his arms, puffing white clouds from his parted lips and grinning directly up at him with unabashed joy shining in his eyes as the snow continued to fall and the silvery tree sparkled just a few yards away…

Tom had never felt so at peace…and so alive all at once.

Deciding upon a reckless course, not caring at the moment for anything *but* the moment… Tom grabbed Luna by the arm as he skated up to the tree with both her and Harry in tow.

And as they rounded the thing, he pulled Harry close, pressing their lips warmly together and yanking Luna into his side all at once.

Killing two birds with one stone as they all clung to each other and made the most of a private moment in the open rink...

And that was how *Christmas Eve* rounded off for Tom.

Right on the ice, beneath shimmering lights and a tree…kissing the one he *loved,* who loved him back—and hugging a girl stuck to them both.

All in all…it wasn’t bad.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

And there you have it. 🧡 *(Part one)* of the utterly monstrous Holiday Violation!

Next stop—New Year's Eve. 🎊🎉

I wanted so bad to get it all in one…but #DaMuses be cracked out slave drivers. 😭 I do hope you all enjoyed this and I didn't mess up the ending. 😄

Seriously…I feel like I may've done it too fast or something…I could really use some assurance it didn't fizzle out. ❣

Meh…I'll be the first to admit to glossing over a lot of extra bits trying to get us to the ending. Who knew the holidays could be so involved? 😩😙🙄😒💝

Altogether though, I enjoyed writing this.😊 And I look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you lovely peeps on how we did this round.☺

Also—as Tom's b-day is New Year's Eve, I'm looking forward to some spicy alone time between our boys. 😘

Already got a few plans, which may or may not stand to be altered/added to if I get any more juicy suggestions in the comments. 😇😈

Remember, anniversaries only come once, and Harry loves being a #Genie for Tom.

Until next time,
Cheers! 🥂

27th Violation - **Holiday Special (Part 2)**

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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27th Violation

****Holiday Special****

(Part 2)

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There comes a time in every young man's life where he must make a decision.

A choice which will set the tone for the rest of his life, in a way he will never be able to go back on.

Tom Riddle Jr. was experiencing one such time, and having a hard go of it.

There were simply too many options…

"Excuse me sir, may I be of assistance?" The attendant murmured anxiously, standing directly behind the tall young man positioned in front of the display of their latest specialty items for the past fifteen minutes…motionless and hardly blinking.

Loaded silence was all the answer he received…until—finally, the young man looked away from the display and spoke.

"I want numbers seven, ten, and four in sizes small, medium, and…extra-large."

The attendant's eyes gleamed for the apparent dough the young man was about to be shelling out, before replying dry mouthed around his greed for the commission, "Might I recommend a few other items to aid you?"

Tom was all ears.

"We recently got a shipment of *these* in a myriad of flavors. I'm told it makes the overall experience more fulfilling. I've only sampled the vanilla, but it comes in chocolate, strawberry, cherry, and even blueberry if you prefer."

Tom's mouth began to water, and he swallowed around a sudden developed hunger as after a beat, he replied, "I'll take the blueberry. And do you have *that* in green?"

The attendant glanced through the case at what the young man was pointing at, and his eyes crinkled at the corners with suppressed glee.

“We have that in sea foam green, onyx black, ruby red, and the palest blue.”

Tom frowned slightly…staring at the items in quiet rumination. He finally clicked his tongue and asked, “…might I request a mixture?”

The attendant smirked.

“Certainly…but as you are breaking up the sets, we will have to charge a nominal extra fee… for replacing the missing segments, you see.”

Tom nodded solemnly. “I will take the collar in black, the bottom in green…and the rest in pale blue.”

“Very good, sir. May I interest you in *shoes*?”

The shop attendant gestured across the room at a number of expensive heels of all heights and demographics.

Tom narrowed his eyes and drifted over to the next wall. He stared through all the choices once more and fell into another loaded silence.

The shop attendant smiled patiently and murmured, “I’ll go prepare the choices you’ve already made and leave you to decide upon the rest. Also…stockings are the next isle over.”

Tom didn’t even dignify the shop attendant with another glance, as he was already deep in the mode of weighing pros and cons of all the items.

Not good. Not good at all.

If he wanted him *walking*…they couldn’t be too tall…but if he was lying down for the *entirety*, it really didn’t matter.

Tom’s eyes gleamed and he stretched his hand out to grab a rather tall pair of strappy heels.

Because…why in the hell would Harry need to *walk* anyways?

That afternoon—the day before New Year’s Eve, and his 18th birthday—Tom exited the specialty shop tucked away down an alley in the Knockturn District…with a definite spring in his step, and quite a few dollars hemorrhaged from his personal account.

He could hardly wait for the next day to dawn.

It would be even better than Christmas, because Harry had made him a *promise*…and everyone knows you never go back on a promise.

The smile on Tom’s face as he rounded the corner to his parked vehicle and tossed the nondescript brown bag with his purchases within onto the backseat, it was wide enough to

ring the Devil's own doorbell.

However did he get to be so lucky—Tom wondered, not for the first time praising his fortune in nabbing Harry as he had.

He looked very much forward to collecting on all the boy had promised him, and making sure he lived up to his every word.

It was good to be *trusted.*

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~ Earlier that Morning ~

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With the Christmas holidays put well behind them and the New Year approaching at breakneck speed, Harry hadn't had time to really think in a minute.

So wrapped up had he been in their families, Tom's arms, and all the love and happiness that came with spending time with his loved ones a magical few days out of the year.

He never would forget that Christmas Eve at the rink, skating with Tom on the ice for the first time alongside Luna.

It had been heartwarming to be able to introduce such a level of gaiety to Tom's life, and he'd enjoyed every minute of Tom cutting loose and chasing them across the ice until the snow began to fall…just so perfectly.

Moments like that, you simply could not buy. As they came to you spontaneously, *free* if at all.

Harry's heart still stuttered and leapt when he thought about that kiss, so soft and promising…not merely possessive and demanding and endlessly passionate, but a gentle touch which had filled him with warmth and joy, and overwhelming love for its simplicity.

Having Luna there being part of that moment curled up with them had only further distilled it all.

They'd felt inseparable in a way that Harry had always *craved* from his relationships, even though he was very used to saying an inordinate amount of goodbyes.

Even to his parents, whom he loved and who loved him most dearly (he knew)…he'd said quite a few drawn out goodbyes over the years.

It had just been natural to find himself waiting for them to come back, or waiting to get back to them, or being elsewhere when they were busy making a way for his comfortable lifestyle.

He couldn't have been selfish and asked that they all live in a shack somewhere just because he wanted his Mom and Dad on site rather than working all the time, because they deserved to reap the benefits of having a nice home in an upper tier neighborhood with all the comforts the working middle class could afford to enjoy.

He couldn't have been selfish and said that *no*…he refused to go to another school with strangers everywhere, and nobody who knew him, simply because James got a promotion that took him out of the locale and sent their family packing cross state lines over and over again.

He couldn't have been selfish and let them suffer on the account of him craving stability and something that he could hold onto without fear of being made to say goodbye to it again.

He just couldn't have been.

Not like he was now.

Not like he *could be* now.

Because he had Tom and Luna, both—and neither of them were going anywhere from his life any time soon, because they'd said so. Because Harry knew that he meant a lot to both of them for different special reasons.

Tom saw him like a piece of property, and an obsession, and something that he wouldn't give away on pain of death.

Tom bent over backwards in order to keep him happy, and he did things logical to himself that made sure Harry had a reliance upon him being involved in his life so that Harry could not be easily taken away.

Harry knew he was Tom's fixation. He knew that Tom was changed by him, that he'd brought a lot of new things to Tom's life…to Tom's sham of a family life, which Tom both appreciated and craved.

He'd told Tom time and again that he was loved…that Harry loved him. But it had been a hard knock in the head when Tom had still been so very shocked over being invited to spend the Holidays with Harry and his family, like he actually mattered to them in a way that wasn't just being used for his expertise.

Harry hated the thought that Tom felt like his only value in Harry's life was as long as he was doing something critical for Harry's physical wellbeing.

As if Harry was only with him because he'd been there when he got hurt, helped nurse him back to health, and even opened his home up to Harry for Harry's convenience…going so far as to keep tutoring Harry in the meanwhile as he kept afloat in his own harder studies, and never batting an eye about providing Harry all the love and support Harry had long since wanted but been unable to fully grasp in his ineffectual hands.

Tom thought he had to work for Harry. He thought that if he didn't work, he could lose him.

He thought somebody like *Draco Malfoy* could have a prayer in hell to drag Harry's attention from him, and make Harry want something besides all that they had together.

He thought Harry's love for him was *conditionally* based.

But Harry knew better. He knew so much better…it hurt.

Tom's entrance into his life was a monumental event. Harry had never met nor had anyone like Tom all to himself.

It had spoiled him for anyone else. Because who could compete with the force which Tom exerted upon his heart, mind, body and soul on a daily basis…without even overtly trying, by just being…himself.

Harry never had to wonder if Tom wanted him around. He never had to question if Tom was tired of catering to all his needs and asking for nothing but devotion in return.

He wouldn't even readily let Harry do housework!

And Harry knew…all of that was a part of him wanting to be i*ndispensable* to Harry. Of him wanting Harry to not have an excuse to walk away from him, by saying he was working him too hard, or Tom expected too much, or that he didn't know how to measure up to what Tom wanted from him…because Tom just wanted *him—Harry Potter*, no holds barred.

It was mindfuckery at its finest.

Every day Harry spent with Tom, reliant upon him, cared for by him, all wrapped up in and concerned for him…made Harry think less and less of the outside world.

Sure, he'd always love his parents. And Luna was a good friend he felt blessed to have.

But Tom…Tom stayed on his mind front and center at all times, even when others kept vying for his gaze on the sidelines.

Tom had made himself the center of Harry's gravity. Every way Harry fell landed him on top of Tom, holding onto him so tight that he would feel suffocated if Tom weren't the air being breathed into his lungs, cradling his heart on every breath he sucked in from Tom's chest.

If Tom were able to truly breathe for Harry, Harry knew he'd be put on life-support in an instant.

Because then—Tom would know, inexorably, that Harry needed him. That without him… Harry would die.

And it'd be a double suicide. Or leave Tom nothing but a husk of a bitter creature—if such a thing were ever to happen…and so Harry knew, he'd *poisoned* Tom just as much as Tom continued to poison him.

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It was with such thoughts in mind that Harry ruminated over the matter of Tom's coming anniversary, which he'd near forgotten over the recent holidays—so distracted and content he'd been.

Now sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast at the bar beside Tom, Harry swallowed a mouthful of food and asked, "What do you w-want for New Year's Eve…your b-birthday?"

Tom had paused mid-bite and gave Harry a blank look. To which Harry had continued, rather sheepishly, "I didn't do any Christmas shopping, and your b-birthday is the next big thing… so I was wondering what y-you might like…that I could give on the spot?"

The wheels in Tom's head had visibly begun to rotate.

And Harry found he was holding his breath until Tom leaned back in his seat and asked him point blank, "Do you trust me?"

It had been Harry's turn to stare silently, wondering where *that* came from.

"Of c-course," Harry answered, after a moment. "You know I do."

Tom had tilted his head to the side and given him a particular *look*, before murmuring carefully, "I know…you *think* you do. But I want to know how *deep* that trust truly goes."

Harry frowned, and his lips tightened around a knee-jerk declaration that *he trusted Tom more than anyone he'd trusted before*…because he knew, that Tom knew words really were just words, until you saw them in action.

The only problem was…

"How can I sh-show you…that I trust you, if you don't b-believe I really do?"

Tom had smiled then—all warm and gentle as a summer's breeze, and Harry had melted inside even as faint alarm bells began singing in his punch-drunk subconscious.

"Oh…I think we can work it out. If you'll give me some time to prepare. I don't want to hurt you…I'm only…curious. You understand?"

Harry had nodded slowly and maintained, "I trust you. Do what you w-want. I'll go along."

Tom's smile stretched even wider then, and he practically purred in blatant pleasure, "It's a promise."

Harry should have read the fine print.

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~ End Flashback ~

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When Tom made it back to the apartment that afternoon, it was after making one last stop.

“Thank you, Lily. I apologize for not bringing Harry with me, but he’s been working problems since Christmas for a few days now and I thought he should rest. By now he’ll appreciate having these back.”

Lily stood in her doorway handing off Harry’s contacts to Tom as he smiled charmingly down at her, carefully pocketing them.

It was good to know Harry hadn’t been neglecting his school work at all.

She’d worried somewhat that the Holidays would have brought out the procrastinator in him, and that he’d be in danger of entering the New Year with extra backlog.

Tom was on top of everything though, and not for the first time, she felt a bit guilty for her initial assessment of the young man.

“I know I’ve said it before, but I really cannot thank you enough for taking Harry in like this. I know…he’s basically back on his feet now, but mentally—he can use all the support in his missed work for the school. He’s never failed outright before, but academics are not his favorite thing in the world.”

Tom nodded in understanding.

Lily sighed and said, “I’d invite you in, but I know you’ve probably got things to do. Be sure to send my love to Harry when you see him next.”

Tom smiled, “I will. You and James take care. Leave Harry to me. I’ve got everything handled.”

And with a last parting goodbye, Lily had watched Tom drive away in his familiar vehicle. It was still brisk and cold outside, with lingering frost dusting the ground from the past few days’ snow they’d gotten.

She shut the front door and decided to see to her garden.

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Tom hadn't lied about Harry working problems for the past few days.

After Christmas had passed so eventfully for them both, he and Harry had set about demolishing the last of his boy's remaining piled assignments in the meanwhile…with the intention of starting the New Year on a cleaned slate.

Harry would likely be able to go back to Hogwarts when school resumed after the Holiday break.

If not immediately, then the second week of classes—after he saw the doctors again to clear him for picking up where he'd left off.

It was a pity that Hogwarts had so many damn stairs…but Tom was rather confident that Harry could manage. And he'd impress upon Luna the need to keep Harry close whenever she was around him and Tom was otherwise…indisposed.

He would also need to decide upon another private location *not* on the seventh floor for them to resume their tutoring sessions…as that was not something Tom would be giving up whilst he still had the all clear.

With the good marks Harry had been pulling with his help all this while in the background on all of the assignments Tom had guided and seen to him getting through, Harry's concerned professors had been full of nothing but praise to Tom when he'd brought by the completed work.

All in all, Tom was a very responsible young man.

And though he had unquenchable *thirst*…he did not shirk those responsibilities for any reason.

His own work ethics were above reproach, and under control to the point where he needn't worry about his high averages.

He was still the *top* of the top. And with everything that had occurred since August had passed…Tom knew this was an unprecedented and remarkable accomplishment.

Especially in the advanced curriculum courses he was taking.

He just chalked it all up to him being severely motivated on all fronts.

He wouldn't stand for being seen as anything but perfection in the eyes of irrelevant onlookers, and with Harry filling in all the holes remaining from the gaps in his personal life and emotive education…

Tom felt utterly complete in all the very best ways.

He was no longer the Tin man on steroids. Harry had given him a heart which could be held by none other than Harry himself.

He'd made Tom experience such a range of emotion from utter euphoria…to homicidal devastation.

The control he'd exerted upon Tom could not be understated in the least.

Harry didn't know it, but when it came to Tom—there was no way he was ever going to be let alone again. Tom's love did not come with conditioning. Tom's love was a cataclysmic disaster waiting to happen to any and everyone who got in the way of it.

Harry would find himself loved to the point of death and beyond.

Harry would learn that whatever trust he placed in Tom…would be met a hundredfold in return, and given no option but to remain right where he'd placed it…eternally.

For Tom would never be acceptant of it being lost…or removed.

Tom hadn't lied.

He did trust that Harry *thought* he trusted him…and he did wonder just how far he could strain that trust, in the most morbidly curious…and ravenous way.

He wanted to see that trust in action. To see Harry giving up everything because he knew Tom would never betray him…that he was in the right hands and would be held by those hands for always.

Tom *thirsted*…Tom *wanted*…Tom *desired* endlessly to see Harry surrendering to him.

To be laid out and exposed so readily with abandon that Tom could do any and everything he wanted with him, and Harry would never cringe back.

Harry would never *not* trust him.

Because Harry loved him…because Harry told him, because Tom loved him…and he wanted to know…just how deep—how far, he could force that *love* to go.

And even if it should break, Tom would be there grasping at all the pieces—utterly mad and beyond reconcile, until he had all of those pieces in his bloody hands once more, cradled safely away from the harsh world that'd sooner see him *hang* for his obsession…for the depths of his love.

Tom was nothing if not possessive…if not fundamentally destructive.

He knew there was a very good chance Harry's trust might falter…someday…when held up to the pressure of Tom's insidious darkness.

Tom wanted to *test* the general elasticity of Harry's preciously held trust in him. He ached to know…how far Harry would *let* him go, even when he didn't know…how far Tom had already gone.

And even if the answer was *not far enough*…Tom would make it work.

Tom would train that trust until it could be stretched to the limits of human definitions, until Harry had no *choice*…no recourse…but to trust…and trust…and trust, that Tom wouldn't let him break…for anything.

That at the end of it all…he was in the very best hands, which would never…ever…under any circumstance, contrived or inadvertent—let him go.

So yes…

Tom knew what he wanted for his anniversary.

He was going to fully indulge his *trust fetish*…until Harry couldn't take him any longer…*but had to*.

Tom had always had a problem…with cruelty.

And never let it be said that his *love*…wasn't cruel.

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That evening, they had a good home cooked meal and Tom was more attentive to Harry than usual…which was saying something.

It was as though he was pulling out all the stops in trying to make Harry melt for him.

Allowing the boy to help him with dishes, cuddling up on the couch after with hot chocolate, marshmallows, and a movie of Harry's choosing…before easing Harry into bed early for a long, relaxing, and utterly divine massage session with therapeutic warm oil worked tirelessly into each and every one of Harry's muscles and tendons with Tom's strong, elegant, dedicated fingers…until Harry was fading in and out of consciousness, and waking repeatedly to Tom's hands still traveling worshipfully up and down…and just *all over him*.

Never did Tom delve beneath the surface though. He kept it all above board.

He was all about Harry—Harry's enjoyment, Harry's relaxation, Harry's decompression, Harry's pleasure…

It got to the point that Harry was sensationally aroused and deeply aching in his essence… wanting Tom so bad, to finally do something…anything about the problem he was causing.

All it took was one desperate, verbalized plea…and Tom had licked his lips and got down to business—taking Harry into his *mouth* and swallowing him down to the root in one swift move…then over, and over, and over again…until Harry was shuddering and sobbing all the way through a climax that kept coming and coming…as he held onto Tom's hair for dear life, chanting Tom's name until Tom could hear it echoing endlessly throughout the room, like the sweetest song he kept on repeat.

As much as Tom himself had wanted to take Harry all the way, he refrained…allowing his boy to lay boneless and sated against his chest, otherwise unmolested… wondering at Tom's behavior and just when Tom would finally relieve *himself*…after all he'd gone and done to… and *for Harry*.

But Tom merely kissed Harry's forehead, carding his fingers soothingly through his boy's hair, raking his scalp on every pass…until Harry's eyes got heavy, and he wound up falling straight to sleep to the vibrating rhythm of Tom's steady heartbeat in his ear, thrumming like an engine put on hold, just waiting to be revved to its fullest potential.

"That's right…sleep darling. We have a long day ahead."

If Harry registered Tom's ominously whispered words at any point, he gave no indication… remaining motionless as a doll with cut strings.

Tom allowed his eyes to travel to the corner, lighting upon an innocent looking, nondescript, bulging brown bag pushed unassumingly to the end of the couch…waiting like *Pandora's Box* to be opened and unleashed.

Harry had naturally asked about the bag when Tom had come home with it, but Tom had gently diverted his attention by saying it was for Tom's birthday, and *no*, Harry could not see *now*…not until then, lest he ruin everything.

And Harry never wanted to ruin anything for Tom, so he'd merely let it rest and had gotten on board with their lovely evening.

Now that Tom had him successfully laid out and unconscious, he felt he could begin plotting in earnest…just how to go about everything he had in mind.

It wasn't like he didn't know what he was going to do…but he had yet to take the time to ruminate over all the specifics…

And Tom was nothing if not a perfectionist.

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The next time Harry awoke was at the stroke of midnight.

"*Nnngh*…Tom…?"

"Yes…Harry?"

Harry's eyes slid open and squinted through the darkness to locate Tom…who was definitely no longer lying beneath him…or even on the bed at all.

"…where are you…?" Harry cleared his throat and swallowed convulsively, a little disoriented still by the lack of any light.

"I'm here. Do you know what time it is?"

Harry groaned and sat up in bed, still unable to locate Tom. *Why was the room so dark?*

There was literally not a sliver of light in effect. As if every crack and crevice had been purposefully blackened out—even the windows were heavily draped, so not an ounce of moonlight seeped through.

Harry felt blind. He shivered.

"Tom…?"

Silence met him. Harry frowned and made to stand from the bed, carefully placing his feet on the floor and standing slowly upright.

Although he'd been in the apartment for some time now, he still didn't feel confident moving around without the benefit of his sight.

Stretching his arms out and placing his feet carefully one before the other, Harry moved away from the bed…wading through the air, trying to find Tom.

"Are you h-hiding from me…Tom?"

Harry called out softly, feeling the hairs on the back of his neck raise as he continued to move with nothing to go by…hoping against hope that he could find Tom by his voice, if he spoke again.

"Now why would I do that, darling? Today is a special day. I'm sure you recall…"

Harry froze as the air stirred around him, and he could suddenly sense Tom standing directly behind him—not moving at all, just hovering…breathing in an out…like a bodiless specter as his sultry voice crooned through Harry's ears.

"It's New Year's Eve, Harry…*my birthday*…"

Harry swallowed thickly and whirled around, coming nose to chest with Tom…and peering through the dark to see nothing but a humanoid silhouette of a face floating above him, whose features and expression remained hopelessly obscured.

Tom didn't move. Harry didn't breathe as he felt Tom's hand come up to cup his cheek, with Tom's thumb stroking his skin idly in small circles all the while.

"Happy b-birthday…Tom…" Harry whispered, slowly beginning to catch on, even as he asked, "How come…it's so dark…?"

"Because…we're going to play a game…a little trust exercise, between you and I…"

"…okay…"

Harry couldn't see it, but he could tell Tom was smiling…pleased. Harry's heart began to beat a little faster as both Tom's hands landed on his bare shoulders, turning him back around so he was faced away from the taller teen once more.

Before he could wonder what was to happen now, Tom was telling him, "Close your eyes… and let me know if this feels too tight."

Harry opened his mouth, only to think better of it and do as he was told.

The next thing Harry felt was a length of cloth being pressed over his eyes and secured snugly behind his head—an obvious blindfold.

Now Harry truly was blinded with no recourse but Tom to rely on for guidance.

As if rewarding Harry for his compliance, Tom bent down and kissed the back of Harry's neck…inhaling deeply against Harry's skin, causing Harry's own breath the hitch for the feel of Tom's lips and breath wafting over his goose-pimpling flesh.

"How does that feel?"

Harry sucked in a breath, feeling warmth beginning to pool in his abdomen as Tom's tongue darted out lazily to taste his skin…sliding sinuously against the length of his neck, leaving a cool stripe of damp skin behind upon smooth departure.

"Mmm…"

Tom moaned softly.

Harry spoke. "It…its f-fine…"

"Good."

Harry felt the air stir again, and he knew Tom was moving away…going somewhere Harry couldn't follow, forcing Harry to stand in place waiting for the next directive.

In a matter of seconds Tom was back, now pressing a large hand to the small of Harry's back and urging him gently forward.

Harry moved blindly, trusting Tom not to steer him into a wall, even as he felt the floor beneath him switch to that of the hallway…rather than the carpeting of the living room, and Tom kept him moving right along.

Saying nothing else, merely pressing Harry forward.

Harry didn't remember it taking so long to get from one place to the other in the apartment before, but he guessed it was because he couldn't see…that the path felt inordinately stretched.

“W-where are we…going…”

Harry trailed off as Tom pressed a hand down on his shoulder, stilling him in place before he heard the snick of a door opening.

“We are going to take a bath…darling…”

Harry opened his mouth and shut it again as Tom guided him forward, into the humid, warm aired…fragrant bathroom space. Harry could taste incense in the air, and it smelled like…

“Vanilla…?”

Tom chuckled softly, and Harry heard the door shut behind them. “Roasted Vanilla Sugar… for relaxation…among other effects…”

Harry nodded and froze as Tom still him once more, coming to stand before him and allowing his hands to both travel down Harry’s sides and chest, until they reached the waistband of his boxers…the only piece of clothing left on his body.

Harry knew where this was going…but it still made him blush when he felt the air stir with Tom obviously bending low to pull his underwear all the way down…past his knees, to fall at his ankles…which he tapped in turn for Harry to step out.

It was mildly disconcerting to thing that Tom could see Harry bare all with Harry being unable to glimpse him in return.

Harry felt his breath hitch as Tom’s hands moved up his calves, over his thighs…behind to squeeze his buttocks…before settling at his waist again and pulling him flush against Tom.

Who Harry only just realized must be naked as well.

Harry’s breathing sped up as he felt all of Tom pressed so intimately against him…so familiar in all its musculature and strength…even as he could only blindly feel around it.

Tom didn’t stop Harry’s hands from feeling up his back, brushing the width of his shoulder blades, before drifting down his front until Harry could feel the swell of his pectorals, down over his clenching abs…until Harry found what he sought.

What he could feel pressing hot and hard against his lower stomach…swelling with so much blood it must be painful, even as Tom made no move to relieve it in the slightest...

“Tom…*ah*….” Harry ghosted his fingers along Tom’s member, smiling beneath his shroud as he heard the change in Tom’s breathing, from effortlessly deep…to rasping and shallowed.

“Would you like me to…” Harry trailed off, turning his head up in the direction of Tom’s face and licking his lips slowly…even as he gave a purposeful stroke and *squeeze* to the flesh his hand had commandeered.

Tom’s chest vibrated with silent laugher, and Harry frowned a bit as Tom moved backwards…leading Harry by the boy’s grip on his dick, even as he stepped carefully down

the stairs leading into the steaming waters of the Jacuzzi…just this side of *too hot* to be pleasant.

Harry breathed deep and had no choice but to follow Tom in his descent, even as he hesitated on the stairs, as they were slippery, and his only handhold…was Tom's flesh…not ideal for grabbing harder to stave off a fall.

"Come along…there will be plenty of time for *that* later."

Tom's hands steadied Harry by the waist, as he guided Harry into the waters with him… smirking unseen as Harry flinched for the water's temperature, even as he slowly sank down beneath the surface with Tom.

Harry hissed and clung to Tom as the heat melted through his muscles, and the scent of the Vanilla Sugar became stronger…wafting around him and mixing with the humid air, until he felt like he was smoking something.

Tom's hands found him beneath the water, and Harry clung to Tom's shoulders as Tom's hands spread his thighs apart until Harry was straddling his lap…sitting on top of him in the perfect grinding position, with Tom pressed up between the cleft of his ass, and Harry's own member rising against Tom's lower stomach…now swollen and aching for its own release.

Harry panted as he bobbed up and down in the water, and Tom's hands traveled up and down and all along his body, even as Harry struggled to contain the building *want* inside of him.

"It's time to get you and I clean. Be a dear and hold this."

Harry felt a strangely shaped bottle be pressed into his hand, and he tilted his head at Tom in blind question.

Tom grabbed Harry's other hand and maneuvered the bottle so it was upended on Harry's palm, releasing a thick, fragrant fluid…which smelt vaguely of…*blueberry?*

"You're going to rub that all over me, Harry. Don't miss a spot. And be careful not to waste it." Were Tom's directives to the boy, even as Harry asked, "H-how will I reach all of you… beneath the water…?"

Harry could hear the smile in Tom's voice. "I'm going to stand up, of course. You'll have to follow me if you want to reach everything."

Harry felt the substance beginning to get between his fingers, and he nodded.

"…m'kay…I'll start at the top…"

Tom grinned as Harry's hand came down to begin rubbing the product all along his skin, beginning with his chest and shoulders…traveling along both his biceps…until Harry moved back in order to facilitate Tom rising from the water so he could reach all the rest.

Tom breathed steadily through Harry's purposeful hands traveling all over him, not hesitating a bit as they blindly spread the substance on him, dipping into muscles and curves and

crevices fluidly…slipping lower and lower, until Tom had to grit his teeth and swallow a bubbling groan as Harry's hands finished with his thighs, only to travel deeper…until they reached his most precious member…enclosing the flesh in a slippery grip which tightened and loosened in turns, simulating what Harry's mouth had offered to do to him just a few minutes earlier.

Tom reached down and threaded his fingers through his boy's hair, before guiding him closer until his face was level with the slicked up penis between his legs.

Harry panted softly, obviously wondering what Tom was doing, halting him in his directives.

"Now…you may *suck*." Tom purred darkly, pressing Harry forward until Harry could smell the blueberries wafting up to his nose…hesitating as he kept his mouth shut.

He'd been sure it was some kind of soap he was putting on Tom…but if Tom wanted him to suck him with *that* on his skin…it'd be a fine way of poisoning him.

Tom's eyes narrowed knowingly, even as his voice cooled in speculation for Harry's continued stalling, "…are you refusing?"

Harry swallowed, tilting his head back to an angle presumably in the direction of Tom's gaze.

"You don't want me…to rinse it f-first…?"

Tom grinned wolfishly—unseen, as he said a firm and silky, "*No*."

Harry lowered his head, and sighed mutely aloud. Well then…if it *was* soap…he was screwed.

Tom's eyes gleamed with triumphant heat as Harry finally opened his mouth, steadying himself with both hands on Tom's strong thighs, and swiped his tongue from the tip of his lathered dick all the way down to the base…moaning loudly in irrepressible shock.

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The explosion of flavor on Harry's tongue from the first lick was as surprising as it was relieving.

Whatever was on Tom's skin…was apparently edible…not soap at all…

And Harry moaned from deep in his throat as he lost all reservation and went to town on Tom's manhood—licking and suckling every inch…not caring what he looked like as he did so…because he was sure it was lewd, with how wide he was opening his mouth and how much tongue he was applying on every pass…so eager to taste the blueberry explosion sweetening his taste buds as he set about devouring Tom…*his Tom*…who was panting

heavily and stroking Harry's head encouragingly while whispering filthy expletive laced words of praise for Harry's *enthusiasm*.

"*Fuck*…such a good little *cocksucker*…my *darling*…I could fuck your throat raw...*haa*…*haah*…watch you do this…all day long…*shit*...*Harry*…!"

Harry clamped down and palmed Tom's balls, rolling them gently as he felt Tom's hand clench tightly in his hair…as Tom reached the obvious climax Harry's ministrations had brought him to.

The mixture of blueberries and semen tasted strange in Harry's mouth…but it wasn't awful…

Harry swallowed convulsively around Tom's cock, throat constricting repeatedly as he set to milking it for all the cum inside…vibrating with his own untouched need beneath the water as he groaned deeply, and cleared all of the spurting spunk from Tom's spent member…not spilling a drop.

Harry came off Tom with a wet pop, panting and licking his lips as he shuddered…turning his face up, giving Tom the perfect view of his reddened cheeks and trembling, gaping mouth even as Tom came down from his own monumental high.

That had been good…really…*really good.*

Tom sank carefully back down into the water, until he was close enough to kiss Harry full on the mouth…which he did without pause, languidly licking his tongue all around Harry's tender insides…until Harry was panting for a whole different reason all together, feeling their tongues sliding together in parody of what their bodies so often did in bed, when Tom was thrusting so hard into him that Harry could only hold on and let him have his way until it was over.

Tom parted from Harry's lips as his boy gasped for air, arms would around Tom's neck as Tom pressed them chest to chest…with Harry once more straddling his lap in the perfect position on top of Tom's now quiescent cock.

"I suppose you liked that…"

Tom murmured into Harry's ear, and Harry panted a yes as he felt Tom's fingers slithering up and down his backside, skating between his cleft and ghosting along his own neglected member repeatedly, teasing him most effectively underwater.

Finally—after Harry appeared ready to bat Tom's hands away and simply *jerk it out* himself, Tom gripped Harry in such way as to urge him into an automatic standing position before Tom in the tub, before retrieving the bottle of substance sitting on the edge, where Tom had discarded it at some point early on.

Tom popped the cap off, upended it into his own hand, and murmured for Harry's piqued ears, "My turn."

Before going to work slicking up Harry's entire body, leaving no place uncovered.

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It had been gratifying…in a breathtaking way, observing this small measure of Harry's trust in him.

Tom knew…his boy had doubted. But even so—beyond that, he had done what Tom bade… not hesitating once Tom made his desires clear.

Seeing Harry on his knees, taking him into his mouth, not knowing what was on Tom's body —if it would hurt him or not, had been euphoric…in the way that Tom had felt a rush of unparalleled arousal for Harry's abandonment of caution…in favor of Tom's demands.

Harry's expression after realizing what was on Tom's body…after the mystery of the substance was revealed, had amused Tom greatly…even if his boy's expressive eyes had been cloaked.

The noises emitted from Harry's throat and the resulting enthusiastic sucking had threatened to bring Tom to his knees, were he not intent upon being above Harry, able to fully observe all that his boy was doing to him…for him…and immensely enjoying every second of it.

When Tom came, grasping Harry's hair in that tight grip of his…it had been with the fascinating knowledge that *yes*…Harry *trusted* him…inexplicably…enough to blindly follow his lead into the unknown.

From the offset…Harry had put himself in Tom's hands, when Tom could have done literally anything to him.

Waking up the way he had…in the middle of the night, in the pitch black Tom had so painstakingly strove to duplicate as Harry had slept…not knowing what was happening, in a sleep addled state…calling for Tom…over and over.

Feeling so relieved once Tom responded…was heady—an aphrodisiacal relaxant just as potent as the burning Vanilla incense thickening the bathroom air, ramping up their innate libidos and giving a tantalizing boost to their collective need.

Tom had only sampled the edible moisturizing, water resistant lubricant and flesh cleanser briefly before using it…but it had a tolerable enough taste by itself.

Slathered all over Harry though…it was like making his boy into his very own blueberry tart, with a creamy filling Tom was dying to get onto his tongue and rolling down his gullet.

By the time he had Harry covered in the substance, his boy was trembling and clutching at Tom's shoulders…panting and quivering in *want* as Tom began to lave at the skin of his legs and thighs, nipping here and there as if to break the skin, but not quite—migrating leisurely all along Harry's body, skating around the pretty red, swollen and neglected cock flagging for

attention between Harry's legs, and leaving no other square inch of flesh unmolested by his mouth.

Harry moaned, abdomen clenching reflexively as Tom dipped his tongue repeatedly into his navel, collecting pooled blueberry essence on his tongue and spreading it up Harry's stomach with hungry swipes of his wet muscle, licking the boy like the world's tastiest, oversized Popsicle.

"*Haah*…*Haah*…Toomm*aah*…*please*…!"

Tom crouched so he could reach Harry's nipples, and he bit and sucked *hard* at them both in turn, alternating back and forth until they'd become solid, dusky peaks upon Harry's heaving chest…standing out against his peach skin and inspiring Harry's member to leak precum over itself and into the water from the treatment.

Harry's knees shook and threatened to buckle as the pressure between his legs became overwhelming, but Tom caught and supported his boy…taking Harry's body weight upon himself and lowering Harry until he was bent over the edge of the tub, with both arms planted beneath his head, and his lower half being held up in the air for Tom's viewing ease.

Pink in the face and endlessly aroused, Harry arched his back and held onto the tub's edge as Tom spread his buttocks apart without preemption—revealing the tight, pink sphincter within Harry's slick cleft, which he hadn't spared from being liberally coated with the blueberry substance.

Harry moaned and pressed backwards, pleading again for Tom to do something about his state.

Tom observed his boy bent over, completely at his mercy, clutching the Jacuzzi's side and resisting touching himself even as his dick hung heavy, and was so obviously *painful* for him to bear.

Tom crooned in pleasure, "Such a *good boy*…", and spread Harry's cheeks a little wider as he sank to his knees behind the boy, until his face was level with the place his hands had opened, leaving Harry exposed to the air and the water lapping against them, keeping them both wet and alternatively cooled and warmed where it touched and dripped.

Harry shivered. "P-please…Tom…*nnghaa*…it *hurts*…"

Tom's dick began to fill rapidly for Harry's plaintive whimpering, and he moaned throatily as he huskily replied, "Relax *darling*…I've got you now…"

Right before swiping Harry with his long tongue from the back of his *sack*, all the way up to his tail bone...and finally, taking his boy's cock in one encompassing hand and *squeezing*… just shy of too tightly to be comfortable…and preventing Harry from cumming on the spot with the added pressure to his member.

Harry cried out, and jerked spasmodically…either to get away from Tom's grip on his cock, or force Tom's tongue deeper into his body from where it was skating up and down, over and

over—prodding the rim of Harry's entrance without going deeper, and basically just being lapped at until Tom decided to put Harry out of his everlasting torment.

"*Uhhnnn…*"

Tom was rather enjoying the mix of Harry and the blueberries coating his tongue, and as the last of the lubricant from between Harry's cheeks dissolved on his palate, Tom forced his tongue in through the fluttering hole he'd been teasing for the longest, finally giving Harry what his boy so craved from him…

His immediate reward was a keening wail, and Tom added a slick finger in beside his tongue as he thrusted *in* and *out*…widening the entrance methodically, and spreading lingering lube all up the familiar channel.

Harry was going to pieces at this point. His words incoherent babblings and Tom's name interspersed throughout.

Upon interposing a second finger, Tom retracted his long tongue and set about prodding for that magical spot to send his boy into electric convulsions around him.

His own cock was already back to full mast, and Tom exerted extreme force of will to continue prepping his boy properly…so as not to actually hurt him, even as his hand continued keeping Harry's cock from releasing its load…in a most restrictive way.

Tom crooked his fingers and bumped up against *something*…and Harry arched high into the air, sloshing water violently about as Tom's fingers within him struck gold, and began to dig and *dig* and *dig*.

Hitting it over and over, again and again, until Harry was effectively sobbing through his blindfold…and so bloody *frustrated* by Tom's restraining grip around him that all he could do was focus on breathing and not having a heart attack from the strain, for his heart was hammering so hard against his ribcage that he felt it might burst open.

Adding a third and final finger to the duo, Tom wasted no more time in stretching his boy out.

He knew very well how much Harry could take in preparation for him…and when enough was really *enough*.

Tom retracted his three fingers at last, and focused on that sphincter clenching so desperately on air as he reached blindly for the lube bottle, and messily snapped it open with one hand, upending it messily over his cock and tossing it carelessly to the side, away from the water, as he slicked himself once more for the breach he was about to make.

Harry barely got a warning before Tom was sliding home in one long, sudden thrust.

Impaled as he now was—Harry's back arched high into the air, and he loudly screamed Tom's name as Tom gripped his hip in one hand, and gained the leverage to *pound.*

From that point on it was all a sensational blur.

When Tom hit the edge, he loosened his grip around Harry's cock, and on a final violent thrust…he gave it a tight *stroke* from root to tip—which caused Harry to come apart instantly, seeing stars in the dark of his blocked vision as he released the load which left him *breathless* and *boneless*, hanging from the Jacuzzi rim and supported by Tom being drained so deeply within him.

It took a while for Harry to drift all the way back down.

By the time his heartrate had partially normalized, Tom had pulled out and was holding him in his arms, cradled bridal style to his chest…like something precious and unbearably fragile.

Tom stepped out of the Jacuzzi waters—now draining slowly from the tub, with Harry in tow…and Harry, still blindfolded and rather out of commission, felt himself floating in the air, supported by Tom's strong arms and being set upon his feet…only to be immediately swaddled in a huge towel, which Tom promptly utilized to dry him off.

Harry's head felt foggy in the darkness, and he sighed softly as Tom tapped his foot, telling him without words to lift it as Harry held onto Tom's wet shoulders.

By the time Harry was all dry, Tom was stepping away, and Harry was left standing naked and bereft in front of the bathroom mirror with no directive.

"Tom…?"

Harry questioned softly…sounding lost and more than a little drained.

"I'm here." Tom's voice floated down to him, and Harry parsed out that he was somewhere near the bathroom door, quite a few steps away.

Harry turned blindly and tilted his head, opening his mouth and closing it again as the air stirred, and he felt a loaded package being pressed into his hands.

"Wha…?"

Tom smiled down at Harry, unseen by the boy as he licked his lips and ran a hand through his hair…eyes gleaming with smoldering desire as he stared down at Harry's nakedness… holding onto the brown bag and its remaining contents.

"You are going to get dressed now. Into what's inside that bag. I'm going to leave the room and you're going to take off your blindfold. You will put in your contacts…and you will call for me when you're fully dressed and the bag is emptied."

Harry nodded slowly, saying in a small, hoarse voice, "…yeah…'kay…"

And then Tom was gone.

Harry stood in the bathroom alone as the door was shut…and he bent carefully to sit the bag on the floor, before reaching behind his head to fiddle with the blindfold.

When it came away…Harry's eyes grew wide in astonishment.

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There were candles everywhere.

The scent of incense in particular came from four special candles placed on the sink, and near the tub…so as to evenly fill the air.

Everywhere else, regular white scentless candles glowed, casting the room in a soft light which didn't strain Harry's eyes in the least. It all looked very…romantic.

Harry felt a clench in his chest…thinking about how long it must've taken Tom to set everything up, and sighing in wonder.

He sort of really wished he could've seen what Tom was able to see whilst they were in here.

But something about being at Tom's mercy in the darkness, knowing that Tom would be there…feeling low in his *gut* that Tom wouldn't let any harm come to him, no matter how he egged him on to his *limits* and beyond…Harry panted softly for the whole notion.

He knew first hand just how stimulating such treatment was.

And now he had his eyes back…

Harry stared at the bathroom countertop, finding his contact case innocently resting upon the surface.

In another heartbeat he was tilting his head back and putting them in, blinking as his vision cleared and staring at himself in the mirror.

He looked dazed…softly lit and glowing all over.

Tom hadn't left any visible marks…but Harry could feel where Tom's mouth had been, like a phantom caress…where Tom's hands had been, clenching at his body…holding him tight and open…vulnerable…

Harry licked and bit his bottom lip, bending over to collect the brown bag from the floor and sitting it on the countertop before him.

As he unrolled and reached inside of it, his hand came in contact with a silky sheath of fabric…which felt rather light and flimsy to him.

Extracting it from the bag in a careful grasp, Harry held it up to the light and just stared… mouth drying out and cheeks heating automatically beneath a hot blush.

"Oh god…"

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Harry stared into the mirror, patently disbelieving the getup he was sporting…and holding onto the countertop in a death grip as he teetered back and forth unsteadily on what had to be the world's highest, strappy heels.

He was wearing nude thigh high stockings, which had elegant lace around the tops and covered his legs in such way that the fine hairs he had were masterfully camouflaged beneath the fabric.

There was a pale blue, split mesh top…with a lacy blue bust tied around his neck by slightly darker, shiny blue ties…embellished with a blue ribbon bow.

It hung down until it partially covered his bottom and ghosted both his sides…leaving his navel on display.

Beneath all that—a point which caused Harry to flush darker and feel an inordinate amount of warring arousal and embarrassment…Harry wore the initial slip of cloth he'd pulled from the bag…which was a pair of silky, open backed panties…made in such way as to leave his backside (*specifically* the hole within) easily accessible through the delicately concealing, sea foam green fabric…which felt sensuous upon the skin of his buttocks and did little in the way of warmth.

Harry shivered as his eyes found the last point of the whole getup…which was an onyx black collar fastened at his neck, with a small silver bell and the word *MINE* engraved in bold silver fancy calligraphy, accented by diamonds…in all caps, directly above the little circular bell.

Harry got the message loud and clear, and he stared at the collar and poked the bell with his finger…listening to the delicate ringing in rapt fascination, and wondering where Tom had even gotten it…

Even as his cheeks affected a permanent pink hue for the true nature of Tom's birthday wishes...

He wasn't being subtle anymore…at all.

Harry shivered, remembering that Tom had told him to call once he'd gotten dressed.

His heart leapt at the thought of Tom seeing him like this, and he suddenly wished for his blindfold back…if only to avoid *death by spontaneous combustion* when Tom's eyes found him.

Strange how the darkness now felt so comforting in the light of all else…Harry eyed the blindfold discarded on the counter, and clenched his fists tight.

Coming to a decision to bite the bullet and be brave…right before calling Tom's name in his loudest voice—wincing as it rebounded and echoed off the bathroom walls.

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Tom was finishing off the last of his business in the kitchen and getting ready for the final stages of his birthday session in his bedroom, when Harry's voice drifted from the bathroom to his piqued ears.

Tom immediately turned away from the situated bed and made his way predatorily to the bathroom.

Anticipation thrumming through his veins and his mouth watering in patent hunger for what he was sure to see…it truly was a shame his birthday only came once annually.

He was going to milk this for all it was worth.

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When Tom reached the bathroom and swung open the door, his eyes were treated to a veritable feast.

Harry stood staring up at him, rooted next to the sink…trying not to topple over as Tom's eyes traveled up…down…sideways…and just *all over* his scantily clad body.

"…h…hey…"

Harry breathed, blushing heavily and averting his eyes from Tom's own…unable to stand the palpable heat burning within them, nor the sight of Tom's own body on such display as he hadn't been able to gawp at it for quite some time…stuck beneath the blindfold as he had been.

Tom licked his lips slowly and stepped further into the room.

His upper half remained bare…and he was dressed in a loose pair of elastic waist pants which reminded Harry of a genie, with the way they billowed and clung…easily showcasing the strength of body within and doing nothing to conceal Tom's own burgeoning erection beneath the flimsy shroud.

Tom wasn't wearing anything else.

Harry stared down at Tom's bare feet as they came closer and closer, until Tom was toe to toe with the dangerously high heels, and Harry's chin was lifted up until he had no choice but to look up and hold Tom's avaricious gaze.

"…stunning…"

Was the word Tom murmured, right before leaning down and blanketing Harry's parted lips with his own and sucking the soul from his boy's body, like some demonic creature bent on devouring the true essence of Harry…until there was just nothing left.

Tom's hands roamed over Harry's backside, and Harry gasped into the kiss as Tom slipped a mischievous two fingers through the gap in the undies, immediately thrusting between Harry's cheeks to graze that swollen entrance Harry could only reflexively clench as Tom prodded it.

It was still tender from their tub antics.

But Harry…he *wanted*…he could take so much more…he knew…with the way his blood was pooling down low, and his breaths kept coming faster and faster as his chest heaved against Tom's, and Tom's mouth continued to move against his own...leaving him no room to pull away from the other's lips as Tom worked him over.

Their tongues did what some would call *battle*, but Harry knew to be a dirty, *dirty dance*.

So much action in his mouth had saliva leaking from the corners as Harry's arms came up around Tom's neck, with Harry clenching his fingers in Tom's ebony tresses, and Tom grappling his rump with both strong hands and *squeezing* repeatedly, rucking up the fabric of the delicate suit…and leaving Harry shuddering all over in his grasp from the stimulation.

When Tom finally parted from Harry's lips, dragging his talented tongue out against the sensitive roof along the way, Harry clung to him and staggered unsteadily as Tom bodily removed him from the bathroom.

Taking an inordinate amount of pleasure from the sight of Harry walking like a baby fawn, attached desperately to his arm, as he led them both across the dark hall and into Tom's bedroom…where Harry was once again greeted to the sight of candles just everywhere.

Despite the obvious fire hazard…it was quite beautiful.

Harry's breath caught on automatic as Tom closed the door behind them and literally swept him off his feet.

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When Tom deposited Harry upon the bed, the first thing Harry noticed was the distinct lack of familiar sheets.

It had been stripped to the bare minimum…and the remaining cover was something thick and almost rubberlike. It looked like something you'd put down for easy cleanup.

Were they about to get messy?

"You have no idea…how much I want to *wreck you*…"

"Tom…*haa*…"

"You trust me."

The way Tom said that…sounded exultant and wondering in equal measures…*also*… calculatingly perilous.

Harry swallowed and just stared up at Tom hovering above him, arms and legs spread out as he remained on his back upon the bed.

He didn't see anything else besides the sinister smile upon Tom's face as he got nearer, until their noses were level, and he could feel Tom's breath wafting across his lips as he spoke.

"If you want out of this game…it's rather too late, *darling*." Tom whispered.

Harry narrowed his emerald eyes in affront, challenge sparking within before he quietly demanded, "Do your w-worst...I promised you. It's y-your birthday...Tom."

Tom's lips stretched in an elongated smirk, appearing closer to a lopsided, feral grin as he nuzzled against Harry's throat, kissing the collar around his boy's neck and flicking the bell with his tongue…before replying.

"Well then…I want you to face me, on your hands and knees."

Tom's eyes glinted as Harry flushed, rolled his eyes slightly…and moved to immediately comply.

When Harry was in position, Tom moved to the head of the bed behind him…leaving Harry staring into the space he'd once occupied in confusion on his hands and knees, backside poised in the air on decorative display.

Tom chuckled and moved to grasp the full bowl and necessary utensils from his nightstand, sitting them on the bed where the pillows once were, and situating himself in prime position to have unfiltered access to Harry's delectable backside.

At the foot of the bed, Harry heard Tom moving around, but he didn't turn around…because Tom hadn't told him to.

Maintaining his position and biting his lip in anticipation for *what*…he didn't know…Harry's eyes fluttered and widened comically as something *very cold* drizzled between his cheeks through the opening in the panties, and another *something* solid, and excessively lubricated slipped inside next…widening his tender hole and stretching it inordinately without let up…

sliding far deeper than it should have been able to, pressing all the way into Harry's most intimate of sectors...which clamped down and held fast to whatever *it was* inside of him.

Harry gasped and jerked his head instinctively to peer over his shoulder at Tom in bewilderment, who was staring at the view of whatever he'd just placed inside of him with a small, salacious grin on his face.

"W-what was that…?"

Harry couldn't help but ask.

Tom stared back at him, lips pulled into a serene smile as he replied, "You trust me. Don't worry about it."

Harry felt whatever it was *shift* inside of him…and he began to sweat a little.

Truthfully speaking...he was worried.

But Tom looked like whatever he'd done wasn't going to suddenly go *Alien* and rip a new hole in Harry's arse…so Harry choked back his trepidation and silently resumed his forward facing position on the bed, grunting as his arms started to hurt from holding him so stiffly upright.

For his continued obedience, Tom dragged his hand from the nape of Harry's neck—all the way down the slope of his back, with deliberate pressure…effectively massaging the boy's spine and making him feel like an overgrown kitten being praised.

For that metaphor, the bell on Harry's neck chimed…and Harry groaned softly in pleasure as Tom's hand stroked him once more in the same way.

"Look at you…so easily riled by my touch. My little *pet*…"

Harry felt an electric wave travel through his body for Tom's possessive phrasing, and he widened the stance of his legs…proffering his rump all the more with his renewed positioning.

Tom moved behind him, and Harry felt the bed dip.

After a beat…Tom was placing his hand on the center of Harry's back and wordlessly urging him to stretch all the way out…onto his stomach.

Harry moaned as the switched positioning brought him into direct frontal contact with the bed's odd covering, and his feet came up into the air…heels glinting in the candlelight and bumping his bottom briefly as his knees folded back.

The thing inside him shifted deeper, and Harry moaned loudly as he felt it press against what *had* to be his prostate.

Tom seemed to have been waiting for that moment…as suddenly he murmured, "…right on time…" and Harry was made to stare forwards in confusion, feeling all keyed up to no effect

whilst Tom handled something noiselessly behind him, and a low ***click*** precluded a poignant vibration from deep *inside* of Harry…right up against his prostate, coming directly from the foreign, inserted object.

Harry cried out and clawed at the rubbery coverlet with his short nails, clenching his buttocks open and shut, and rutting against the bed to no avail as the vibration continued…getting him harder and harder…before it just…*ceased.*

Harry's whole body shook…and he leveraged himself up on an arm in order to curl onto his side and level Tom with a direct, disbelieving look.

Tom stared back at him, blinking innocently as he held up what looked to be some kind of small remote…with only three buttons in a vertical row.

"You…what was…*haah*…*nnghaa*…Tom!"

Tom tilted his head, and Harry's heart throbbed in his chest for the all too angelic smile Tom graced him with—looking like some kind of fallen angel about to be pardoned by God for some heinous sin…or welcomed with open arms by Satan himself.

"Is something the matter? You look a bit flushed."

Harry glared and bristled as a retort on the tip of his tongue was summarily snatched away by the vibration starting up again, causing him to curl up near double…whimpering and aching, cock hardening untouched between his legs as he shifted and bucked his hips, pleading with Tom to *stop it*…because he knew this was Tom's doing…and if he didn't *stop it* soon…Harry would be creaming the delicate fabric of Tom's pretty clothes and making a horrible mess all over himself.

Just when he was ready to *explode* already…Harry felt the vibrations cut off…and then Tom was up off the bed, humming playfully…mockingly, as he fiddled with something Harry couldn't see on the night stand.

"Now…we wouldn't want this to end too soon, so I need you to turn over and spread your legs…*wide darling*…"

Harry froze in place, sweating and shivering and panting as he stared in horror at the innocuous thing held between Tom's thumb and forefinger.

"…*nnngh*…"

Tom waited patiently. Oh so very patiently for Harry to comply.

After what felt like a veritable age of Harry staring up at Tom with wide, watery emeralds—silently pleading with the merciless teen to see reason…Harry reluctantly rolled over onto his back, resuming the position he started in and closing his eyes as Tom hovered above him, reaching out and delving the entirety of his hand beneath the stretched fabric, damp and tented around Harry's straining erection.

Harry arched his back and moaned as Tom freed him to the air, before bending to lick the whole of the shaft…once, twice…three times…before sliding the enlarged ring he held down to the base, and locking it securely into place.

Harry groaned throatily, and felt tears beading up in his eyes as his cock was once again restrained in a velvety, rigid cuff…rendered unable to come now, no matter the stimulus.

Tom smiled in satisfaction.

Harry would have been happier to see Tom so happy…if only it wasn't at his own expense.

Even so…Harry couldn't help but hate to *love* how utterly gleeful Tom looked as he stood above him, genuinely enjoying every fascinating moment of Harry's prolonged arousal and inordinate surrendering to himself…and all of his perversions.

It was good to be *trusted*.

Tom thought…that trust…was a very good look on *his Harry*.

That New Year's Eve—on Tom's 18th birthday, Harry gave Tom the gift of all his trust…and by sunrise…Tom had stretched and tested it to the limit.

Until Harry was consigned to his very own euphoric hell…at the hands of his very own personal devil…who loved him to *death*.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

…Happy New Year? 😄

I did my best.😗 I hope nobody was disappointed by Tom's birthday…it came to me the way it did, and I wrote it out as best I could. 🙄

Factoid: I even did google searches for Harry's costuming…which took way too long to be sane. I would've inserted images…but I didn't want random faces included in our Violation.

So there's a cookie🍪 for working your imaginations. 💗💗💙

I cannot believe we broke the 11,000+ word barrier again…with 90% smut. 😷

Ah well…at least this ends the Hols! 🥂

I hope everybody enjoyed these ginormous Holiday Special Parts, and I look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you awesome peeps in 2021. 😆

#WeMadeIt🤎 – #ByeBye2020🎉🎈

Until next we chat,

Stay amazing and be safe~ 🌺🐍○

28th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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28th Violation

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The New Year had come and gone.

Even so long after Tom's birthday surprise…Harry was experiencing a kind of intimacy whiplash, and he kept getting the feeling that Tom wanted to torture him again.

Well…not torture as in actually *hurt*, but definitely do very bad things he didn't normally do to him…in the name of (sadistic) pleasure.

It was in the way Tom had become even more tactile. The way Harry could rarely be next to Tom now without being touched.

Tom had always been close to Harry in private, and Harry had always been aware of him—as their proximity was never too far from each other when Tom or Harry were in the immediate vicinity of one another.

Now though—Tom was being legit grabby.

Harry couldn't quite slap a proper label on it (*clingy* didn't feel right)…but it was as though Tom no longer thought Harry needed personal space—at all.

Any time they sat together, Tom was liable to automatically pull Harry onto his lap.

When they ate, Tom was at Harry's elbow….stealing food off Harry's plate and alternately feeding Harry from his own—just as naturally as you would please, never blinking when he didn't switch utensils.

When Tom began knocking on the door during Harry's solo showers, asking for random things when Harry had locked him out (forcing Harry to jump out the shower repeatedly to undo the latch)…Harry just sighed in bemused exasperation, and started leaving the door open.

Which Tom predictably took as a direct invitation to save on water by turning Harry into his permanent shower buddy…and likely running up the bill even higher than it would've been due to his keeping Harry from leaving the shower in a decent amount of time, distracting the boy with all manner of lustful advances and unwarranted touches in the name of cleanliness.

Despite these new (extra) touchy-feely developments—Harry couldn't mind the loss of his remaining individuality…not really at all…as it wasn't too out of the blue, no matter the strangeness.

He'd just been going with the flow, enjoying the closeness and Tom's further monopolizing behaviors…knowing there was something more going on, but not being able to muster the honest desire to question it.

Although, he still instinctively shuddered when he caught Tom staring at him sometimes… with a calculative, dark gleam in his eyes…which had been lurking there ever since Harry had allowed Tom to take full advantage of his auspicious anniversary to work him over.

Admittedly—deep down…it did turn something hot and twisted *on* inside of Harry, but he felt inordinately nervous still…whenever Tom looked like that.

Allowing Tom to sate himself as he had…in full…had been an *experience*.

One which Harry wouldn't soon forget or be able to remember without blushing hard and pressing his thighs reflexively together, in difference to the recalled numerous (and unique) bodily invasions…

In particular…the remote controlled prostate massager—paired with the cock ring…had been a devastating torment.

And Tom had kept Harry balanced between bliss and denial for so long…Harry had thought he'd go mad.

By the time they'd finished, the cover on Tom's bed had earned its worth…being utterly stained, soaked through, and otherwise ruined for the eyes.

With his body wrung out in ways Harry had never felt before, Tom had proceeded to do all the work of cleaning Harry up…running the Jacuzzi up again and collecting his boy, before settling him within the pleasantly warm waters, imbued with muscle relaxers and soothing oils which did wonders for Harry's strained limbs and fresh internal soreness.

Tom had let Harry soak then with a parting…lingering kiss to his red and puffy lips, whilst he remained drifting in and out of consciousness…until Tom finished stripping the bed and disposing of whatever needed to be got rid of, as well as putting certain *other things* in the wash or storage (after thoroughly sterilizing).

When Tom had slipped into the tub behind Harry, gently washing him off and essentially making like he hadn't just spent the better part of the night into the breaking dawn torturing his boy with overstimulation and inhibited pleasures…which had left him in such a drained state as to be utterly incapable of independent movement…Harry hadn't been lucid enough to be any kind of miffed at him.

The tenderness Tom displayed then had done wonders for soothing Harry's frayed senses and allowing him to decompress after the intensity Tom had pressed upon him.

Tom hadn't neglected the important aftercare once he'd gotten his birthday fix.

Harry couldn't be shocked that it had been what Tom wanted. He only hoped Tom could last a while longer before broaching the topic of doing anything quite as *involved* as all that had gotten…again…

It had only been little over a week since then.

Surely Tom could hold out…

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Harry sighed deeply and relaxed against Tom's chest as Tom kissed the side of his face and did some of his own schoolwork, multitasking in the apartment's office space settled in his comfy chair behind the large desk, with Harry having been invited inside…specifically to keep him company whilst he worked.

Harry had only shook his head when after dinner and joint clean up, Tom had cited a report he had to finish—before asking if Harry would be so kind as to accompany him to his office, for moral support and to fend off boredom from the task.

Harry had maintained that Tom wouldn't be able to work if Harry was distracting him…but Tom had merely smirked and cockily asked, reeling Harry in by the arm, "Do you really think so little of me as to be hindered by your *appetizing* presence?"

To which Harry had rolled his eyes and deadpanned. "Yes."

Tom had only grinned slickly then, and murmured…whilst pulling Harry tight against himself…as one hand trailed downwards to grab a handful of Harry's arse, "If you don't come with me, I'll have to wonder where you are. And *that* would distract me even more. And you wouldn't do that to me…now would you, darling?"

Harry had frowned and grumbled at the warped logic, "What am I supposed to do if you're working? Just stare into space?"

The catty smile on Tom's mouth then should have been warning enough.

"I'm sure we can work something out."

Tom had said—before whisking Harry away into his office space, where he'd promptly lapped him up and kept him trapped there like his favorite accessory.

Harry had squeaked and protested he *wasn't a doll*, and Tom *couldn't possibly work like this* —but Tom had merely pulled out his work with one hand from his desk drawer, grabbed a pen, and began to write.

Successfully derailing Harry's tirade as he elegantly penned the remainder of his report… holding Harry hostage with one arm around his waist and a hand affixed permanently to Harry's thigh the entire time.

There—Harry had been for the better part of an hour.

Not staring into space, but watching…fascinated, as Tom indeed decimated the longhand report…looking for all the world as if he were content with having Harry in his lap saying nothing as he worked, and smiling softly with every shift Harry inadvertently made… brushing against him in such way as to cause inadvertent friction to the gradually stiffening member restrained by his pants.

When Harry began to really feel Tom *rising* beneath him, he made a point to sit as still as possible.

But Tom had only chuckled and readjusted Harry's position, until Harry couldn't avoid it… and now—Harry was in the predicament of being trapped between the desk and a hard place…with Tom finishing off the last of his work and grinding steadily up against him, urging Harry's own need to slowly swell…with no actual attention being bestowed.

"Alright, *Harry*?"

Harry flushed as Tom accompanied his offhand query with a shift beneath him, and Harry swallowed dryly as he replied, "I think I need the toilet..."

Tom pressed an indolent kiss to Harry's neck, whispering smugly, "No…you don't. You *need* me."

"I *want* the toilet, Tom!"

Harry bristled, feeling his member hardening further in his own lap and making an effort not to draw attention to it as he (unsuccessfully) convinced Tom to let him go.

"You mean you can't hold it? Or maybe…you want to hold *it*. Hmm?"

Harry huffed and jumped when Tom's hand migrated between his legs, and promptly *squeezed hard*…sending a shockwave up his spine and causing him to moan shamefully in his throat.

"Feel like you wanna let go? Are you going to *wet* yourself…*darling*?"

As Tom spoke…his voice grew thicker…like honey being dripped through Harry's ears…and his hand moved *back* and *forth*, *up* and *down*…causing Harry to become breathless, wanting more but not wanting to give Tom the satisfaction of seeing him fall apart so easily.

"*Nnnghaa*…do your…*haa*…work!"

Tom smirked and said directly against Harry's ear, "Already finished."

And then Tom's hand was *down* his pants…causing Harry to gasp loudly as he wrapped his dexterous fingers around naked flesh…bringing Harry to the edge rapidly…until Harry felt for sure he would explode into the confines of his pants…only to be stopped at the last second by Tom squeezing the base and cruelly stemming the trickling wave of cum threatening to crest.

"I must admit…you're very *cute* like this…"

Harry panted loudly and held onto the desk as Tom's grip remained, never relaxing whilst Tom held Harry off from his peak.

Harry couldn't see Tom's expression…but he could feel Tom's own *excitement* nudging him below.

And he just knew…that this was going to become a *horrible* habit.

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Tom had never figured he'd be so affected by the reality of Harry's trust in him.

His boy had literally allowed him complete and total free reign on New Year's Eve…and throughout all of his pleasured pains, he'd never once told Tom to *stop*...even as he'd pleaded so *prettily* for mercy.

Tom had been elated.

Something fundamentally broken beneath the surface had been awakened within him…and allowed the gluttony of a healing feast…after a lifetime of starvation and neglect.

It was enough to make him sick with longing. It was enough to hijack his nervous center, already hotwired by his insatiable thirst for Harry…and leave him in an implacable state, unable to allow his boy any measure of personal space any longer.

Because Harry…had been the one to let him in—and Tom was nothing if not endlessly greedy.

All of that *trust* he'd held…all of that *faith* he'd had…Harry had given freely, without reluctance…suffering at Tom's hands…being made beautiful beneath his sweat and tears, until it had been all Tom could do to spread him open and keep thrusting until Harry could hardly breathe without feeling Tom inside…so deep inside he'd never get him out again.

Tom had taken all that Harry had offered. And he resolved to never give any of it away…never to let one iota of it leave his grasping fingers.

Tom had never had someone be so open, so honest, so completely taken over by him. It put him on one hell of a power trip.

To the point that now that they'd made it into the New Year, Tom was loathe to lose any measure of contact with his boy…knowing that with Harry's effective recovery, they'd soon be forced to part.

That Harry would be made to reintegrate in the reality of High school life, amongst young people his age…whom Tom could not keep perfect tabs on in relationship to his boy at all times.

When school resumed in a matter of days—Tom would have to think of some way to not lose immediate custody over Harry.

They'd already (amazingly) worked through the backlog of schoolwork from Harry's comatose days, and as they were caught up…and Harry wasn't exactly falling over his feet any longer, Tom would no longer have a reasonable excuse to keep Harry at the apartment with him.

He supposed he could play up on the injury—cite the need for continued caution for Harry being in a home setting with stairs, as opposed to the safe alternative of Tom's apartment.

But being that Harry would be at Hogwarts again, with a looming threat of stairs—after having been cleared by his doctors, and told only to maintain vigilance and take it as easy as possible—Tom knew he could only stretch that excuse so far.

Lily and James might not collect him right away…but Tom didn't trust that they'd leave Harry in his hands indefinitely…the way he wanted…and so desperately *craved*…

And so…Tom was left making Harry feel he'd grown a human sized tumor, which could not be operated on or detached in the slightest from his person.

It had been his only recourse.

He knew most people would call it excessive, say he was being clingy or overspending his welcome…but Harry wasn't them. Harry was his.

Harry trusted Tom…*explicitly*…and…*he loved him*.

Tom could feel it. He could see it.

He could *know it* now…without the clouds of so many intrinsic insecurities and doubts raining constantly on his possessive parade…by telling him it was only for the moment, only until he loosened his hold and looked away…to let some fool just *try* and take his place…to snatch Harry away.

There would forever be that suspicion that the world was out to steal from him.

Tom would never lose that paranoia.

But he no longer feared Harry himself would forsake him. He no longer thought Harry would suddenly wake up and decide Tom was more insanity than he could handle…that Tom was too much for him to be saddled with.

That Tom was a burden he could unload like so much trash on the side of the road when he no longer had a use for him.

Tom knew…Harry valued him.

Enough to trust Tom would hold him together when he was tearing Harry apart…when he was making Harry bear him to the brink, until his boy could take no more…but had to… because Tom wanted that of him, because Tom wished that of him…

Harry's acceptance of all of him was a gift.

Tom thought…even if Harry were to know what he'd done…Harry would not leave him.

Because Tom had him…because Harry was his, and Tom belonged with Harry…would belong with Harry, for now and for always—even as the world burned to ashes around them.

Harry would never be rid of him.

Tom knew…Harry didn't even want to.

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Having Harry as he had in his office, where he worked his most intricate plots and devious professional schemes…had been the best.

He could've set up with his schoolwork anywhere else, but he'd wanted Harry in his work setting…particularly because it was such a private and restricted place, which Harry had never actively been.

Now he wouldn't be able to think about working in his office without the feeling of Harry sitting in his lap, resting against his chest…panting in his arms when Tom gave in to the urge to take him to the heights and watch him drop off again, all at the touch of his hand.

Tom didn't go so far as to fuck Harry then and there, because wood wasn't the most comfortable thing.

But he had made sure that Harry had come...hard enough to justify Tom carrying him to his bedroom because his legs were weak…and he didn't feel like standing…

And if Tom had proceeded to crawl into bed beside Harry then, divesting them both of their clothes before using Harry's body in ways that kept Harry calling Tom's name long into the remainder of the evening…well…*carpe diem*.

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xXOXx

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When Harry regained consciousness in Tom's arms after their romp in the sheets, it was to Tom staring down at him…carding fingers through his hair and tracing the scar on his forehead.

Realizing Harry's eyes were open, Tom began to speak...almost as if to himself…but not quite.

"You'll be back at Hogwarts soon. You're basically healed. The doctors cleared you at the hospital a few days back…your parents know this. They were there."

Harry nodded, staring back at Tom—wondering where he was going with this.

"They'll want you back home. You won't be able to stay here…with me…forever."

Harry blinked, gazing at the slight furrow developing between Tom's brows and putting it together at last.

"You don't want me to leave." Harry stated, voice a little hoarse but otherwise full of affection.

Tom's eyes narrowed at him, and Harry watched in wonder as soft red began to suffuse Tom's cheeks…riding high and adding a visible warmth to Tom's ivory skin.

"Why do you seem surprised? If I wanted you to leave, I never would have brought you here."

Harry laughed shortly and ran a hand up Tom's side beneath the covers, settling it on Tom's cheek as he whispered, "That is true. Maybe we should run away together."

Tom stared at him so seriously then that Harry felt the breath catch in his throat.

"If we had a place to go, would you come? Truly…would you run away with me?"

Harry shivered, "What about school?"

Tom replied, "There are others."

"What about our parents? What about Luna?"

Tom pressed his lips together, visibly weighing their options before he responded, "Luna will understand, and you…we…can keep contact with her from wherever we go. Your parents… we can figure something out there. They do trust me. And my father is of no consequence."

Harry swallowed hard, "You've really thought about this…huh?"

Tom sighed deeply, "If that is what it takes, then so be it. I will not…I cannot…let us be separated."

Harry pressed his cheek further into the pillow as he stared at Tom, and Tom stared right back…unblinkingly, "You do know…it's unlikely we'd get f-far. And if you're caught, being no longer a minor…that's kidnapping…I think…"

Tom's eyes glinted and Harry began to panic…just a little.

"You discuss this with me, but I doubt you'll really do it. Not because you don't *love* me, but because you…care for too many other people as well…"

Harry's eyelashes fluttered as he blinked rapidly, and then smiled a sheepish little smile, "It is a bit much. I mean…c-considering we have access to each other now…and you're in good standing with my p-parents…why ruin it?"

Harry continued, speaking faster and stumbling over his words as Tom affected an obstinate expression, fingers stalling through his hair as Tom's mouth flattened into a thin line, "Sure—yes. They m-might want me to move back home. But you'd always be welcome…and w-we could still study here during the week. You are my tutor, if you ask Mom…she'll even let me spend the night if y-you tell here there are tests and such…"

"It won't even be a l-lie. You can work around me not staying permanently…and I'm still h-here now…"

Tom still looked highly discontent.

Harry groaned and pinched Tom's cheek, earning himself a frown and bitter looking semi-pout, "How about this. We take it one step at a time—wait until they actually r-request I move back…and go from then. I'll do what I can to be able to stay longer…they've lived without me right there when I was at Griffin. Being here isn't s-so different. I don't want to l-leave either…"

Tom's expression softened and Harry let go of his cheek in order to lean forward and press a kiss to the spot he'd bruised.

Tom had him rolled over and on top of him in the next breath.

Staring down into Tom's hazel eyes and feeling the air charging between them, Harry moaned softly for the feeling of Tom's full frontal nakedness being pressed against his own…as Tom's chest rose and fell beneath him with every breath expanding his lungs.

"You make me illogical." Tom rasped.

Harry grinned lopsidedly, "You make me crazy."

"You were always crazy…I merely helped exacerbate the issue."

Harry snorted a short laugh as Tom smirked at him, and he said lightly, "We'll be crazy and illogical together then…always."

"My…was that a proposal?" Tom widened his eyes playfully, trailing his hands up and down Harry's backside beneath the sheets.

Harry blushed and replied, “If you w-want it to be.”

“I accept.”

Was Tom’s only response, before he captured Harry’s mouth in a kiss, which grew deeper and more involved…as the seconds passed them by.

Harry thought Tom really did make him crazy. Make him consider things he shouldn’t, because yes…he did care about others who cared about him…and if he were to disappear with Tom, they’d be hurt.

But in the back of his mind…that craziness was rotting his morals…and he began to think—running away was sounding better and better every moment.

Because Hogwarts meant very little to him…besides being the place he’d met Tom…and then Luna.

And as he’d said before, he was used to being separated from his parents…and as he was fifteen, it really was only a matter of time before the separation became more permanent…so what was a few years earlier?

If Tom realized just how seriously Harry was contemplating *them*—he’d surely be ready to uproot and put it all in the wind…posthaste.

And this was the only reason Harry didn’t overindulge the notion…because he didn’t want Tom to regret doing it.

Tom was already a junior. All he had to do was wait another year or so, and then he’d be graduated.

Tom had made a name for himself—he was esteemed, and had confidence in all he did.

If he threw that behind him for the sake of *keeping Harry*…whom he already had in all the ways that truly mattered…Harry would feel guilty for the fallout.

He made Tom illogical…*yes*. That much was more than apparent.

But Tom made him crazy…crazier by the day.

Harry could care less about actually attending Hogwarts at this point, but he wanted to be near Tom…and Tom was at Hogwarts, for now. He was Harry’s tutor because of teachers at Hogwarts giving their blessings.

Harry’s parents wanted him to graduate, and Harry didn’t really want to waste all his years of successive schooling.

But it was such a far off notion at this point…and Harry…he liked the security being with Tom offered him, when the world was already mad and growing madder by the day.

He didn't have to think about what was next, or what he should be doing with his life when Tom was added into the equation.

Tom more than readily took the reins and made Harry's head fill with nothing but him.

How Tom felt about them...what Tom wanted from him…how he could assist Tom in what he did and be there for Tom when he needed him. What he could offer Tom which Tom didn't want to get from anybody else…and hadn't gotten from anyone else in all this time.

Tom was easy to focus on. Harry enjoyed that ease.

It was hard enough growing up and wondering what to be doing with yourself. When Harry had no true ambitions as of yet, and was basically average in everything…with no particular focus on anything.

His art was fun. He even got to use Tom to enhance it.

But Harry didn't have a notion of taking his art to professional levels…it just didn't call to him like that. It was a hobby.

When considering any kind of profession, Harry hadn't a clue where his heart rested… beyond what he had with Tom. But that wasn't reasonable…that was crazy.

To be putting so much of his life into one person…even one person so…*amazing*…as Tom… was crazy.

Harry knew this. And he still couldn't stop.

It was turning into a black hole, the longer they spent together…sequestered away from the world. Harry had legitimate anxiety about leaving the apartment to go back to school.

It didn't feel comfortable. It made him feel awkward.

It didn't help that he barely knew anyone at all, as he hadn't been close to his classmates before the accident…and Luna…was Luna.

Other people just hadn't entered his sphere of reference, and now…he was being expected to get back out there amongst them all.

Harry didn't like to think about it. But he didn't want to alert Tom to his turmoil…because that would be crazy.

And Tom was already being illogical about him. Considering Harry above all else and threatening to throw away all he'd built in order to maintain his hold upon Harry…who really wasn't worth all the trouble.

Harry knew Tom would've been better…even more successful and far less hassled…without him.

But he wasn't about to let go…because he was crazy…because Tom made him crazy, and Harry didn't want to lose him—not now or ever.

Tom was illogical about Harry…yes.

But Harry was crazy about Tom.

And when crazy and illogical got together…they made insanity. And what Harry had with Tom was insanity at its finest…an insanity he didn't want to recover from, because the alternative was reality.

And reality never was a kind mistress…to those trapped within her grasp.

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The investigation was going about as well as he had expected.

The only lead they had now were Ms. Pettigrew's phone records, leading them back to one Bathilda Bagshot at the nearby old folk's home…whom they were scheduled to be interviewing this evening about her ties to young Peter.

It wasn't unusual for kids to go missing throughout the year. A lot of them runaways and dropouts, with bad home lives or significant others they were chasing after.

But the matter of young Peter's disappearance was unsettling, not merely because it had gone so irresponsibly unreported for so long by his own mother…but because it had gone so unreported for so long *period*.

It was as though no one had missed the kid at all.

Which was highly irregular, as most kids nowadays were connected...in one way or another to their peer groups…and somebody always knew something.

But they'd received no additional calls about Peter over the holidays or any anonymous tips at all.

The only thing they had to go one was the call from Bathilda at the rest home. Who as it turns out…was a rather diminutive old woman, whom you'd never expect to have any dealings with a high schooler like Peter in any capacity.

It was baffling—the whole thing.

"Officer Kingsley…I would offer you tea, but as you can see—I haven't the facilities."

Kingsley smiled and gestured calmly to the old woman rocking back and forth in a chair across the way, "It's alright, Ms. Bagshot. I have no plans to intrude longer than necessary.

This is my partner, Officer Tonks."

"It's good to meet you both. Please have a seat. And do call me Bathilda."

"Yes ma'am. Now…what can you tell us about Peter Pettigrew?"

Kingsley settled into investigation mode, pulling out a pencil and pad as his partner did the same.

"Peter was…is…an odd boy, I'll grant you. He was good about visiting…never late without cause…"

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"Thank you for your cooperation, Ms. Bathilda. We will follow up on this. The album with that…Riddle, was it…? I suppose may be at his home."

Bathilda smiled wearily and said, "He told me he keeps it in a safe place. But I couldn't say for certain it is at home with his mother."

Kingsley sighed and nodded, "Never hurts to check. Otherwise, you have a good day ma'am. If anything else should crop up…"

"Feel free to call on me again. I've told you most all that I know…but…I hate to speculate without cause…"

"Don't worry, Ms. Bathilda. We're on the case now. If there's anything to sniff out, you can count on Kingsley and I to get to the bottom of it."

Officer Tonks smiled warmly down at the old woman, who stared up at her for a moment and finally nodded.

"I'll leave it to you both then. Do let me know when you find him…"

"Certainly—you have a good evening."

And with that, Kingsley and his partner Tonks left the rest home with their notes and a possible piece to the puzzle which was Peter's disappearance.

Back in their squad car, Tonks began muttering, "Sounds to me like the kid was a stalker. Who makes a whole album with only one person in it? And another guy at that…probably had a thing for him…"

Kingsley grumbled under his breath, "Ms. Pettigrew didn't know enough to tell us anything important. Not even her son's hobbies or *preferences*…I hate to go back to her but we need to search the boy's room."

Tonks hummed under her breath. “I doubt if he’d spent so much time making an album like that, that he’d let it be too far from him. I’ll bet you it’s hidden in his room somewhere. We need to see it.”

Kingsley grunted and turned onto the street leading back to headquarters.

“Riddle…that name sounds familiar. I just can’t place it right now…”

Tonks kept muttering to herself until they pulled into the parking lot and the vehicle lurched to a stop.

“Oh! I remember! That case—the one in Durmstrang with the Malfoys and such. The name Riddle came up…nothing came of it…but they’re big enough on the investment scene to have ties to the mess happening cross the border somehow.”

Kingsley raised an eyebrow and got out of the car. Tonks was right at his heels.

“What are the chances that the person Peter was stalking…caught wind of it…and did something about it?”

Kingsley sighed and reprimanded the woman, “Officer Tonks—that is quite a leap of speculation without cause. We need to investigate this step by step before calling foul. Once we have the album and confirm the identity of Peter’s target, we’ll have words with him… and find out more about what he knows.”

“You gotta admit—it’s an awful strange sorta loop.” Tonks frowned.

Kingsley pat her on the shoulder, “Be that as it may, we can’t call it more than what it is without evidence. Right now…we’re gathering the intel…so do not let your personal suspicions cloud your judgement of the facts.”

“Yes sir. I’ll remain objective.” Tonks was quick to reassure her supervisor. It wasn’t her place to go out on limbs and leave behind the investigation in favor of her hunches.

She wasn’t yet seasoned enough to justify that kind of faith in her abilities. But still…Tonks couldn’t put the thought that something stunk with this case.

And it got worse and worse the longer she sniffed at it.

One way or another, she’d have her suspicions looked into and confirm or reject her hypothesis.

All it’d take is a bit of patience.

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“Are you still sulking, sweetie? You haven’t touched your pudding…”

Draco rolled his eyes for his wife’s wheedling tone, and pointedly sighed and pushed his bowl of pudding away from him at the dinner table, before standing up and saying, “I’ll be in my office. There’s something I forgot to handle. Go on and get cleaned up, I’ll join you later.”

Pansy pouted and signaled for the maid with a little bell at her elbow. “Alright…don’t be long, I think I’m ovulating.”

When Draco didn’t even break stride away from the table, Pansy frowned and squirmed in her seat. Usually if she mentioned ovulating…implying there was a chance to get her good and knocked up, Draco would come out of his funks and get down to business.

She thought he had his priorities worked out on that front…even if she was still doing her best to sabotage that, in order to keep from being put well aside in favor of her fertilized womb.

Maybe it was time she quit being duplicitous and make an actual effort to start a family.

It could be Draco was bored with all his paperwork and high living, to the point where he needed the distraction of fatherhood.

Even if he didn’t *love* Pansy, she could provide him with whatever it was he required to take his mind off his troubles…if only until he realized what he had and learned to appreciate her.

Optimistically…Pansy decided to start weaning herself off her birth control.

If holding back was pushing Draco away, then she’d do her damndest to cement their bond through blood. No matter what—she’d make sure she had a place by Draco’s side.

He’d come around…surely.

She was the best thing for him. He’d see.

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Alternatively sulking and seething in his office, with a tumbler of whiskey and memories of the New Year’s Party at Riddle Manor to keep him company…Draco sighed heavily.

It could be that he’d lost his touch. Or was losing it…but really, where did that kid get off punching him?

Draco would’ve laid him out flat for the attack, had Tom not come when he did…threatening him like that.

Draco still shuddered when he remembered Tom's fingers at his neck, and his threat to break it. With the power in that boy's hands…Draco hadn't been able to doubt he could carry out such a threat.

And so, he'd run off with his tail between his legs…leaving both Tom and Harry Potter well alone.

The thing eating at him now…was his own naiveté in thinking he could come between an obviously established pair of young people, far below his usual pay grade.

He wasn't a stranger to infidelity—not in the least, but he usually knew when to back off from a prospect because it wouldn't work.

Draco just wanted to know what was so special about that Harry that his original target Tom would only look at him…to the exclusion of all others.

It stung at his homewrecker's pride being manhandled like that.

Draco had never felt insecure about his prowess and charms. He'd always been able to get what he wanted, however briefly he had it before it came back to its senses.

He was loath to believe that he'd been rejected twice over by his target and the one his target had set his eyes on.

It wasn't fair.

Draco already had to deal with a loveless marriage to a woman he could only tolerate enough to get his rocks off, but now…he had to worry he was getting too old for his side dalliances.

That he was perhaps losing his attractiveness to…*gag*…adulthood.

It was demoralizing.

Something in him wanted to go out and immediately try again. Somewhere more accommodating, like a club or something…

But if he was spotted in there and it got back to the papers, his father would have him strung up and penalized. Not to mention the ire of the Parkinson's.

It wasn't easy finding his ilk in the dried up pool that was his current locale.

He'd basically sampled all the good stuff already and was hurting for something better. It just rankled that what he thought could've been better turned out to be such a fuckup…on both accounts.

When did it get so hard to have a simple no strings liaison?

Draco could feel a migraine resurfacing, and he took another long swig from his tumbler.

Nothing for it—if he couldn't have sex, he'd have money…and lots of it.

If nothing else, he could make good on all that investment knowledge the Riddles were forking over and steal a few good contracts on the flipside for himself…if only to make up for his wounded pride.

That'd teach Tom to threaten him.

He'd better make his next project a good one. No more small fries.

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Harry would be starting school back Tuesday.

It'd been cleared by the doctors the earlier in the week. Lily had been relieved, but worried.

With Harry safe on level ground beneath Tom's watchful eye, she hadn't worried about him sustaining any further damage.

But with the rebooting of the year, she now had to worry about him being back out in society unaided. As far as she knew, he was stable now. The doctors had only told him to continue to take it easy.

Tom had done a wonderful job—was still doing a wonderful job with keeping Harry on top of all his lessons and healthful behaviors.

It had gotten to the point where Lily began to think of letting Harry stay with Tom until the school year ended…if only for him to have a consistent health monitor and live-in tutor to coach him.

It felt like a selfish notion though…Lily had to admit.

To expect Tom to keep watching over Harry in full health, as if he owed their family continued dedication to her son.

Lily knew Tom enjoyed spending time with Harry, as he'd said as much before…but she didn't want to pressure Tom into taking care of him when it wasn't actually necessary.

"What do you think, James?"

Lily rolled over in bed and tapped her husband, rousing him from slumber just as he was beginning to drift off.

"…mmhm…'bout what?"

"Is it time we brought Harry home again?" Lily asked.

"…what for? Has he…*(yawn)*…said something?" James eyes squinted at Lily in the dark, and she sighed heavily before rolling over onto her back.

"Of course not…he seems really happy…last time he called…"

James huffed a short laugh and pulled Lily to him, kissing her forehead and murmuring offhand, "Then don't sweat it. Harry's a big boy…he can decide when he's ready to come home…"

"But Tom…"

"Doesn't mind—and hasn't tried to get rid of Harry yet."

Lily grumbled and laughed softly.

"I suppose you're right…I just…don't you think we're always passing Harry around?"

James sighed. "Yes…but it couldn't be helped before…you know that. At least now, he wants to be where he's at."

Lily felt her chest tighten before getting progressively lighter. "There is that."

And finally…she allowed herself to be soothed to sleep.

James was right. Harry would tell them when he wanted to come home. And as he wasn't in any danger…it couldn't hurt to leave him right where he was, in the place he felt happiest and most secure.

If Tom had a problem, he was man enough to say so.

And with that in mind…Lily drifted off.

All worries aside—a new year had begun, and they could only wait and see what would come next.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

And there you have it! 😄 A normal length chapter for the beginning of the actual year —yay!♥💗💓🤍

I do hope nobody got bored, and it didn't all feel like one big filler…😄

I recently popped over to another fandom (-HunterXHunter-) and have been getting hassled with additional bunnies which wouldn't leave me alone until they got hatched.

🙄

But I am thankful our Violations weren't taken off course or left in the dust at all! 🥂

I don't know if there are any (HisoGon shippers) in the audience, but just in case—that's my other OTP (for which I'm going to hell), but have so much side inspiration coming for that it's become quite distracting. 😉😄😗

Ugh…but away from that bit of deviancy, I am quite satisfied with this -28th Violation-, and look forward to hearing back from all you lovely peeps in the comments. 🤎

Feel free to spitball any plot devices. My muses be ravenous bastards with no filter, and so…anything still goes, really. 🙏

Until next time,

Take care ~ 🌺🐍○

29th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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29th Violation

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The dawn of Tuesday broke no louder than a whisper.

When Harry awoke, it was before Tom…to the first light sneaking through a crack in the curtains, licking him eagerly on the nose.

They had elected to sleep in Harry's designated bed the night before, and Harry awoke in the aftermath of their typical nightly activities feeling pleasantly sore…and rejuvenated.

He'd long since gotten used to Tom's treatment of his body, and at this point it was like walking around with a permanent stamp of Tom's name logoed across his arse.

One thing he wasn't looking forward to was going back to school…but he couldn't hide away forever, he knew. It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be reasonable.

Tom was supposed to be the irrational one…not Harry.

Harry still had three years or so to get through before he was no longer a high schooler.

Tom would be out in the world good and proper, with credits galore and a sparkling resume to his name…long before Harry caught up.

It was a depressing thought in more than one way.

Harry knew he shouldn't…but he was reliant upon Tom, what Tom brought to his life, the way Tom made him feel…like everything was centered round their relationship and all the rest of the world was pure white noise…inconsequential nonsense in the face of their duality.

Harry knew better than to really let himself be carried away by Tom.

He knew he shouldn't encourage the codependency between them…shouldn't revel in having Tom's focus, his undivided attention…that this was just setting them both up to be killed by separation at some point…

But he couldn't help it.

It was consuming…mind numbing, comfortably seductive…as a spider's web wrapping all around his sensibilities…being sucked dry of decent thoughts the longer he fell beneath the

gravity which was Tom…always Tom…bearing down on him.

Harry took a shaky breath in and out, glancing down at Tom stretched out beside him… looking so peaceful, with more illusory innocence being projected off his unconscious features than was perhaps fair.

Harry smiled gently and reached out to smooth a stray curl to the side of Tom's ivory forehead.

If only moments like these could last forever.

He didn't want to leave the warmth of their shared sheets, but…it'd be best to rip the Band-Aid off before he lost his nerve and succumbed to a lie-in for however short a time they had before school began.

At the very least—Harry thought he could get showered, dressed, and maybe have breakfast on the table for Tom…if he was quick about it.

Harry crept out of bed, pulling on his discarded underwear to trek barefooted down the hall into the bathroom.

As Tom slept on, Harry completed his ablutions solo for the first time in a long time…and slowly eased himself into the mindset of being a functional high schooler again.

Vacation was over.

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Bright and early Tuesday morning, the first day Hogwarts was set to be back in session after the holidays…Luna could be found doing her yoga routine in the rising sun.

As she stretched her body and prepared her mind to handle the world, Luna inadvertently thought about Christmas again…and like always, it brought a smile to her face.

That had been utterly wonderful. She hadn't had such a good time in what felt like ages.

Best of all, her Dad had been on the same page with all the festivities and relaxation...in a place they'd once shared as a threesome with her mother.

It was cathartic...and even though it could've been sad, it wasn't.

It had been honoring the memory of everything they'd once had…and what they still held onto and stood to enjoy out of life together now.

Luna was grateful…so grateful to have met Harry, and subsequently the Potters…who were now definitely part of her extended family.

And that moment beneath the tree with Harry and Tom both…it had been…*amazing*. She'd felt warmed through and through—and Tom being inclusive of her in such a way had driven home the fact that she now had *friends*.

Honest to goodness friends…whom she cared for, and who didn't scorn her in the least for her oddities.

It made every day waking up now a true blessing…and she wouldn't have it any other way.

This sense of wellbeing with all being stable and situated in her life…was grounding. It made her feel strong and stable, fully integrated in her skin in ways that made it easy to remain positive and just keep breathing through all the bleakness life would otherwise offer up to her.

Completing her final set of stretches, Luna set about getting herself freshened up and readied for the day.

All the while wondering if Harry would be back at school now…because she hadn't heard from him or Tom since the New Year began.

Luna hadn't wanted to pressure Tom into splitting the remaining holiday with her, as she wasn't heartless and could only imagine he wanted to maximize his own break with Harry exclusively.

Luna had already had a wonderful Christmas, anyhow…so that was enough.

It was enough to know both her friends were happy together right now. Luna didn't feel the need to be overmuch in the way.

They'd have time aplenty together with the resuming of the school year…there was no need for excessive hovering.

She'd come to an understanding with Tom, and Harry had never iced her out at all…so there was nothing for Luna to worry about anymore.

Being forgotten was the last worry on her mind.

Now—it was all about making more precious memories with the ones she loved.

The savory scent of breakfast drifted up the stairs into her room, and Luna smiled dreamily as she twisted the last braid and ribbon through her hair before skipping out the door.

What a perfect way to start the day.

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When Tom awoke at last, it was to a rude excess of sun pouring over his face…the aroma of hot food being cooked up in the kitchen, and a bed vacant of his Harry.

Disgruntled with his grasping fingers searching the empty side of the bed for Harry's body, Tom squinted his eyes open on a grumble of Harry's name as he realigned his oddly sluggish self with the reality of morning.

"…Harry..?"

Tom's voice came gravelly with sleep, and he sat up rubbing at his eyes and running a hand through his disheveled hair as he searched for the aforementioned teen.

"Tom!"

Harry's voice rang out happily from the kitchen, and Tom drank in the sight of Harry all dressed in his Hogwarts uniform with rolled up sleeves beneath Tom's apron, grinning with a spatula clutched in one hand.

"I was beginning to think you'd sleep straight through breakfast."

Harry said without any trace of stutter, and Tom blinked with a partially opened mouth as Harry turned away to tend to something simmering on the stove.

"You're up…early…"

Tom finally managed, before sighing heavily and standing from the rumpled bed… completely starkers and unashamed as Harry turned back around with the frying pan in his hand, only to fumble and nearly drop the thing with a burning red face for Tom's state of undress.

"G-GAH! Put s-something on!"

Harry shouted with a renewed stammer—sounding more embarrassed than angry, even as Tom grinned broadly back at him and rested a hand on his naked hip…staring at Harry with mischief and amusement radiating off his handsome features…as he further mussed his ebony bedhead and replied in a sultry *purr*, "It's not like you haven't seen it all before. We're both *guys*. Why suddenly so shy?"

Harry glared Tom down—pointedly keeping his eyes above the neckline as he shakily plated the oval pancakes he'd fried up.

"I'm cooking! S-stop being a menace…"

Tom drifted a few steps across the floor, until he was midway between the hall and kitchen.

Harry flinched bodily as his gaze compulsively strayed lower…and landed directly on Tom's awakening cock, which was rising higher and higher into the air, the more attention Harry gave it.

"But darling…I'm so *hungry*…won't you feed me?"

Harry shut his eyes tight and turned blindly away from Tom to put the empty skillet in the sink, allowing the sizzling water he hit it with to drag his mind out of the gutter Tom had kicked him into.

“We have p-pancakes and eggs. Go get ready and then you can eat.”

Harry near jumped out of his skin…as a hand materialized beneath his apron, and he jerked his head to the side with a racing heartbeat to see Tom standing directly behind him…utterly bare, and licking his lips salaciously as Harry automatically shut off the water and stood frozen.

How he hadn’t heard Tom slipping up behind him could only attest to his destroyed brain cells…who’d committed suicide at the sight of Tom’s full frontal.

“I want meat.”

Harry swallowed thickly, and Tom’s hand deftly undid his belt and the zipper to his pants.

“I-I’ll fry some b-b-bacon…”

Tom smirked and murmured, “But I also want warm *milk*…”

Right before plunging his hand into Harry’s boxers—taking a firm, encompassing hold of Harry’s member…beneath the cover of the hanging apron.

Harry trembled and his knees buckled, but Tom easily held him upright as he stroked…and *squeezed*…and kept stroking…until Harry was a mess to behold…panting hard and red faced…death gripping the sink’s edge as Tom skillfully pumped him until his climax was but a breath away from cresting…

“Won’t you *give it*?”

Tom stressed his words on a final *hard*, *constricted* pull…and he moaned deeply in pleasure as he felt Harry shudder spasmodically and slump against him… as the coveted warm seed coated Tom’s hand and the insides of Harry’s boxers, stickily soiling the flimsy fabric.

“There it is…” Tom chuckled, and languidly dragged his messy hand from between Harry’s quivering thighs and beneath the apron, to examine the viscous white fluid coating his palm and fingers.

Harry’s chest heaved up and down, and Tom tenderly kissed the side of his boy’s neck… drawing Harry’s heavy lidded gaze to his own darkened hazel… before making a filthy show of licking the boy’s essence from his hand…as if it was the most *decadent* thing on earth.

Harry just stared…mind shutting down as Tom successfully broke his brain.

“Mmm…*delicious*…”

Tom groaned throatily, and it sounded so debauched that Harry promptly colored a red two shades darker.

Up against his backside, Harry could feel Tom's own naked hardness pressing against him…a poised, loaded weapon…and he shivered as Tom whispered, "I think you need another shower…you've made quite the mess in your pants."

Harry bit his lip and glared weakly at the older teen, now smiling so unapologetically down at him.

"…whose f-fault…do you think that was?"

Tom smirked, and his face shone with canary mirth as he proceeded to casually wipe the remainder of stickiness from his hand upon Harry's bare stomach…beneath his shirt.

"*Oh dear*…are we pointing fingers now?"

Harry sighed heavily and threw his head back against Tom's shoulder, shutting his eyes tight and succumbing to his personal incubus…before going up on his tiptoes to reach, and sharply bite at the lobe of Tom's left ear.

"C-come on…or breakfast will be cold…"

Tom grinned easily—savoring the throbbing sting of the love-bite on his earlobe, whilst he untied the apron from above Harry's pert backside…helping his boy out of the thing and tossing it carelessly on the countertop…before steering Harry ahead, marching them both down the hall to the bathroom.

So much for waking up early and getting all cleaned up on his lonesome…Harry internally lamented…it had been a *nice try*.

Harry only felt the slightest twinge of annoyance as Tom divested him of his otherwise fresh uniform and soiled boxers.

That was the last time he got up early to make the bastard breakfast.

All Tom apparently wanted to eat…was *him.*

For the next half hour and some, Harry allowed himself to be manhandled and molested within the shower.

By the time they got out—breakfast was indeed stone cold, and Tom was the most bushy-tailed and presentable of the two.

Harry could only grumble and bitterly curse the now glowing teen as he pettily scarfed down the remains of their breakfast, to the endless praises of Tom—thanking him verbosely for all his sweet efforts.

Honestly…if every morning turned out like this…

He'd never walk straight at school again.

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Because of his altered home location, Harry naturally wound up riding to school in Tom's car…rather than on his usual bus.

He wasn't complaining, but he did feel utterly spoiled—because it was cold out, and he was sitting shotgun…ensconced in a comfortable seat, strapped down with cozy heat blowing, and Tom for company in the driver's seat as the radio played on some instrumental station Tom was swift to punch on.

Their morning had been eventful enough, but now they were both truly going back to being students.

"It's weird…going back…"

Harry murmured aloud, garnering a sideways glance from Tom as they drifted down the road.

"It is. If I had my way…you wouldn't be."

Harry blinked and looked at Tom's profile. He was serious as the plague. Harry felt his mouth being tugged up at the corner, and he affected a tender expression for his obsessive lover.

Geez…Tom was even more upset than him.

"Are we still going to study on the seventh floor?" Harry asked curiously, wincing as Tom shot him a glinting *look* before responding definitively, "No."

Harry swallowed—throat suddenly parched…as worry gripped and shook his heart.

"You are still t-tutoring me…right?"

Tom snorted. "Naturally—and you'll remain my charge."

A tidal wave of relief washed over Harry, and he exhaled and relaxed into his seat before inquiring, "That's good…but where will we study?"

Tom sighed, "Hogwarts is immense. There are a number of suitable *secluded* places on site. I'll have somewhere picked out by the time I retrieve you this afternoon."

Harry nodded and stared ahead at the passing scenery.

"I thought the seventh floor…was your favorite…"

Tom's hands tightened on the wheel, and his gaze remained stoically affixed to the road as he muttered, "It was."

Harry frowned and began to feel guilty for tarnishing Tom's spot…before a familiar hand materialized on his upper thigh, and Tom continued, "No hideout is worth endangering your

safety. Anywhere you can't get to and from without incident is not viable."

"I'm sure I could make it…"

Harry tried—only to be cut off by Tom, "No. We will meet elsewhere. It is no loss. Stop worrying. You're still *mine* at any other place. Don't think the scenery will affect our time."

Harry licked his lips and smiled.

Tom's hand remained affixed to his person, and Harry impulsively laced their fingers together.

Tom had it all figured out. Harry needn't have worried at all.

All that really mattered was that they wouldn't be losing out on any of their time together… and that Tom wasn't giving up his monopoly on Harry without divine intervention.

That was an endless comfort.

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The morning hustle and bustle of Hogwarts was jarring as opposed to their previous sequestered state.

Striding into the school building at Tom's side, with Tom leading him by the hand beyond the crowded dining hall, and early to his homeroom…which of course, Tom knew—Harry felt distinctly exposed to the world at large.

He supposed he'd just have to get used to the people overload again.

It was time to slip back into the skin of his social niceties, and maybe get to know who the rest of his classmates actually were.

Tom might not like the idea of Harry being friendly away from Luna, but Harry couldn't last the remainder of his high school days without being at least a little more sociable with his peers.

He'd be stuck with them for another three years after all.

"Here you are."

Tom stopped next to the door to Harry's homeroom, and Harry stared up at him questioningly as Tom kept tight hold of Harry's hand and stared blankly ahead.

Tom's shoulders were stiff, his posture straight as ever…projecting confidence and solidarity not easily shook.

“Tom…?”

Harry squeezed Tom’s hand with his own, and Tom finally looked down at him…eyes shining with some undefinable emotion…similar to regret, with a shadow of possessiveness…

“I’ll be back for you at fifth period. You have your phone. If anything should happen…text. Or call. I will pick up.”

Harry laughed awkwardly, averting his eyes with a light flush. Tom was so serious…like Harry was going to war or something…and not merely attending classes.

“Yeah…I’ll remember. Y-you shouldn’t worry. I’ll be fine. What’s the worst that could… happen…?”

Harry trailed off with a lump in his throat as Tom’s expression grew more than a little constipated, with self-recrimination and an old horror simmering in haunted hazel depths.

That look made something unpleasantly cold settle in Harry’s gut.

“Sorry…that was poor word choice…”

Tom cleared his throat and said quietly, staring down into guilty emeralds brighter than any green found in nature…as he spoke through his own pavlovian reaction to being separated from Harry whilst under the same roof, “Don’t apologize. I am on edge. It’s been a while since you’ve been in public…alone. I will get used to the notion soon. For now…take care, and contact me…whenever the mood strikes. I like knowing you’re alright.”

Harry chewed his lower lip, staring up at Tom as the world narrowed to just the two of them again.

Without thinking about it…Harry stepped forward and tugged Tom down to his level, until their foreheads touched…and he said seriously…in an effort to relieve Tom’s pervasive anxiety, while feeling his own pulse calming for the advent of shared unsteadiness, “You won’t lose me. No matter what…I’ll be here. You’ll see. You’ll have to throw me away yourself first.”

“Never.”

Harry smiled for the typical knee jerk response.

“I’ll see you soon. Relax…*I love you*.”

Tom’s arm encircled Harry’s shoulders, and he pulled Harry close until their bodies were flush…as he kissed his boy’s lips hard…not caring who might see.

Breaking away after a drawn out press…Tom said against Harry’s lips, “I love you too… *Harry*… only you…*forever*.”

In the next heartbeat, Tom was stepping away…and Harry found himself staring dazedly after Tom's disappearing backside, being swiftly swallowed by the flow of students…now clogging the halls, racing to their respective homerooms.

Was this healthy…? No…it could never be.

But…Harry couldn't suppress a wide, contagious smile…it felt *good*—so very, very good.

And that was enough to justify it all.

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Going through the day, counting down the hours until he could see Harry again…was a tedious affair.

Tom was driven to distraction…checking his phone surreptitiously throughout second period—with Professor Snape floating through the room, lecturing the AP class on their next big lab project—hoping for some message from Harry which he might've somehow missed during his obsessive diligence.

"…I suggest you choose your partners well, as there will be no switching later on. This assignment will be half your final grade. If you slack off now, you are liable to fail this course. Take it serious. I will not be lenient come May."

Professor Snape settled at the front of the room, his black suit stretched along his spectrally tall figure, making him appear similar to the Grim Reaper…as he impressed upon his most advanced students in his velvety voice, the importance of this official segment.

Tom looked away from his phone just in time to catch the Professor's gaze looking back at him, and a ghost of a smirk crossed the man's face as he added, "You will be expected to work with your partners throughout every phase of this project. Should the work be unbalanced, your grades will reflect your partner's slack. Do not attempt to work solo. It will be your downfall."

Tom suppressed a harsh scowl, and stared stoically as Snape looked away from him (specifically) to address the rest of the room.

The Professor knew Tom hated working with others.

It went against every mode of efficiency Tom valued. He just worked so much better on his own.

It was borderline cruel to make their final grade hinge upon a paired assignment. But Tom knew if the Professor insisted on them working together, it meant this project was particularly volatile and required an extra set of hands.

So as much as he hated the notion…he needed to at least field out the best partner.

Oh the joys of the New Year.

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Getting back into the rhythm of school wasn't as hard as all that.

There were even quite a few students who came up to him welcoming him back, and inquiring about his health. Because of course everybody knew he'd taken a fall.

It wasn't often that Hogwarts had such prolific accidents. Thus—Harry's return was duly noted and remarked upon.

By third period, Harry had become familiarized with the majority of his classmates—going so far as to learn quite a few names.

When he saw Luna sitting apart from the clusters with her usual dreamy expression, staring out the window in her desk on the far side of the room—Harry made a beeline for her.

Their teacher hadn't yet entered the room, and it was the first time he'd seen her in person since Christmas.

"Hey you…"

Harry smiled and slid into the desk adjacent Luna's, feeling warmed internally as Luna immediately looked in his direction and graced him with a beaming smile of her own.

"Hello Harry, I was hoping you'd make it. I trust your holidays ended pleasantly with Tom?"

Harry went a little red, but scratched his cheek and replied, "They were g-great. Thanks…I was worried I'd have a hard time coming back. But it's been okay so far…and I'm glad to see you again."

Luna twirled a braid absently around her finger, and she said, "It feels like forever and not long at all. How strange…the way time slips when you're enjoying yourself…"

Harry laughed shortly. "Unfair…isn't it?"

Luna's lips quirked in some private amusement, before she replied breezily, "If life was fair, the game would be balanced…and everyone would have a chance. Instead—combinations of luck and providence rig the board."

Harry sighed. "So are we just lucky…or destined?"

Luna gazed at Harry for the longest time, before gracing him with a smile tempered by affection and gentle devotion, “I believe we are both. Our meeting was quite lucky. And I feel we are destined to remain good friends forever.”

Harry blinked, and he felt a slight tug at his heart…like the ghost of an ache he didn’t know quite how to define.

“…yeah…that sounds good. I think I can live with that.”

Luna kept right on smiling. And to Harry…she shone brighter than the fullest moon in a sea of stars.

There was something to be said for appreciating the majesty of the celestial.

Even when you could do naught but admire...and know every time you look up, it will be there. A fixed point in the universe you will always orbit around.

No matter how far into the darkness your ship travels.

Certain lights will remain.

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At the end of third period—Harry and Luna traversed the halls arm in arm up to their next shared class on the third level.

Luna hummed happily as they drifted along in companionable ease, and she remained affixed at Harry’s side once they hit the first flight of stairs.

Harry didn’t hesitate to ascend…even though he could feel a nausea developing in his gut for the change in altitude. Luna’s presence helped immensely to stave off the instinctive vertigo, which had gotten better…but still lingered on the fringe of his awareness.

Harry was grateful to be able to hold onto her, and he glanced sideways and down to meet warm silver staring back at him….even as Luna measured her pace to keep up with Harry’s determined, but careful steps.

Once they reached the top safely, Luna squeezed Harry’s arm reassuringly and said, “Don’t worry. You’ll get used to it again. Just let your body adjust itself. Repetition does wonders for the psyche.”

“I just c-can’t help but remember…the way I fell…and then…nothing. It’s surreal…scary…”

Luna nodded sympathetically, and a hint of steel entered her eyes. Harry didn’t make note of her sharpened countenance as she slipped into her own haunted reverie.

That *person*…the one who'd caused everything…who'd near ruined *everything*…

Luna didn't know what happened exactly…but she knew Tom had taken care of it. And it was a relief…but also—a warning.

If that one snake was hiding in the grass all that time, who was to say another couldn't slither up and decide to strike?

Harry was vulnerable.

There was no telling what could happen should he be left unattended.

Luna didn't want him to think she was babysitting or anything…but she did intend to be there as much as possible for her friend.

Tom would approve of such. And between the both of them, Harry would be well insulated…as much as he could be in a place as big as Hogwarts—with as many unknown variables.

"We're here. Come on—looks like Professor Flitwick is already at the board."

Harry's voice tore Luna out of her uncharacteristically dark musings…and she shook her head slightly with a quirky smile, channeling positivity as Harry pulled her into English Lit. behind the turned back of the diminutive professor, who was indeed writing on the board.

The majority of the class was already present, but Harry and Luna got good seats beside each other near the center of the room.

Not too close and not too far from the front, so they could converse undercover—but didn't run the risk of missing any information on the board.

"Is that…a schedule for our final assignments?"

Luna hung her school bag on the back of her chair, extracting the necessary supplies and putting them in accessible locations on the desk, before glancing over the board properly.

"It appears so. And look—we're to be in groups. Apparently the biggest thing is a research project to be completed in teams."

Harry heaved a sigh. "I guess it's lucky we don't have to do everything on our own. That is a lot of material…and we can pick our members. Wanna team up?"

Luna smiled. "I'd be honored—and now we only need two more."

"Alright class. I trust you've all had happy holidays. And welcome back Mr. Potter!"

Professor Flitwick greeted the room at large, and Harry smiled sheepishly as a number of eyes landed on him. It was a mite bit uncomfortable to be the center of attention.

"Thank you, s-sir. It's good to be here…"

Professor Flitwick smiled genially and tapped the board with his pointer. Drawing all eyes ahead and beginning to give the official rundown of their assignments.

“As you know—finals are approaching fast. And there are only a few months left in the school year. All of you will be expected to complete at least one major group project before moving on from the freshman class.”

Collective groans and curses could be heard around the room.

Harry sympathized…truly, as he wasn’t crazy about research on a good day. But at least the load would be split.

“None of that now, I assure you—it won’t be that bad. I’m not heartless.”

Professor Flitwick teased, before clearing his throat and getting down to the details.

It took half the class period for him to cover all the specifics of the project and what was expected, but by the time he got to the group members—the students were chattering excitedly amongst themselves and grouping up with their friends and best mates.

Harry and Luna sat quietly and watched as the numbers of available group members dwindled.

“You think we should snag somebody random?” Harry asked.

Luna shook her head with an unconcerned look. “They will come on their own. Whoever is left…we can work with. It’ll be simpler not to intrude on the selections.”

Harry hummed and leaned back in his seat, crossing his arms and pursing his lips as the numbers whittled down more and more…until he could spot next to no one still floating about.

Just when he was about to suggest being more than passive, he felt a tap at his shoulder…and looked up to meet two identical, grinning faces.

“Hello there.”

“We noticed—“

“—you sitting here on your lonesome—“

“—and decided to drop in.”

Harry blinked at the two boys, going cross-eyed as he stared up…a little dumbfounded for the tennis game speech.

“Forge and Gred…how nice of you to join us.”

Luna’s breezy voice floated through the air, and Harry tilted his head, glancing at her in askance.

“Those are…odd names.”

The one on the left winked, and responded proudly, “Our handles are conjoined for the express purpose of duplicity.”

“We do enjoy—“

“—a good amount—“

“—of identity fraud.”

Harry looked from one face to the other, and finally said, “I guess you’re actually *Fred* and *George* then…”

“Right-o. I’m Fred. At your service.”

Fred stretched out a hand in front of Harry’s face, followed swiftly by his brother… introducing himself as George.

Luna piped up suddenly, “Wrong way around, Harry. He’s Fred.”

Harry frowned and shook the hand of *false*-George, who merely grinned wider and laughed. “Oh *poo*…always so perceptive, Miss Lovegood.”

“I know you well enough *Fred*. Your mischief precedes you.” Luna smiled easily.

Harry shook the actual George’s hand, and scratched his cheek. “I’m Harry. Harry Potter. It’s gonna take a bit before I get you two straight.”

George shrugged, sketching a bow as he winked, “No problem. You have time ducky.”

“We’re to be partners after all.” Fred declared.

“Did we agree already?” Harry raised a bemused brow, smiling slightly as Luna made a show of thinking hard.

“I don’t think so. They must be deluded.”

Harry grinned slyly and remarked, “You heard the lady. She’d not often wrong.”

George clutched his chest above his heart and mimed being shot. “Ah! A direct hit—Forge… I’m wounded.”

“Hang in there, Gred. We shall overcome this adversity!”

Harry snorted and traded a tickled glance with Luna, before she said airily, “Oh dear, he needs medical.”

“Perhaps we should have pity.” Harry replied.

“I do believe we are being mocked, brother. No—I’m certain.” George smirked at his brother, and crossed his arms with a lamenting sigh.

Fred pouted and widened his eyes comically, staring beseechingly at Luna, “Fair lady, have a heart. We have come all this way, just to assemble with your party. Surely there is something we may do to earn your regard?”

Luna tilted her head, and blinked.

“What are your skills?”

George stood up straight and puffed his chest, semi-obnoxiously stating, “Our skills are vast and would take from now until this time tomorrow to outline. Suffice to say, we are jacks of all trades.”

“’Tis true. Our talents are limitless as the cosmos.” Fred affected a roguish grin and addressed Harry, “Surely the Noble Harry would accept us louts when his lady doth doubt our devotion.”

Harry laughed outright. “Okay, okay! Cease and desist. I only wonder why you picked us instead of anyone else to join.”

Luna twirled a braid around her finger and stared up at Fred, glancing between him and George with a secretive smile.

“You should know Harry…while they haven’t deceived you—they have managed to be held back twice…and are in the wrong grade…on account of deviancy and piled absences.”

Harry gaped and stared at the twins with disbelieving eyes.

“It is a private shame…that while skilled—“

“—we do have a tendency—“

“…to stir chaos and catch the brunt of blame.”

“Thus causing the freshman class at large to ostracize us…”

“—when they do not trust—“

“…our motivations.”

Harry swallowed and blinked, feeling a slight headache coming along with the rebounding speech. But he then sighed and responded softly, “Well…I don’t too much approve of ostracizing…and you are the only ones who sought us out...so…”

“Welcome to the team.” Luna tacked on; and both she and Harry watched as the twins sketched synchronized bows and smiled warmly.

It was the beginning of an interesting friendship.

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Tom was irritable.

Sitting in the lunch room towards the end of fourth period, demolishing his healthy, vegetative fare and draining his juice with a sour expression as he stared around the dining hall…hoping to pinpoint his rogue paramour who had yet to text or call at any point.

A miniscule part of him was relieved that no unprecedented emergencies had cropped up.

But a more immense…indomitable portion of his soul…was practically baying for the injustice of having gone so long without hearing from Harry…at all.

Sure—Tom could have made contact himself. But he was doing his best not to outright hassle Harry on his own terms…as this was his boy's first day back…and he didn't actually want Harry getting called out for handling a phone at a time when it wasn't safe for him to be distracted.

But this waiting game had gotten old and stale.

Tom didn't care that fifth period was right around the corner, and Harry would be in his arms in a matter of excruciatingly long minutes…it was the principal of not having made contact in so long that was causing his withdrawal symptoms.

Just when Tom had decided to *fuck it* and shoot Harry a text, somebody plopped down into the empty seat across from him…successfully garnering his attention and withering glare.

"Chill out, man. I come in peace."

Tom's glare became less scathing, and he affected a more stoic mask and reigned in his emotions in order to address the intrusion into his bubble.

"How may I help you, Lee Jordan?"

Lee snorted and crossed his arms, "For starters—*Tom Riddle*, you could tell me how to contact you. You said you'd partner with me, but gave no means of reaching out before you left Snape's. Also—we need to brainstorm how we're gonna split the work. I always pull my weight. But it's your call what you wanna designate to me…Mr. Top-of-the-Class."

Tom sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose.

It was just his luck that he'd partnered with the second best student in Snape's class, who also happened to be a chatterbox and loved to properly communicate.

But the guy did have a point. Tom *had* left him in the wind once he'd established their positions.

Lee hadn't argued with him, as they were both highly capable—and Tom had snatched him up first, allowing for no less qualified classmates to finagle their way into either of their graces.

As far as partners went, he could have done far worse. And at least Lee wasn't kicking up a fuss about which portion of the work he wanted to be doing.

Tom hated whiners.

"Alright—I'll leave you to research the chemicals and provide expository evidence of our hypothesis…leave the balancing of the equations and reactionary formulas to me. I will be double-checking your work…"

For the remainder of lunch, Tom and Lee hashed out their roles good and proper.

By the time they'd finished getting everything straight—Lee had Tom's number (*for emergencies only, don't get stupid*) and an e-mail address (*do not send me half-done shit*) to which he could send the bulk of his research once he'd completed it, for Tom's professional perusal.

It was a working arrangement, after which they shook hands and respectfully went their separate ways.

The fifth period bell rang, and Tom set off to his actual AP-English class…excusing himself promptly after greeting his teacher, and receiving the printed outline of their finals projects (which were thankfully solo).

His reputation for academic excellence kept paving the way for Tom to do just as he pleased within the walls of Hogwarts.

Now…he had only to decide upon a location to ensure his *privacy* with Harry, between collecting his boy from Slughorn's class.

He began calculating in earnest, discarding piled locations like so much useless refuse…as he strolled confidently through the halls.

No few straggling students were made to jump out of Tom's way as his long-legged stride refused to compromise for slower foot traffic.

By the time he reached Slughorn's door—Tom had it all planned out.

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Harry had been saying his salutations to Slughorn at the front of the room, receiving praise for his consistently well done work beneath Tom's tutelage and listening to the man go on about how Tom really was the best man for the job, and that Harry should be so lucky to have

such an upstanding student taking him under his wing—all at the behest of Slughorn himself, who was more than a little chuffed to have set such things in motion (beneath the suggestive influence of Tom's own maneuvering).

Harry just nodded and smiled, and right when he was ready to beg off their conversation and wait from the quieter sanctuary of a desk…Tom strolled through the open door, hazel eyes shining and immediately landing on Harry's person.

Harry just stared at him, feeling his cheeks warm and carefully interrupting Slughorn to point out Tom's approaching figure.

"Goodness me!" Slughorn startled and whirled around, immediately switching targets and flashing Tom a wide toothed grin…to which Tom cordially responded with a cooler smile of his own. "I do declare—you're quieter than a mouse, Tom. Here to collect your pupil I assume."

Harry refrained from rolling his eyes for the obvious, even as he caught Tom's eye again and shared a conspiratorially exasperated smirk.

"Naturally, Professor…I would hate to take up your class time unnecessarily. Harry and I will gladly get out of your hair and back to hitting the books…following your excellent syllabus."

"I trust you'll prepare him well for the finals coming up. There are quite a few tests being scheduled in the following months—quite the headache, I assure you."

Slughorn grumbled less enthusiastically under his breath about too much overhead and not enough time to sufficiently cover all the necessary material with his students.

"I will do as I have been, and see to it that Harry does not fall short of any expectation."

Tom smoothly assured the Professor as he drifted to Harry's side, and placed a rather firm hand on Harry's shoulder…beginning to steer the shorter teen out the door, with the effusive blessings of Slughorn as they disappeared from the man's vicinity—emerging into the hall amongst the straggling students all racing to beat the last warning bell.

Harry heaved a relieved sigh, and Tom released his shoulder...only to replace his handhold with an entire arm draped over the boy's shoulders—as Harry merely laughed and peered up into Tom's mildly mollified, but subtly irritable features.

"What's the look?"

Harry poked Tom's side teasingly as Tom continued to steer him down the hall, until they began descending the stairs all the way to the second floor landing.

"You didn't get in touch."

Harry had to strain his ears to catch the murmured words, but when he did…he could only grimace and slow down…causing Tom to break stride in order to address him good and proper.

“I waited…and waited. And you didn’t contact me once.”

Harry chewed his lip and wondered at Tom’s disgruntlement. “I didn’t realize you’d be… waiting…”

“Why do you think I told you to text or call whenever the mood struck? I wanted you to reach out…but you didn’t…”

Harry frowned slightly and stopped moving entirely, “I thought you’d be busy…I didn’t want to disturb you for no reason…also…I was in class too, and a l-lot was happening…”

Tom sighed, and he spun Harry’s entire body so that he was pinning the boy to the nearest wall, and gazing directly down into semi-guilty…but otherwise guileless emerald green, shining as lovely as ever up at him.

“What was so…important…that you couldn’t manage a single text? Were you really so… *involved*?”

Harry licked his dry lips and held Tom’s eyes as his heart began to pound treacherously.

He thought about the way Tom had *hated* him making friends with Luna initially…and how he would definitely be miffed about the twins…and the fact that he’d been sociable with so many faces in his classes that day.

He didn’t want Tom to get the notion Harry was ignoring him.

He didn’t want to hang himself by saying he hadn’t really *thought about* the cell phone in his pocket…as he really was just that caught up throughout the day.

It wasn’t like he’d not thought about Tom at all—he was just…being a *student* again…

“…the professors…were giving a lot of info about finals…I c-couldn’t be distracted. And my classmates…kept talking to me…w-welcoming me back…”

Harry stuck closely to the truth, avoiding all mention of the twins…as they had been the most memorable connection he’d made alongside Luna.

Tom just stared…making Harry sweat with the unnatural blandness of his gaze.

“And did you enjoy it? So many people…welcoming you…Harry?”

Harry felt the space around him begin to shrink, as Tom stepped closer…until he could see the individual pores in Tom’s skin…and feel his every warm breath wafting against his upturned face.

“It was…n-nice…”

Harry ventured softly, trailing off when he glimpsed a building mutiny sparking within shadowed hazel.

“And what about *me*…am I *nice* too? Or is all that outside attention so much…*nicer*…than mine?”

Harry didn’t know how he did it, but Tom’s emphasis on such a simple word as *nice* rang in his ears like the last gasping breath between his neck and a raised guillotine’s drop.

It felt *chilling*…dangerously intense…*threatening even*…

Harry’s breathing stalled in his lungs…and Tom continued to watch him avidly, unblinkingly…absorbing every miniscule play of emotion across Harry’s sweet features… now flushing with intermingled shame…anxiety…and conflicted *need*…

“…no…”

Harry whispered.

“*No* what…darling?”

Harry swallowed thickly, and offered his halting assurances, “Theirs isn’t *n-nicer*…I like yours…your attention…having it…*best*.”

Tom’s eyes glinted with quiet approval and sinister victory…even as he murmured hotly into Harry’s ear…voice deceptively gentle, and lips brushing the sensitive shell on every word.

“You’d do well not to forget that…*Harry*…never forget…whose attention you *crave*...whose love you *desire most*. I won’t keep reminding you not to ignore me. I’ll render you unable to.”

Harry shivered and shuddered visibly as Tom met his eyes again. He held those hazel depths and felt himself falling deeper…as if into the blackest of holes, before Tom broke contact and gave him some space once more.

As the arm was once again draped possessively across his shoulders, Harry struggled to calm his racing pulse.

Tom…had been angry…*insecure*…still…and Harry had to mitigate the circumstances of him being a student and not hounding Tom throughout the morning as he so apparently desired… by reassuring Tom he only really *wanted* Tom’s attention.

That the world at large wasn’t moving in to infringe upon what they had together…no matter how Harry seemed to be drifting about.

It made Harry nervous.

Because he had been actually *enjoying* his first day back…and he had liked making new acquaintances he’d been rather blind to from the jump…during his self-imposed solitude of his first month at Hogwarts…before the whirlwind affair…which was Tom.

Harry didn’t know how to reconcile his love for Tom…with the normal growing pains of being a functional high schooler.

It was crippling to think that if he enjoyed his time with his classmates, and subsequently forgot to remain engaged with Tom on all levels…that Tom might do something crazy…or god forbid…abandon him in turn.

Just putting himself on the other end of the situation and looking at himself through Tom's eyes…made his gut churn, and inspired a sickening nausea.

He hadn't wanted to do that to Tom. He had never planned for this to happen…for his world to expand…and for Tom to feel *pushed out*.

He never intended to cause such worry in those familiar hazel eyes…to inspire such unspecific *jealousy* on behalf of his own negligence.

It made him feel guilty.

It made him want to make it better again…to relieve the burden he'd inexplicably dropped on Tom's shoulders.

As if he was a good reason for Tom's equilibrium to fail—for Tom to lose his magnificent mind because Harry was fraternizing and having a good time…without him…when he never really had the chance to before.

Being confined together and then thrusted into the real world…it was screwing with their dynamic already.

Harry couldn't think how to salvage the deterioration without running away from his responsibilities…without giving Tom enough power to ruin them both...

And it worried him.

How fast did change have to come before it truly decimated your stability?

How was he to keep Tom happy…and not utterly reject his life?

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xXOXx

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"Well I'll be damned."

Tonks whistled lowly, flipping through the thickest of the albums they'd confiscated from Miss Pettigrew's house, where Peter had regularly slept.

There was a lot of…questionable…and alarming material to be found there.

"He was basically paparazzi. This kid—do we know he wasn't disturbed?"

Kingsley frowned and laced his fingers together atop his desk, as Tonks continued flipping through the picturesque evidence.

“The mother mentioned anxiety meds. But anything else…your guess is as good as mine.”

Tonks snorted, pausing to ogle a rather candid shot of the handsome teen Peter had been stalking good and proper…for quite some time.

“These pictures get more and more interesting the longer I look. They were obviously taken with a good camera…from a safe distance, and in many locations.”

Tonks laid the album carefully open upon Kingsley’s desk, allowing her superior to better glimpse what she’d been staring at for the past fifteen minutes.

“The kid’s a good shot at least.”

Tonks nodded. “I would give him more credit if he took shots of anything else. But this…is obsessive.”

Kingsley hummed under his breath, “I do believe we should pay this…Tom…a visit. Perhaps call him down to the station and find out how well he knew Peter…or if he knew him.”

Tonks crossed her arms, “If he did know about this kid, I bet he’d be pissed. Maybe enough to do something about the privacy invasion…”

Kingsley sighed.

“There you go again, making unsubstantiated jumps. When we see this Tom…you are to keep your suspicions under wraps. This is becoming a delicate situation…and something is growing ripe…”

“Aah…if I had a dollar for every stalker turned victim…”

Tonks grinned sharply. “I’m sure we’re getting closer. I can feel it in my spine…”

Kingsley rolled his eyes, but shook his head fondly, “You and your spine need to catalogue all these albums and take prints, so we can have it on file should things get deep. Hop to it.”

“Aye aye, sir.”

With a saucy salute, Tonks gathered the album and all the rest in their box together to carry down to evidence.

It was gonna be a long evening.

She needed coffee.

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xXOXx

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“Heal boy! Sheesh…what’s gotten into you—HEY!”

Ron jogged behind the racing dog, trying to snag the leash back before he lost his job for losing his client’s pet.

It had seemed so easy at first, running a dog walking business for extra money after school—but this was ridiculous. So much activity for one little mutt was completely unwarranted.

How that old lady on the corner kept up with the randy pup was anyone’s guess.

“Oliver! Calm down!”

Ron huffed and puffed with his hands on his knees as the small dog disappeared deeper into the shadows of a particularly sinister looking, dilapidated space.

Staring into the building and hearing the dog yelping further in, Ron swallowed hard and suppressed a chill running up and down his spine.

It was creepy as all hell…

“Walk on the back roads…I said…you won’t have to clean poop like in the park…dammit…!”

Ron wanted to groan in frustration, because it was either go into the creepy place after the dumb mutt and risk getting eaten by some hidden cannibal or violent squatter strung out on meth…or cut his losses and resign himself to losing a bucket of easy money because he was a scared pansy.

“*Urgh*…why does this feel like the beginning of a horror film? I’m gonna die for a dog…”

And with that, Ron kicked himself into gear to retrieve the errant pup…walking into the eerie space with a tight throat and his heart pounding against his ribs, following the echo of the dog’s constant high pitched barking…going further and further below ground, away from any kind of light.

“There’s no place like home…there’s no place like home…there’s no place like home…” Ron kept on muttering to himself, sweating profusely and jumping at stray debris knocked about by his shuffling feet.

Thinking all the while to himself, that if he died here—he would definitely haunt that old lady to the grave.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

And there we go…another –Violation- complete! #WeakPomPomWave 😘

I did quite enjoy introducing new characters. Even though it'll probably come back and bite me in the arse at some point…but what can ya do? 😄

#DaMuses be Gods. 🙏

This took a little longer than usual, as I had to wait for true inspiration to strike…and get over a few mental hurdles…one of which being the disposal of the body…(who knew that could be so difficult to figure out?)…and another being true high school. 😐😩

Honestly—I cringe for the remembered finals and workload. 😱😫

I do believe I've sorta mixed College in with Hogwarts in a weird hodgepodge education system…but whatever…I hate dreaming up homework and assignments. 😫

Makes me feel my years…like woah…#TehHorror 😨

Anyways…I look forward to hearing any and all thoughts on this Violation and what you guys smell on the horizon! 🤗

As always…I adore plot candy. 😏 And will treat every morsel with the utmost respect. ❤

Until next time,

Cheers~ 🥂

~ 🌺🐍○

30th Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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30th Violation

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When Riddle Sr. received a call from the nearby Precinct about his son…his first thought was—his perfect brat finally did something *stupid*, praise karma.

Followed immediately by—he would have blackmail material for life.

"How may I help you, Officer?"

"Mr. Riddle, we are calling to request an interview with your son…on account of a current case we are pursuing, of which he may or may not have knowledge to aid us in."

Riddle Sr. smirked and paced the length of his office floor, feeling perplexed but mostly amused.

This was the first time any such request had been made of him in regards to his protégé. It was truly a historic moment.

"I am sure he'll be more than willing to cooperate, as we Riddles are law abiding citizens. When would you like to do this interview?"

"As soon as possible. Tomorrow evening if convenient—we understand that he is a student."

Riddle Sr. hummed in mock contemplation. "I see no problem with that. My lawyer and myself will be in attendance during the session, as he is my charge and we are rather high profile…I'm sure you understand."

"Naturally…whatever makes you most comfortable, sir—we'll endeavor not to take up too much of your time."

"Truly, it is a pleasure to be of assistance. I will see you tomorrow. Good day."

Riddle Sr. hung up the line, and his own thoughts began ostentatiously skipping rope within his gleeful psyche. *But this was delicious*…his bad seed was getting in trouble, and he was the first notified of the sniffing dogs.

He didn't know what the issue was…but he'd bet good money that Tom had done something he needed to get ahead of.

His brat always thought he had everything laid out, and not the cops were knocking.

It didn't matter that they were only interviewing…Riddle Sr. knew how the game went. If they were sniffing here already, his boy's scent had obviously raised some kind of suspicious stink they were investigating.

The problem now…was what had the brat done?

He needed to call Zabini. Then get in touch with his son.

One way or another, he would know what was happening…even if he had to rip his son a new one and pulverize the child's ego to get it out of him.

Oh…the joys of *fatherhood.*

Riddle Sr. chuckled aloud with an unholy grin stretching across his face.

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"Now…where did you say you found this?"

Kingsley seriously addressed the frazzled red haired woman, sitting next to her pale red headed son…appearing for all the world as if he'd been the one to sever the disembodied finger laying between them all in an evidence bag on the desk.

"Ron…tell Officer Kingsley what you told me."

The lanky, freckled boy…Ron…spoke in a slightly hoarse tone, staring greenly at the finger without blinking as he spoke.

"I was walking O-Oliver…Old Lady Simmon's dog…and he broke from the leash. Ran into this old building…in the warehouse district off the back roads...when I found him again, he had that in his mouth…and I booked it outta there as fast as possible. Place was creepy…"

Ron shuddered from remembrance.

"I didn't know what it was, I swear! It was too dark to really tell, and I needed to take the mutt back. So I stuck it in my pocket, and brought it back home with me…where I could finally get a good look…and realized…what it…*urgh*…was…"

As her son got greener and greener around the gills, Molly Weasley squeezed his shoulder in a motherly, soothing gesture…before addressing Officer Kingsley herself.

"Ronnie was so distraught when he brought it to me…didn't believe what he'd found. And I wasn't sure at first…but that is definitely a pinky finger, and it looks to have been torn off…

some kind of way. I've seen natural injuries and accidents…and the severed root is too clean to have been either…so we brought it here."

Officer Kingsley sighed deeply, feeling a headache building in his temple.

Just great…not only were they investigating a missing person, now they had a potential case of out of hand violence…or possible murder…on their hands.

People could live without fingers. He'd seen torture before…but something screamed in his honed gut that this finger belonged to a dead person.

Such incidents of maiming did not bode well for the community. They hadn't had a murder in a long time.

Kingsley didn't want this to be what it felt like.

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley. We'll take it from here. Your prompt communication will surely aid in this
investigation."

Both red heads nodded and said their goodbyes, leaving the precinct and Kingsley with the bagged finger and more questions and suspicions than answers.

"Get me Tonks."

Kingsley summoned his rookie trainee and current partner by way of the precinct relay system, they were supposed to be interviewing that Tom-character this evening…and he had a sneak theory that this cropping evidence of misdeeds may be connected to the missing person case.

It was just a hunch…a faint one at that…but it wouldn't hurt to look into it with two sets of eyes.

Maybe get the bloodhounds to canvass the area for any other parts.

If they found their missing person in the process…it was two birds with one finger. And then they'd have a murder case on their hands.

"Never a dull day—I swear…"

Kingsley laced his fingers together and rested his chin atop them. If ever there was a time to start smoking again, now would be it.

But old habits would kill him.

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“Let’s review the basics...how many Noble gases are there, and recite their names in order… *ahh*…of configuration…”

Harry groaned and knocked his forehead hard against the desk, scratching at the surface with his fingernails…unable to find any kind of purchase as he slid forward…

He began reciting the gases, panting heavier and heavier with each one…as Tom continued languidly *thrusting* into him from behind.

At this angle, bent over as he was…with pants pooled around his ankles…and Tom *rocking* consistently deep…and hard…and *deeper*…and *harder*…with every banging press of his hips against Harry’s gaping arse…Harry could do little else but take Tom in and try to focus on his lessons…as Tom edged him along, hammering his prostate every other thrust…and leaving him *untouched* and *hanging* everywhere else.

They were in an abandoned classroom, affixed at the very end of the second hallway…locked from the inside and obscured with curtains over the glass window, which was the only way anyone could peer inside.

It was a small room…but it still had desks everywhere…a round table shoved over to the side…empty cabinets…a storage closet…and a sturdy teacher’s desk…upon which Tom was fucking Harry and cajoling the boy into reciting chemistry facts for his first scheduled review test that Friday.

It was only Wednesday…and Harry had gone home with Tom the previous evening after their first session in this very room…feeling all distraught and guilty for Tom’s earliest admission of anger over Harry not having contacted him during the morning’s classes.

Tom had only made him more nervous by not touching Harry when they were inside this room previously, and actually sticking to his guns by only tutoring the boy on his Chemistry and Arithmetic…in the most efficient and professional manner.

Harry hadn’t known what to feel…when Tom didn’t touch him then…and he’d been on edge, wondering if Tom was icing him out…or if he needed to apologize more…or if Tom had gotten sick of him and didn’t want to touch him anymore…or if Tom was still very angry with Harry…

Their session that evening at school had been tense, on Harry’s behalf…and Harry hadn’t been able to voice his own churning insecurities.

It was a fact…he’d come to realize…that all he felt he had to offer Tom was his *body*…the use of his body…whenever Tom wanted…in order for Tom to always take his pleasure whenever the mood struck him.

It was Harry’s own Pavlovian method to allow Tom to constantly associate him…all parts of him…with *sex*.

It wasn't that Harry thought Tom only wanted him for his body…but he knew…by now…it was instinct for Tom to crave the physicality so freely given…because Harry would always accommodate him in all things…because Harry *loved him*, and wanted to keep Tom's love in return.

Harry had figured—Tom only latched onto him emotionally, because Tom himself iced out the populous and didn't allow anyone else close in any meaningful way.

It wasn't that Harry was overly special…or unique…it was just that Tom *wanted him to be*.

That Tom imprinted on Harry for whatever reason and consistently allowed himself to obsess over Harry because Harry always held himself as the apple of Tom's eye.

Never faltering in being exactly what Tom wanted out of a partner…or seemed to want…and endlessly *crave.*

Tom's needs were easy to anticipate…because Harry recognized them. And because Tom himself had told Harry things about his past before that no one else knew, and Harry could put together the pieces of Tom's psyche in order to intuit how best to soothe the brunt of the wounds Tom would never freely admit he had.

And in return…Harry got Tom all to himself.

And in return…Tom got all of Harry.

But Harry wasn't delusion…Harry wasn't stupid. He was *desperate*…he was *scared*…he was *obsessed* himself…with everything that Tom was to him.

He hadn't meant to let Tom worry. He hadn't meant to make Tom think he'd forgotten him… or liked other people more…

He hadn't meant anything by enjoying his first day…and making new acquaintances…and temporarily filling spaces within himself that grew cold when he and Tom were separated.

It had been a coping mechanism.

Harry really hadn't known what Tom was doing, and he didn't want to ever be a bother…no matter that Tom maintained he liked hearing from him…and that Harry could text or call and he would always pick up…no matter what.

Harry didn't want to feel like he was keeping Tom on a leash…even though he *was*…even though he *did*…even though he *could*…even though he *would*…if all else fell through and Tom realized how much better without Harry's influence…such that it was…he could be.

Harry would always love Tom. In all the ways that Tom wanted and needed and *deserved*…

But Tom might not…he couldn't *possibly*…he would move on someday…and Harry would be left staring after his shadow.

Assuming that moment when Tom came to his senses happened…Harry didn't know what he would do if Tom ever dropped him. So he'd panicked.

He'd allowed Tom to tutor him…to not touch him…to be cordial…to take him home, back to the apartment that evening…

But upon returning to their bubble, Harry had attacked.

For the first time…*he'd attacked*—had literally jumped Tom in the doorway…much to Tom's surprise and then pleasure…and dark approval.

Harry had taken all his pent up anxieties out on Tom, and Tom had taken him right there…all the way…near fully *dry*…roughly…against the wall.

It had been *carnal*…impassioned…*vicious*…reassuring…

Because Tom did still want him…because Harry was *his*…because Tom didn't hate him…wasn't *sick of him*…didn't want Harry to look away or not be his for a single second of any day…when they were separated.

Harry had sobbed and screamed Tom's name, holding onto Tom as the older teen proceeded to violently rend his flesh apart and insinuate himself so deep within…that Harry could feel him in his throat…could choke on his wasted essence from afar.

Tom had held him then…murmuring sweet and manically possessive nothings into his ear…and Harry had apologized profusely…over and over…red faced…*delirious*…panting with tears trickling down, and pressed kisses all along Tom's precious face as he stammered his words…and clutched fiercely onto Tom as he was taken straight to the bathroom for a more gentle and intimate clean up.

Afterwards…Harry had been sore…a little raw and torn…but otherwise content in Tom's arms for the remainder of the evening.

Today…Harry had texted Tom randomly at many points…and Tom had replied like he said he would…and then they'd met up as they were supposed to…which led them to their current situation.

Tom had made sure he was carrying lube secreted away enough to make sure he didn't hurt Harry anymore on top of what they'd done the previous evening…and Harry hadn't stopped him, or flinched away when Tom bent him over the desk and proceeded with a more *hands-on* approach to their familiar, heated tutoring sessions.

All thoughts of anyone else were wiped from Harry's head that day.

Sure…Harry had socialized, and he had laughed…and smiled…and joked with the twins and Luna throughout their preparations for the research project they were to complete together…

But the entire time, Tom had remained stuck in the mind…a poisoning flower…releasing spores and thickening his blood with want…as he played with the phone under the cover of

his desk…shot off a text (***~Missing you already…~***) and smiled when the thing vibrated near immediately with a returned (***Sender Tom: <Not for long. Wait for me, darling…>)***

It had been a near thing to have been discovered by one of the Twins (he still couldn't figure which) when he'd surreptitiously shoved the cell back into his pocket and rejoined the conversation…from which his attention had lapsed in order to deal with Tom.

The twin had raised an eyebrow and smirked, before musing aloud, "Our noblest Harry seems to have gotten lost—perhaps he's *distracted* by something…Forge."

Gred had traded a mischievous glance with his twin and replied, "—surely not! We only just decided our roles!"

Luna had merely looked at Harry with a knowing sort of gleam and verbally threw both twins off the scent with her next words, "We should draw lots. It'd be more fun to get jobs that way than hurt our brains picking them ourselves. I'm sure you'd be bored to only do your chosen tasks."

The twins both gave Luna their attention and proceeded to draw up the lots, wadding up four numbered slips and shaking them like dice before throwing them down on to the desk for them to each pick.

Harry had been grateful for the distraction and proceeded to choose his task.

The twins all but forgot Harry's momentary lapse and collectively bemoaned their own fated selections.

Luna had sang cheerfully, "No takebacks."

To which Gred pouted, "Such a cruel one…our lady."

"I concur—but she is lovely still. So we mustn't argue!"

Harry had shaken his head with a grin and traded an amused look with Luna, before they continued on with mapping out their research points for the remainder of the class period.

Professor Flitwick had floated around the room, advising different groups on their topic choices all the while.

By the end of that period—Harry, Luna, Gred, and Forge had a good outline of their project to get started.

And Harry was more than ready to see Tom again.

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Tom adored his boy.

Truly…Harry was everything he'd never known he expressly wanted…until he had it.

After their tutoring session that Wednesday, Tom had Harry wait for him on the first floor as he briefly visited his own sixth period Evolutionary Bio/Anatomy class, in order to collect his assignment and be sent on his way.

It was coming back from that classroom, traveling swiftly back to Harry…when he received the unexpected call.

Never breaking stride, Tom fished out his cell with a raised brow and frowned as his Father's name flashed across the display.

Tom paused, and stopped to take the call—hoping to be rid of the man before he made it back to Harry's side.

~Click.

"Father."

"Tom…how pleasant to hear your voice this auspicious day."

Tom scowled and glared at nothing, waiting for Riddle Sr. to dispense with the unnecessary pleasantries.

"I received a call today from the Precinct. It seems you're being requested for an interview in regards to a case. They'll be by the Manor this evening. I suggest you come straight from school. I have Zabini and will be there with you. Come early so that we may discuss your… inadequacies."

~CLICK.

Tom gritted his teeth and could feel his jaw tick as his father said his piece and abruptly hung up.

Well damn.

This…could be a problem.

There was only one thing Tom could attribute this interview to…and it smelled forebodingly of a rank, dead rat.

They couldn't have recovered the body…it'd be well decomposed and unidentifiable at this point.

If they had anything on him specifically, Tom would've been arrested…not receiving an interview request.

There was time to salvage his non-existent innocence.

And his father…loathe as he was to admit it, knew his way around the law and had damn good lawyers.

Tom had nothing to fear.

And so…it was with that in mind that Tom pocketed his cell and joined Harry at the front entrance.

“Darling…something urgent has come up and I must visit the Manor. Would you mind waiting at your parents’ or back at the apartment for me?”

Harry blinked and shrugged. “Sure. No problem. Mom will be glad to see me. Is everything okay?”

Tom smiled, and it was angelic as anything.

“Of course—you’ve nothing to worry about. There’s just a matter which requires my presence to attend. I shouldn’t be long. Greet Lily for me, and James too…if he’s about.”

Harry stepped close and linked his arm with Tom’s, staring up into Tom’s handsome…poised features, before murmuring, “You’d tell me if there were something…wrong…wouldn’t you?”

Tom bent to kiss Harry’s upturned forehead, directly over his lightning bold scar.

“You’d be the first to know.”

Harry smiled beatifically then, and Tom felt himself melt a bit on the inside.

But his boy was so sweet…and *lovely*…Tom wouldn’t let anything spoil Harry’s faith in him.

Not even a rotten…long dead piece of vermin *filth*.

If Harry noticed the sharp gleam in Tom’s eyes, or the way Tom tightened his arm around Harry’s…pulling the boy closer to his side in fine parody of an impromptu three-legged race…Harry said nothing and merely matched Tom’s every stride.

If Tom said it was alright…Harry believed him.

Because Tom had never lied to him…and Harry doubted he’d start now.

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When Lily answered the front door to find Harry standing alone on her stoop, smiling and looking healthy as she could hope…she had been relieved and *perplexed.*

“Harry! Come in, come in. I didn’t expect you today. Where’s Tom? Surely you came together…”

Harry laughed and scratched his cheek sheepishly as he entered the house, depositing his backpack on the floor and addressing his mother’s inquiries.

“He dropped me off because he had to go to the Manor for a bit…said something came up and to greet you and Dad. I dunno when he’ll be back, but he will be. “

Lily hummed and joined Harry in the living room, situating herself in an armchair as Harry reclined on the couch.

“I see. I haven’t started on dinner yet, but I can put on for three. Your Dad is out right now, and he may or may not be home at a decent hour tonight.”

Harry scrunched his nose.

“I guess Tom wouldn’t mind staying for dinner, but just in case…you might wanna do takeaway. I don’t know what’s going on…b-but I’d hate to force Tom out of his home after a stressful situation…”

“He really doesn’t like going there…huh?”

Lily sighed.

Harry grimaced. “It’s not exactly a warm place. Tom…and his father…don’t get along well. Tom rather hates him…but puts up with whatever his Dad imposes on him. Like Christmas Eve…”

“I don’t understand. It baffles me…to think such a strong boy like Tom, would have less than devoted and proud parents.”

Harry chewed his lip and said softly, “Pride his Dad has aplenty. But it’s more like…he sees Tom as his own accomplishment. A well done pet project…from what I’ve seen…”

Lily frowned. “I don’t like that.”

Harry grumbled. “Me neither. But I can’t do anything about it…”

Suddenly Lily’s face cleared, and she smiled slowly. Harry blinked for the sudden change.

“Ooh…I don’t know, Harry. I think…that Tom thinks…you’ve done quite a bit. He’s…quite taken with you. I can tell. It’s written all over his face and the way he’d been there every step through your recovery…without the slightest feel of being inconvenienced.”

Harry swallowed a lump in his throat.

“B-but…Tom…he’s so…*urgh*…”

Harry blushed lightly for his lack of decent words to say what he was getting at, because his mother didn't exactly *know* about him and Tom…even if she could recognize certain things between them…which were always made apparent.

Lily laughed gently and got up to take a seat at Harry's side, rubbing his back soothingly as Harry grabbed at his hair and tried to find the right way to parse his feelings.

It was unbearably cute to see Harry so discombobulated by his relationship with Tom.

She could admit…freely…that Harry was quite different, more real somehow…when it came to Tom.

As if he gained definition and strength of character when Tom came up, and his concern for his friend…it was touching.

"Surely you don't think you're a burden to him? Tom Riddle doesn't seem the type to willingly suffer and inconvenience. He's an intelligent young man—Intimidating…even, but firm in his resolutions."

"Why do you think James and I have allowed you to remain with him?"

Harry looked at his mother, and she smirked for the bewildered caution on his face.

"Don't look like that. You are our son. You're supposed to be under *this* roof. I know you can take the stairs now."

Harry's lips tightened and he opened his mouth to avert the haze of accusations he could just barely sense coming…but Lily cut him off.

"I'm not mad at you. Nor do I disapprove you being happy away from home. You are fifteen now. It's natural for you to branch out…and I'm just thankful you have somewhere safe to do that. Of course…if you ever want to come back, the door is always open. But you needn't feel compelled to stay here."

Harry's eyes widened…and he felt a treacherous burn stinging at his corneas.

Lily began to tenderly wipe at his cheeks, where warm tears were beginning to slowly stream…and Harry hiccupped through his unexpected burst of emotion, overflowing and threatening to embarrassingly relieve all his built up tension in one shaky breath.

"M-m-mom…*nngh*…!"

Harry launched himself into his mother's chest and wrapped his arms around him like he hadn't since he was very small…and Lily just rocked and held him tight as he dissolved into messy tears.

"I'm here, baby…I'm here…*shhh*…it's alright…let it out…*I'm here*."

Harry couldn't compose himself right then, it was like all the bad things he'd been thinking about and all his insecurities and frustrations and worries were pouring from his eyes and

wouldn't stop for anything.

He could hardly breathe right anymore, and he knew he looked a mess.

But sometimes…he still…needed…and wanted…the warmth of his mother.

It was soothing and healing like the warmest sunlight upon a flooded plain. He hadn't known there was so much inside of him until he'd been prodded with enough sympathy to let it out.

Falling apart like this…away from Tom…because of Tom…with Tom consuming his mind and his life and his whole heart…until Harry could think of little else…was cathartic.

He wished he could tell his mother what was happening…but the shrewdest part of him, still held back the damning words which could make his mother rethink her decision to let him stay where he most wanted to.

Because he loved him…so much…and they loved each other…and Harry was so scared of that changing.

He feared that being altered in the future.

Like a looming shadow on the darkening horizon he couldn't see past…Harry kept living in the moment and smothering the suffocating thoughts that Tom would be beyond his reach some day.

That right now was *right now*…and no matter how illogically obsessed Tom was with him, it wouldn't last forever—because it couldn't.

But Harry wanted it to.

He wanted it to *so bad*…he couldn't reconcile the notion that something bad would happen, and his whole world wrapped around Tom…would fall from the sky and shatter into a billion pieces.

Crying his heart out against his mother made him feel lighter in very fundamental ways.

And Harry could begin to feel…genuinely feel…that things might stay okay.

That his world would not turn…would not budge…away from Tom.

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xXOXx

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The officers were scheduled to arrive in half an hour.

Tom Jr. sat in his father's office across from his father, and Zabini—his father's best lawyer…being interrogated patronizingly as if he were some dumb criminal who'd made a

foolish mistake.

“Now…care to enlighten us on why the cops are sniffing at your heels? I’m sure it’s an interesting story.”

Riddle Sr. smiled, and it was like a snake looking at a rabbit…waiting to strike out and devour the defenseless creature.

“It would be helpful to know what to listen for…in order to keep you from incriminating yourself *unnecessarily*.”

Zabini was a professional. And Tom Jr. respected the man’s worth ethic, and so…resolved to largely ignore his father and bullshit his way into an…effective defense.

“I couldn’t say why exactly the cops are interested in me…but it may or may not have to do with a missing student who was stalking me.”

This caused both Riddle Sr. and Zabini to freeze frame and rear up.

“My…quite the popular brat, you are.”

Tom stared stoically at his grinning father, hating recognizing his features on such an otherwise grotesque rendition.

“I am beginning to get the picture. Be sure not to offer any extra details, beyond answers to their surface questions. The deeper they probe…the less specific your answers should be. If there is a missing person involved…they are likely sniffing for a possible perpetrator…best case scenario is that have no real evidence or leads, beyond this person’s stalking record of you.”

“Whatever the case, you will not…under any circumstances…extrapolate or try to lead the conversation.”

Tom Jr. nodded primly and glared at his father, who was smirking in an annoying and dastardly fashion which begged for a hard punch.

Riddle Sr. laced his fingers together and pinned his son with a pointed stare, before asking outright, “Have you *killed*, boy?”

Tom Jr.’s expression remained static, as he looked at his father and lied outright. “I would never do any such thing. All life is precious.”

To which Riddle Sr. blinked and burst into derisive peals of laughter.

Zabini stared stoically alongside Tom Jr., waiting for Riddle Sr. to compose himself.

Tom Jr. suppressed a tick in his left eye, even as his gaze gleamed with a well-hidden…dark amusement.

“You are my son. *Hah*…there is no doubt. Keep that attitude and you’ll remain free.”

Tom Jr. looked at Zabini and said, “I trust you have a recorder for the interview?”

Zabini stared back at Tom Jr. and smiled coldly, “Always.”

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xXOXx

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Tom Riddle came from money.

That much was more than apparent.

Tonks fought not to squirm uncomfortably as she sat on a fancy couch (*expensive as a nice car, no doubt*) and sipped from her proffered mug of tea as Kingsley addressed their target… beginning the interrogation in earnest with Riddle Sr. and his lawyer unobtrusively hovering in the background.

“Were you aware that Peter had a vested interest in you?”

Tom blinked, and his face looked puzzled and mildly perplexed. “What do you mean by that?”

Kingsley cleared his throat and held the youngest Riddle’s gaze, “We found in his possession a collection of picture albums…dedicated to the cataloguing of you.”

Tom frowned and scowled a bit. Tonks winced and could only sympathize with the kid.

“You mean he was stalking me.”

Kingsley nodded jerkily.

Tom groaned softly, and he ran a hand through his hair with a clenched jaw. “I cannot say I was aware of him…or his actions. I am a popular student—always have been. But this is the first time I’ve heard of anyone caught outright stalking me.”

Tonks remained silent and just observed her superior offering his sympathies to the disgruntled youth, who Tonks could readily admit…looked even better in person.

She could understand the draw.

Even though this Tom…compared to his confident and often cocksure and prideful expressions in Peter’s photos…appeared strangely *modest*, almost demure without projecting weakness.

It was as though Tom was purposefully making himself look as innocent as possible, without coming over as an act.

Tonks felt the corner of her mouth twitch, and she hid the downturn in her expression behind another sip of tea as she continued observing the teen throughout Kingsley's questioning.

Tom's answers were flawless.

There was nothing in Tom's words or expression to denote anything but a weirded out, somewhat sympathetic teen being infromed that his apparent *stalker* had gone missing…and the police were investigating the disappearance by combing through Peter's life.

"What can you tell us about Peter? He was in your class…surely you heard something, or knew of him…"

Tom's brow wrinkled in thought, and Kingsley waiting patiently for the youth to reply.

"I knew his name. He wasn't well liked. Not in my social circles."

"Is there anyone you know particularly disliked him…or perhaps, had a grudge against him?"

Tom blinked, before shrugging helplessly.

"I couldn't say."

"Had he been in any known trouble at school?"

"I don't know…perhaps. It's High School."

Tonks smiled for the rejoinder. She got the reference. It wasn't that long ago that High School drama had encompassed her own life.

She still grimaced for some of the mischief and troubles her own year mates (and she) had gotten up to.

It was almost a miracle she'd gone on to be a cop. But her instincts would've been wasted anywhere else…she knew.

Kingsley smiled and nodded.

"Yes. I suppose so. One last question and we'll leave you in peace."

Tom smiled winningly and spread his hands.

"I'm all ears and happy to assist, officer."

"Peter had a…journal if you will. In it—we found a somewhat disturbing series of entries…about a boy…named Harry Potter."

Tonks watched closely as Tom's face blanked out for the briefest of moments, before a change seemed to come over him.

"…and?"

Kingsley tilted his head, “It seems Peter quite disliked this boy. Would you happen to be aware of Harry or any animosity between the two?”

Tom blinked slowly.

“I couldn’t say.”

“Who exactly is Harry Potter? Apologies…I know I said one last question. But you seem familiar with him, at least…”

Tom licked his lips and stared back at Kingsley. Nothing untoward showed on his face, but Tonks felt a strange…out of place…warning shiver rush down her spine.

“Harry was…is…a transfer student.”

“I see.”

Kingsley hummed thoughtfully. Then he turned to address Tonks.

“I think that’ll be all. We can go now.”

Tonks nodded and stood from the couch, leaving the remains of her tea to cool on the coffee table.

“Thank you all for your time. I’ll be in touch if we need anything else. Your cooperation is most appreciated.”

Both Riddles and their lawyer watched as the officers departed the premises.

Tom continued to stare at the front door, features clouding over sinisterly as he licked his lips.

He hadn’t expected Harry’s name to come up.

This…could be a problem.

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“What are your impressions?”

Kingsley started up the squad car and addressed his partner, who was being uncharacteristically silent still.

Tonks took a breath, exhaled and replied, “I think there’s something here. Tom was…too clean.”

Kingsley narrowed his eyes on the road and thinned his lips. “I don’t know what he was hiding precisely…but I have a feeling…just an instinct…it has something to do with that

Harry Potter."

Tonks nodded.

"Tom didn't tense up one bit until you mentioned him."

Kingsley sighed.

"It was a stroke of luck we noticed the journal at all. It was so small…and very well hidden. But Peter really hated the kid…and he mentioned needing to keep this Harry away from Tom."

Tonks smiled slightly.

"Which begs the question…why did Tom not tell us more about Harry…if they really were acquainted?"

Kingsley cracked his neck noisily behind the wheel.

"Who can say…but I intend to find out."

Tonks laughed a bit. "Never let go of a hunch. I knew we were on the right track."

"We'll get the dogs to canvass the warehouse district. If there are any more remains…we'll compare them to the finger and run DNA. If it all matches Peter's records—this case will be officially declared a homicide."

It was with bated breath Tonks anticipated taking on her first homicide case.

It'd suck for the Peter kid…but it'd be her first bit of real action on the force.

She was already brimming with excitement.

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As Tom drove on the highway, heading back to the Potters' to collect his boy…he slipped into his own deep thoughts.

He didn't like the worry twisting his guts into chaos.

It would've been fine…had Harry's name not blindsided him…had he plotted for Harry to come up in the conversation at all.

That damn rat was screwing him over from the grave…and Tom only wished he'd have killed him off sooner.

But now—he was thinking about the disposal…wondering if he'd been sloppy.

Surely not…

He'd taken everything up from the meat locker. Had bundled the corpse and every limb before sawing off the head and extremities to dispose of in prepared acid…which he'd later flushed…removing any discernible DNA markers…and leaving nothing but the torso and connected stumps to be rid of…

He had proceeded to hack off the arms and legs…burying them in separate…spaced out locations beneath the nearby industrial landfill and junkyard…where trash was processed through the shredder on the daily.

The remaining bulging torso…he'd buried in a shallow grave…in numerous trash bags beneath refuse, which he then left to burn away beneath another already burning heap of trash in the city slums…where it would have been rendered ashes.

He couldn't have recovered the body himself if he wanted to.

So the cops couldn't possibly have a lead on Peter's true status…the rat was merely suspiciously missing.

Tom didn't know anything about Peter's personal life…but the fact that it'd taken until the New Year for anyone to come sniffing about, led him to believe the vermin really was just that unwanted.

This only worked out wonderful for Tom…who'd done his utmost to surpass expectation for his first premeditated murder.

In any case…he needed to calm the fuck down.

If the cops did come to interrogate Harry…and Harry was found with Tom…Tom would play dumb, and let Harry's own ignorance throw the vultures off.

It wasn't like he'd done anything untoward to Harry or told him anything about his accident being anything but.

Harry had never known Peter existed.

He had nothing to hide.

Tom would keep it that way.

He would make sure he maintained Harry's innocence at all costs.

After all…the only one allowed to besmirch his boy's virtue…was himself.

Harry would not be linked with that vermin in any substantial way.

If it happened…it would be over Tom's resurrected corpse…for he'd never leave Harry behind…under any circumstances.

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End Violation.

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Chapter End Notes

…O…M…G…! 😲

I cannot believe I managed a double update. 😆 Your disbelief can only match mine. 😯

This whole –Violation- burst out of me like that Alien in that one scene from that man's stomach in that movie we don't like to remember but can never forget…#Mouthful 😑

Seriously…I was possessed. 😨😱♥

I've never had my fingers move so fast on another update. 😅

It boggles me how easy this -Violation- came…especially with all the criminal stuff.😖

I apologize for not having responded to you guys' comments on the -29th Violation-, but this thing literally held me at gunpoint and made it so I couldn't do anything else until it was done.☹

I will do my best to answer your previous questions…which may or may not have been answered this Violation already…somewhat… 🙂

Just give me a little time to recover my #RemainingSanity.🙏

Feel free to drop your lines in the meanwhile! 😘 I'm so looking forward to spit-balling with you all in the comments this round!

Wow…what a rush. 😤

Until next time,
Cheers! 🥂

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31st Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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31st Violation

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"What do you mean there was *nothing*?"

"I mean what I said, Captain. The dogs searched the whole perimeter. There was nothing else. They stayed in the underground for a while…sniffing like there might've been something… but in the end they found nothing. Your finger must've been a fluke…"

"That…or somebody did a damn good job covering their tracks."

Kingsley rubbed at his temples and scowled at the scout team reporting back to him from a futile search of the grounds where Ronald Weasley had found the finger.

It would've been helpful in the extreme if they had a shred of extra evidence linking the appendage back to their missing person…but they had absolutely nothing.

Tonks groaned and dragged her hand through her hair, raking the scalp repeatedly as she puzzled things out.

"I don't get it. How does one finger get found with no other attachments? What'd the perp do —chop it all up and drop one crumb?"

Kingsley snorted. "You're going on the presumption that it was murder."

Tonks glared at the wall. "I thought we were proving speculations."

"If that's everything—we really do need to be going, sir."

Kingsley waved his hand at the unsuccessful search team, and they bowed out of the office without further commentary.

What a bust.

"So now…all we have is a *maybe* lead with that Harry Potter kid…the one Riddle Jr. got all edgy about."

Tonks hummed thoughtfully.

Kingsley laced his fingers together beneath his chin atop the desk, and said shortly, “He’s our only remaining lead. Our best bet now is to get an interview with him and find out if all our facts thus far have added up right.”

“Nothing about this case is adding up right. I mean really. I’ve never heard of a finger being found with no other body parts in the vicinity. That’s just fucked up.”

“Wanna bet Peter’s running around with a maimed hand, dodging the law and humane society?”

Tonks laughed outright.

“Now that…would be one for the records. I can’t imagine the scenario. Sounds like something straight out a macabre storybook.”

“I’ve read stranger. Not much…but it exists. For now…our missing person is still a possible homicide. Until we’ve the evidence to declare it clearly otherwise.”

Tonks sighed heavily. “Aye aye, sir. Guess I’ll go contact the Potter kid’s family. See if we can’t get ourselves a meeting ASAP.”

Kingsley nodded. “You do that. I’ll get DHS on the line and see if they’ve turned up any matching strays in the system lately. If this kid is still out there, he might’ve been brought in from another district. No telling how far he’s traveled by now…it has been months.”

Tonks saluted Kingsley and left the office to go deal with her workload for the day.

The first order of business…was getting in touch with the Potters.

She was hoping upon hope that this *Harry* had information they could actually use.

Otherwise…her first real case was gonna be a Cold One.

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“You’re gonna get wrinkles if you keep frowning like that.”

Tom blinked out of his darkening thoughts as Harry poked him in the forehead and plopped down on the couch beside him, where Tom had been sitting…arms crossed pensively, and waiting for Harry to get back from the bathroom…so they could resume their evening study session together.

After Harry’s first couple days back, Tom was reviewing him on the newest material and reaffirming that Harry remained unmolested by the reality of his criminal history breathing down their necks from the shadows.

He'd collected Harry from his parents' house a couple of hours ago…and they'd come directly back to the apartment after having dinner with Lily.

It hadn't been a long visit…but it'd been nice enough.

Even though Harry had definitely noticed Tom's preoccupation throughout the meal…he hadn't pulled his coat until they were well and truly back alone together.

Harry had seemed…lighter somehow—as if he was more relaxed and at ease when Tom returned from the Manor.

It had given Tom pause because he hadn't quite noticed just how stressed his boy had been…until he wasn't anymore. Harry had been walking around with a tension Tom only truly understood once it'd disappeared…or been relieved by something in his absence.

He didn't confront Harry about the subtle change in demeanor…because he hadn't been ready for Harry to latch onto his own mental disturbances.

But they were both going through transitions at this time.

And Tom…Tom was still all about Harry, and protecting their future together.

Harry…he'd been in reality's clutches for little more than two days now…and already Tom wanted to secret him away, back within their solitary bubble…to never be found (or shared with the public) again.

This reaction for Tom…was not so strange.

But the desire was growing exponentially—to be more and more irrepressible within him…the longer they were both forced to interact with the world at large, and all of the peripheral drama slowly piling up around them.

It didn't help that he was being forced to work with another student for the maintaining of his studious public image.

Even if said student was a decent enough partner choice. Tom truly disliked being reliant upon others in any major capacity.

Harry was the sole exception to his gripes.

When it came to Harry…Tom was bullheaded and unreasonably possessive, forcing the weight of his love upon Harry and smothering the boy beneath his ardor at every possible juncture of the day.

The way he'd been slowly crushing his boy's spirit…made Tom grow hard on the inside, mutinous to his own body's impulses.

Because on the whole…Tom was still unable to allow his hold over Harry to loosen, or slip in the minutest capacity…which could only be avoided by making fundamentally irrational demands.

Tom could tell…he was beginning to spiral.

It was as if the world was full of toxins outside of the bubble he'd erected for Harry and him alone, and the more he *breathed* away from Harry…the murkier his thought processes got… and the filthier the sludge choking his jealous heart became.

He just wanted Harry to *himself*—always. Full stop.

He knew his boy trusted him. He knew his boy wanted him back.

But he also knew his boy was damnably *human*…with a heart that had the capacity to love others, alongside Tom…who would encroach upon his territory without hesitance or apology.

It was enough that Harry had Luna.

She was one person Tom could sanction, because he understood her.

She had a purpose, a function in Harry's life…and wasn't bad to have around.

Her past actions had been enough to assist in getting Tom and Harry to where they were today, together…and Tom did not forget…nor discount that. There was a debt there…a gratitude, which Tom had made substantial peace with.

It was just now.

Now…Tom had much more to keep Harry away from.

With the authorities sniffing about…Tom would have to tread careful, and now that Harry was on their radar in even the most miniscule way…he ran the risk of his boy getting caught up in the web of subterfuge he'd been spinning for the longest around them…in order to protect their interests and everything they were together.

Having Harry flagging in the slightest beneath his demands and attention rubbed Tom's nerves raw.

He'd been…*angry*…that day.

Frustrated to no end…when Harry hadn't contacted him…when he'd gotten so *distracted*… it'd made Tom want to do dirty *bad things* to Harry…to make him remember just how owned he was…and would always be.

That no matter what came up—Tom was to be his priority.

Tom hadn't been able to put his vehement desires into sane words…and so, that had resulted in his standoffish behavior that Tuesday afternoon.

When they'd gotten back to the apartment…and Harry had taken the initiative…Tom had snapped right alongside his boy.

It had satisfied the dark, implacable creature inside of him…to have Harry at last…so *desperate* for his touch, so uninhibited by restraint and reason and his own impulses to be anything approaching the realm of a normal, well-adjusted and functional member of teenage society.

Tom had derived great pleasure from taking his boy just as roughly and *urgently*…as his boy had wanted, had so *craved* from him.

It had been no hardship.

He'd been aching to remind…to reclaim…to reaffirm Harry's total possession by himself…by then.

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It was insane.

It was crazy…what his boy did to him.

What he always did to him—what Tom allowed Harry to do to him…and for him, consistently—on the most emotive levels.

It was madness…it would be madness…it had always been *Pure Madness*, from the jump.

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There was only so much justification Tom could make to himself for doing the things he did for Harry and himself…to maintain all they had.

Never at any point, did Tom dream he'd hit a limit.

Never at any point did Tom fathom there'd be a ledge he wouldn't walk off…in defense of his love.

The seriousness of his devotion was such that it couldn't be quantified by a single phrase or action.

Tom's devotion was the accumulation of all his dysfunctional emotions tied…chaotically knotted…into a specific person, bonded to another heart he would not stand for to be separated from his own…because it was his.

Harry was his.

Nothing…he would allow nothing to get in the way of that.

His past…present…and future…balanced now on the concrete foundation of Harry's existence in every facet of his life.

If there was one thing he was certain of…it was that he would be consigned to the deepest pits of the hottest hell, before he allowed himself to lose…or be lost to Harry…for any

reason.

No matter the traps being set around him, he would not be moved away from Harry.

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"You're so quiet…something you want to talk about?"

Harry was staring at Tom…who'd been spacing out for the longest, not really looking at him…even as his head turned automatically in Harry's direction as the boy came to sit beside him on the couch.

The frown Harry touched had smoothed out beneath his fingers…but now, Tom's expression was disturbingly blank.

Harry didn't know what was eating at him. But it was apparently serious.

"You know, I'm not just a d-decorative piece. You can tell me…whatever. *Trust me*…Tom."

Harry spoke softly, entreatingly…pressing his palm to Tom's cheek and stroking the ivory skin with his thumb, until Tom blinked and seemed to come slowly back to the moment.

"You know I'd do *anything* for you…yes?" Tom spoke in a stilted, deliberate fashion.

Harry nodded and maintained Tom's penetrating gaze—remaining otherwise immobile, with his body angled diagonally towards Tom's.

Tom licked his lips and swallowed convulsively…before continuing along the same vein.

"If I'd done something…*socially irredeemable*…you would still trust me…you wouldn't *not* love me…would you?"

It was Harry's turn to frown, not comprehending Tom's line of questioning…and strongly disliking the subtle unease he could hear lacing Tom's unexpected query.

"You mean…if you did something *bad*…by society's standards…would I turn against you?"

Harry spoke just as deliberately, verdant eyes boring into Tom and searching Tom's face…for something, any indicator of the motives behind…this.

Tom just stared right back…gaze sharpening until Harry felt as if Tom was looking beyond his skin…straight down into the depths of his soul…for the only satisfactory answer he could possibly give.

Harry sighed then…and his hand fell away from Tom's cheek to clench tightly in his lap…as he stated clear and sternly, "I don't turn against *you*. I am incapable of that. If I can't stand b-

beside you…I'll be behind you…every step of the way. Until you've no choice but to turn around, and acknowledge my permanence…because it has been us against society…and all its accepted norms…since the beginning."

"I don't know what it is…you think will make me change…but don't do me the disservice… of d-doubting my love. *Please*."

Tom's lips pressed together…in the thinnest of lines. As though he wanted to say something, to confess something…but couldn't get the words out.

Harry smiled finally…and tugged at Tom's still tightly crossed arms, until they came loose… and he was holding both of Tom's hands gently in his own.

"Calm down. Whatever it is…or *was*…I know you well enough to know…you did it for a *reason*. And…if it weren't n-necessary, or unavoidable…you wouldn't have…because it could jeopardize *us*…and you'd never…under *any* circumstances…do that."

"So it's alright."

Tom's mouth slackened and relaxed…and a repentant…hesitant look came over his face… giving him the appearance of a lost child…with too many shadows sticking to his walls to feel anything but haunted.

"I won't lose you." Tom said, and it came out somewhat coarse…roughened by vehemence and bone deep surety.

"No matter what." Harry assured.

And it was as if a heavy load suddenly fell from Tom's shoulders, as Harry watched his features lighten into his default possessive…insatiable affection...untainted by whatever it was he'd been mulling over…worrying so inordinately and unnecessarily about.

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In the next heartbeat—Harry found himself being knocked flat onto the couch with Tom pinning his hands above his head, and staring directly down into wide emeralds, shining with so much adoration and promise…as to provoke his rampaging heart to skip every other beat and send the blood rushing beneath his skin in so many contradictory directions…that his head could only swim beneath the sudden emotional surge.

"You get no take-backs. Not now. Not ever." Tom parsed out—breathless…hazel eyes dilating manically…chest heaving with the force of his expanding lungs, as he further impressed upon Harry his final…uncompromising sentiments.

To which Harry readily replied, "*Okay*…but you'd better seal it…right now...*Tom*."

The ghost of an exultant smirk was the last thing Harry clearly noted on Tom's face, before Tom's lips were being pressed hard against his own…and his eyes fluttered shut for the myriad of shivers wracking his flesh, and injecting his veins with so much explosive warmth and desire…as to render him irrepressibly overcome.

Harry didn't keep track of how long it was that Tom held him down…siphoning the breath from his lungs, like purer oxygen would kill them both.

It felt like it went on forever.

And he was in no hurry for Tom to stop.

Because…in his heart of hearts…he knew, more than anything…he'd meant every word he'd said.

And that Tom…no matter what he'd *done*….would never be someone Harry could walk away from, under any circumstance.

Even if that meant they'd be doomed for all eternity to bear the weight of a collective sin.

Harry would gladly follow Tom straight into hell.

For it didn't matter if they both burned in the end—so long as they were together through it all, Harry could never betray their promised forever.

The capacity to renege on their mutual accord…was nowhere within him.

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Late that evening, after Tom and Harry departed…Lily received an unexpected call from the Precinct.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Potter?"

"This is she."

"Hello, ma'am—my name is Officer Tonks. I'm calling on behalf of the Precinct in order to formally request an interview with your son—Harry Potter. Regarding an ongoing case we are investigating."

Lily frowned.

"I don't see how he could be involved. My son's been hospitalized until recently. Surely there'll be nothing he can tell you…"

"We're more concerned with the people he's been in contact with since transferring into Hogwarts. It's just a formality…we must cover our bases, and your son's input on any level may be of help. Truly."

Lily clenched the phone and chewed her bottom lip.

“My husband has some ties to law enforcement. I would rather he be here during the proceedings…as I am not as familiar with such interrogations as him, and I do not want my Harry exposed to trauma.”

“I understand. We will do our best to be brief. Of course you and your husband must be present—as Harry is a minor, and it’s sorta against the law to interview him alone. Haha…”

Lily smiled slightly.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what case is this? I haven’t been watching local news so much lately…”

On the line the officer sighed a bit before responding, somewhat sheepishly.

“It’s a missing person’s case. I can’t go into too much detail at present, but we’re following a lot of cold leads and trying to connect dots. As it came to us pretty late...”

Lily hummed…before a thought occurred to her.

“You missing person…wouldn’t happen to be a boy…by the name of Peter, would it?”

Loaded silence filled Lily’s ears, and she felt a growing certainty in her gut.

“Ma’am…yes, may I ask how you are aware of him?”

“There was a lady at the shopping center…she was passing out flyers. I fielded one to my husband, and I hadn’t heard any news about it since.”

“Interesting…who was this lady? Did you get her name?”

Lily thought hard.

“I believe it was Bathilda…Bagshot.”

Lily heard a rustling like paper in the background, and then the officer spoke.

“I see. We’ve spoken to her before. It’s interesting that you’re connected.”

“I do hope you all find Peter. It’s a terrible thing when a child goes missing.”

“Isn’t it just? I won’t take up any more of your time, Ma’am. Would tomorrow evening be convenient for both your husband and yourself to be present? It is imperative that we do this as soon as possible…as the longer we wait, the less usable the leads may be…”

“I can talk to James. I’m sure he’ll make the time. I assume you’ll be by the house?”

“Certainly—we wouldn’t unnecessarily inconvenience you. Your cooperation is most appreciated. We’ll be through anytime between four and six.”

“Alright. We’ll be here.”

“Thank you for your time. Good evening.”

Click. ~

Lily hung up the line behind the officer and shook her head.

She hated the thought of Harry being questioned, especially so soon after his accident…but needs must. It really was a tragedy that Peter was in the wind.

“I’ll call Tom and make sure he brings Harry by tomorrow. James will be home soon…”

Murmuring to herself and going to the kitchen to warm the leftovers for her husband, Lily decided to go ahead and call Tom before it got too much later.

She’d hate to blindside him the next day, after all.

It wasn’t too late—she was sure the boys were still up.

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Harry laughed and carded his fingers lazily through Tom’s sweaty hair, twisting an ebony curl and smiling as Tom pressed a tender kiss to his marked up chest.

They were on Harry’s bed in the living room…lying in the aftermath of an impromptu physical session…after having put aside the books in favor of more *pleasurable* pursuits with each other.

“Y’know…keep this up, and we’ll never get a thing done.”

Tom chuckled and nuzzled further against Harry’s body beneath him. “Physical activity is very good for the mind. Endorphins provide an extra sense of clarity to the senses and increase memory capacity. I am merely doing my job as your Tutor in all possible facets.”

Harry called bullshit.

“So…what you’re saying is, we have *sex* instead of studying…to increase my mental capabilities…?”

Tom leveraged himself up on an elbow, hovering in front of Harry’s nose with a cheeky smile, “Exactly, darling. See—you’re already smarter.”

Harry rolled his eyes and tugged Tom back down against himself, moaning softly as every inch of Tom’s warm…naked flesh...melded to his own and weighed him into the sheets.

“Why do I feel like the…*haa*…exact opposite is h-happening, then?”

Tom hummed mock thoughtfully…and shifted against Harry…feeling his boy beginning to *reawaken* against his lower abdomen as he sinuously slid his body against Harry's… purposefully pressing against Harry in a way to further arouse interest.

"You mean…that instead of increasing your capabilities…you think all this…*fucking*…is making you…stupid?"

Harry gasped as Tom emphasized *that word* with a purposeful rock against him.

"Y-yeah…I lose…my mind…*hah*…*aah*…every time you…*touch me*…"

Tom took that last bit as an invitation.

And Harry shut his eyes and panted as Tom's hands greedily roamed his body…squeezing and rubbing possessively along the whole length of him, dipping into his tensing muscles and spreading his already damp thighs further apart…as Tom moved down his body…pressing hot kisses to Harry's chest…stomach…and inner thighs…before finally turning his attention to the swollen member…flagging and dribbling precum already…as Harry gripped the sheets, bit his lip, and stared with heavily lidded, emerald eyes…*heatedly* down at Tom… being so provocative between his legs…whilst Harry flushed like the prettiest cherry…and mentally begged Tom to make him *feel good.*

"Would you like me to *suck you*, darling?"

Tom's tone was husky, and Harry's head swam as warm breath wafted along his cock… getting harder and harder…the longer Tom merely hovered…and did not touch it…waiting on Harry's verbal reply.

"I…*haah*…yeees…Tom…*p-please*…!"

Tom licked his lips slowly, eyes glinting as he hunkered down and gripped the base of Harry's dick…squeezing just enough to stem the cum trying to trickle forth…and causing Harry to buck his hips and moan his name beautifully.

"Please *what*? What do you want from me…*Harry*?"

Harry chewed his lower lip, arching his hips ineffectually into Tom's unrelenting grip… wanting so *much*…and not getting it.

But Tom was so *mean*…he wanted Harry to say it…

"I want you…*aah*…to take me in your m-mouth…and *suck* until…*haah...nngh*…until I've wasted every bit of me…down your *throat*…*Tom*…"

Tom's eyes flashed, hungrily…and Harry barely had a second to squeak…before Tom murmured thickly, "As you wish…", and swallowed him voraciously down to the hilt.

With the heat of Tom wrapped so warm, and *wet* around him…Harry lost all remaining coherency and gave himself up to Tom fully…moaning the older teen's name so loud…that if they had neighbors, they'd be disturbing the peace.

Tom didn't let up as he took Harry all the way down…*again*…*and again*…*and again*…until his boy *screamed* and arched high into the air, ramming himself down Tom's accommodating gullet…which forcibly milked and drained just every last drop of precious essence from Harry…until Tom groaned throatily and gripped Harry's spread thighs hard enough to bruise…as he observed his boy's debauched abandon through the obscuring curtain of his ebony bangs…

But Harry was gorgeous like this.

Tom thought…he'd suck him forever to worship the view above him…as Harry utterly and completely *lost his shit*.

He was the only one who'd ever do this for his boy.

Tom was the only one who'd ever see Harry *this way.*

Because Harry was his…and that was final.

Running his tongue all along the spent shaft and deflated mushroom tip…as Harry trembled through the aftershocks of his orgasm…Tom continued overstimulating the tender flesh in his mouth—until Harry began to paw weakly at the top of his head…urging him to leave off… without so many words.

Releasing Harry at last…with a wet *pop*…Tom crawled back up Harry's body, until they were nose to nose.

Harry met his gaze…all boneless and exhausted, and Tom smiled…satisfied to have been what made his boy so very *pleased*...

"I trust you enjoyed that." Tom raised an eyebrow, clearing his throat slightly as his voice came out hoarsened.

Harry's cheeks stayed a healthy red, and he shrugged against the bed…grinning lopsidedly up at Tom.

"I suppose...it wasn't bad…"

Tom chuckled and pressed his lips to Harry's, in a perfunctory peck…lingering long enough for Harry to taste himself on Tom's breath.

"So glad you approved." Tom purred.

Whatever Harry would have said next was interrupted by the loud ringing of Tom's cell phone on the coffee table.

Tom frowned.

Harry and he stared at the device with matching dubious expressions.

It was late enough into the evening that anyone calling would need a justification.

And with the way Tom's day had been going…

Tom groaned and reluctantly crawled off of Harry to retrieve the thing.

Flipping it open, Tom blinked as Lily's number shone up at him from the screen. Glancing over his shoulder at Harry's questioning stare from the bed, Tom opened the line and spoke charmingly, "To what do I owe the pleasure, Lily?"

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Harry watched Tom on the phone with his mother, and wondered at the serious expression on Tom's face.

"I see…yes…it's no problem…I'll be sure to have him there."

A beat passed.

Tom smiled and replied softly. "I would hate to intrude…but if you insist…"

Harry frowned, opening his mouth and shutting it again as Tom held up a finger in the universal shushing gesture.

"He's asleep right now…but I'll pass it along. Don't worry…I'll be right there with him… no…his recovery won't suffer. Rest assured."

Harry propped himself up on an elbow and blinked as Tom said a cordial, warm goodbye… before abruptly closing out the line and rounding on him.

"Darling—it seems we need to have a talk."

Harry stared wide eyed up at Tom, as the older teen came back to the bed and climbed beneath the sheets again…pulling Harry close to his naked side and beginning, "You said you'd always love me."

Harry didn't know where this was going…but he agreed, as he had.

Tom smiled…and it was rather grim.

"I need you to know something."

Harry swallowed and gave Tom his undivided attention.

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“So…the cops came to you today…because P-Peter…is missing…and was *stalking* you?”

Tom nodded.

Harry glared in righteous affront. “Why would you have a-anything to do…with a *creep* like that? There’s no reason for them to suspect you—at all!”

Tom’s gaze darkened.

“It would seem Peter…knew something about *us*. And he wasn’t pleased…as he wrote down a lot of…*disparaging things*…about you.”

Harry blinked, frowning deeply, “That’s…you didn’t tell them…that we were…*are*… acquainted?”

“I didn’t feel it altogether *prudent* to volunteer that information. But as they will be interrogating you with your parents tomorrow…you need to be prepared for this line of questioning.”

“…I’ve never met Peter b-before…I didn’t know he existed…”

Tom nodded.

“Of course not…you’d have had no reason to be in contact with *him*. The only reason he disliked you *specifically*…was because of me.”

Tom’s voice was embittered, and he near spat around certain identifying words. Harry grabbed Tom’s hand and brought the back of it to his mouth.

Kissing it once…then twice…in an effort to stave off Tom’s rapidly blackening mood. Tom blinked then, and refocused on Harry as his boy spoke softly, “You said you’d be there. We… I can say…you didn’t want to get me involved…that you didn’t know Peter had fixated on me in such way and were afraid of dragging me into a mess…especially after my recent recovery.”

Tom nodded and allowed Harry’s words to wash over him, soothing his impromptu rage at the vermin resurfacing as the antagonist to their paradise.

It did a world of good to have Harry at least *partially* in on the cover-up.

Even if Harry maintained he would always love Tom…Tom wouldn’t be so foolish as to haphazardly throw his sins at the boy’s feet.

He didn’t even particularly want Harry to know just how far he was willing to go…as it could strain their relations in the future.

He always wanted Harry to be…soft…inviting…warm and wholeheartedly accepting of him.

He didn’t want to put his boy in the position of fighting with his more humane conscience in order to justify Tom’s actions.

For Tom…he knew murder was beyond the pale. That it was something no sane person would be able to easily gloss over in his circumstances.

It might've been different…had the kill been cleaner. But he'd relished torturing the rat in the way that he had.

It'd been more than vengeance…it'd been cathartic.

It had soothed his own selfish need to extract retribution for the pain Harry's fall had caused himself to feel. The brutality of what seeing Harry lying in a pool of his own blood at the foot of those stairs…unresponsive…maybe dead, maybe dying…could never be overstated in regards to Tom.

Had he not done what he did to ensure nothing of the sort would ever occur on Peter's untouched account…Tom would surely have been plagued by insurmountable nightmares and a possible psychotic break in the wake of Harry's damaging.

He'd been barely holding himself together when at the hospital initially.

Luna Lovegood letting him know that Harry's *accident* had been an orchestration of the most malicious order…had been the true focus he'd needed to get himself right back on track.

From then on—Peter's demise had been imminent.

Tom would never regret removing the vermin from the shadow of Harry's peripherals. He would never feel sorry for making the Rat's last moments alive a veritable exercise in the utmost AGONY.

But Tom...did feel a certain…unavoidable shame…for the possibility of Harry knowing the depths of the darkness he was truly capable of.

Harry—was light at it's purest, most beautiful…in Tom's eyes.

Harry was all the good in the world that Tom had never thought he'd care for or require… until he had it clutched within his grasping fingers, snatched by his possessive hands.

Tom didn't want his estimation to fall in Harry's eyes.

He wanted Harry to know him…to know the best...the most intimate details of him…because Tom wanted to show Harry.

But he did not especially want to expose Harry to the truest corruption in his heart.

Not like this. Never like this.

He wanted to preserve the illusion of himself as something cracked…but not irredeemably broken inside.

He didn't want to inspire Harry to fear…or pity…or feel…disgusted by him.

Tom was highly intelligent. He knew well enough that he was fundamentally abnormal.

He knew his pieces didn't fit right inside…that his feelings were not (altogether) on any acceptable levels.

Tom knew Harry believed…that Harry felt deeply that he would accept any and everything about Tom…down to the wretched bones.

But Tom…he didn't want to pollute Harry with himself…in this way.

He wanted…to leave his marks all over his boy.

He wanted…to carve his name into every nook and cranny of Harry's psyche, and to make it so his boy couldn't have a decent thought without Tom's name crossing his mind.

He wanted…for Harry to be attached to him in all the ways that made one person belong to another, aside from the fullest conjunction of their contrasting souls…because Tom knew deep down…that his brand of corruption, if unveiled to Harry unchecked—had the potential to snuff out the very light he craved to have and to hold indefinitely…forever…*eternally*…in his hands.

He wanted…for himself to never be the thing Harry needed to get away from.

He wanted…for Harry…never to feel the integrity of his pure soul was in jeopardy…from his compulsive loving Tom.

It was one thing for Harry to adore him.

It was another for Tom to be worthy of the adoration.

Tom was secure in the knowledge that Harry would never willingly think the worst of him… or change by the world's suspicions—or those of irrelevant, unreliable sources outside of their bubble.

But Tom would never—could never…bring himself to be the one to pull the wool from over his boy's eyes in regards to the lows to which he was willing to…and had already sank.

It was enough for him to know that Harry *believed* himself capable of loving Tom through and through…no matter what.

It was enough for Tom to keep certain truths under wraps…in order to not ruin the trust being placed within him.

If Harry's love was an illusion waiting to be shattered…Tom would be well and truly *damned*…before admitting he was not the man Harry wished and trusted him to be.

Tom would forever camouflage his sins in the colours of his own obsessive love…until Harry was so enraptured with the painted picture of him…that he'd pay no true mind to the mold creeping into the framework…slowly threatening to devour the canvas.

He owed it to Harry…to give him the best version of his crooked self.

He wouldn't let Harry *leave*…or develop a *desire* to leave him.

He would keep his finger pressed hard against the pulse of full disclosure…until the jugular split, and he could no longer contain the blood flowing from his throat.

For as long as it could be maintained…Tom would keep Harry *purely* in love with a twisted man worth loving—instead of the hopelessly wounded and vengeful creature…wholly despicable and fractured within…to the point where even the light of the sun could not purify its soul.

Tom wanted…more than anything…to deserve Harry.

Even if he could never—be more than the sum of his shambles and stains…he'd be okay…so long as Harry was his to blind.

After all…love is a tale told by the mad, full of disaster and secrets…more significant than everything.

For what protects the rose—if not the bloodiest thorns?

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End Transmission.

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Chapter End Notes

I had intended to make it to another interview…but all Tom's introspection and motivations got me like…#UpdateNow…😔

I feel like this Violation rings like a filler—in many aspects.

Even though a lot of important groundwork has been laid…I guess I'm just impatient like that when it comes to actual plot stuff. 😄

If it looks like I know what I'm doing…fair warning…it's half smoke and glass. 🙄

#DaMuses be eternal trolls who love psychobabble more than anything.❤ It's where they shine.

#ToxicSoup is the main course of these Violations…and we shall forever be fed on the flavor of obsessive love. 😏

Can I just say—Tom's cray cray got me needing #LegitTherapy at this point. 😭

It's like…we're rotating in a tail eating circle, where every intent keeps us dismantling our own progress. I actually got a little dizzy this time. 😵

Huh…in any case, I do hope you all enjoyed this installment—and I look forward to hearing back from each and every one of you awesome peeps in the comments. 🧡💛💜🤎

As always—feedback will be appreciated and adored. ☺️

#DaMuses be insatiable, and do love a good Spit-balling. 🤗

Until next time,

Take care ~ 🌺🐍○

32nd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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32nd Violation

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School could be a real drag.

This was a truth universally acknowledged…to which the twins paid homage every day of their lives.

There was always something else they'd rather be doing, which was well reflected by their abysmal attendance records.

The only reason the Weasley matron hadn't disowned them outright—was because they were certifiable geniuses, with otherwise colorful personalities and troublesome attention spans.

As Molly Weasley was a nurse, she was all too familiar with the diagnoses her boys could be labeled with…but suspected disorders and actual medical stamps were two different things… and Molly never wanted that particular stigma to be slapped upon her children—whom she loved dearly, and knew to be capable as anyone else when given the proper opportunities and incentives.

The allowances made for the twins' past misdemeanors and current mischief making were varied and many.

Although that hadn't saved them from being held back on prior occasions in grade school, resulting in their residency in the wrong peer group class their freshman year at Hogwarts High.

Fred and George were nowhere near unintelligent.

Their teachers over the years had even spoken fondly, but exasperatedly about the boys.

Saying they had so much potential, but the application to which they put their knowledge… left much to be desired.

Being seen as one entity rather than two separate individuals had its advantages…and drawbacks. Fred and George both learned to use their symbiosis to better amuse themselves with the world at large—at the expense of everyone else.

It was just the way of things.

Fred tended to be the frontrunner in their antics, with George playing his ever so capable right hand and wingman at the best of times.

As far as accomplices went—George was the best.

He was Fred's mirror image, but internally…they were as different as day and night; and just as complimentary—where one went, the other was sure to follow, and vice versa.

It was a rare individual that could tell the difference between Fred and George…when they were intent on playing doubles.

Luna Lovegood was one such rare…perceptive individual…and George knew—Fred was somewhat sweet on her already.

It had been apparent that first day in English class…when they'd hooked themselves to the duet which was Harry and Luna.

George had followed his brother's cues in all things as per usual, and when Luna pulled the new kid's coat on their duplicity—George could only stand in awe of her as Fred's interests were further kindled.

George himself could appreciate her uniqueness, but he was less romantically inclined towards the fairer sex.

It was why he made such a good wingman.

Fred knew his brother could be trusted not to ruin his game, or become unwitting competition for any reason. It simply wasn't George's M.O.

Sure…when fooling the masses, George flirted with the best of them…but there was no heart in it, only playfulness.

It was easy to slip into Fred's shoes because they knew each other so well.

But at the bones…they were different.

At the core—they had contrasts.

Their past dalliances included individuals less familiar with the twins within the bounds of their lives at Hogwarts, which led to some interesting encounters in the local area.

Fred had always been a ladies man, through and through.

But George…he ran in the subgroups in private, and their paths diverged on a personal basis.

George didn't keep many secrets from his brother, but on the matter of his sexuality and interests…he kept relatively mum.

It was well and good for Fred to suspect his brother had leanings in another (less orthodox) direction, and respect his twin's right to be an individual.

It was another to chat about the few interests that actually caught George's eye…which he refused to do anything about.

Their family was rather large.

Their mother and father had no problem furthering the gene pool.

As such, things at home were often mildly chaotic…and familial relationships could be rather complex.

They had three older brothers and one younger, with a little sister bringing up the rear still in middle school.

The eldest of the Weasley brood worked as an international translator and bondsman, and had married a French girl whom their mother despised…but put up with for the sake of her son's happiness.

In their mother's eyes—a girl should be well rounded with the ability to take care of a household, and an eye for down to earth family life.

The fanciful Fleur and her couture, heavy accent, and worldly ways did not strike the Weasley matron as a proper girl to be settling with…as she did not inspire thoughts of roots and longevity.

But their oldest brother—Bill, loved her, and they were expecting a child and altogether very happy together (according to the many postmarks and long distance contact).

The second eldest, Percy—was into politics, and rather estranged from the family tree, on account of their poorer status and less affluent connections.

Percy was the kind of smart that went to a specialized private school on scholarship and decided his family (such that is was) was nice, but not nice enough to be chained to for the rest of his natural life spent on the lower side of class.

Molly Weasley loved her son. But even she didn't push the issue of Percy's defection from the family tree into the limelight of the Political arena with the wealthy and bourgeoisie.

It was just a fact that she could only do so much once her sons grew up, and there was no handling a situation of a son leaving the nest and not wanting to come back.

At least he stopped by for Thanksgivings and Christmases.

The third eldest, Charlie—lived on a wildlife preserve in Africa, and had dedicated his life to working with endangered species and nature enthusiasts.

Last they'd heard, he was married to his work and only had eyes for the animals.

In effect…with the three eldest out of the nest and in the wide world, their mother had learned not to try and micromanage her children in any way.

Thus—affecting a more hands-off approach with the younger generations, and allowing them to each spread their wings at will…with minimal interference.

Of course, the twins, their younger brother, and their sister were all dearly loved by their mother—but at this point, it was more of a constant shuffling of needs being met and bills being paid with no catastrophes happening and thus, peace being maintained in an otherwise chaotic verse.

The way Fred and George saw it—so long as they were alive and well, and not bleeding out in the streets or getting arrested—their mother was content to let them be.

Their father was a hard enough worker being an engineer, private tinkerer, and joint breadwinner of their large household…and so, there was little to say about his role beyond the obvious.

But backtracking to the overall family dynamic—Fred and George knew their place on the totem, and they maximized it.

And George…he knew when not to make a fuss over his own sexuality and private life in a place where privacy was a dreamlike substance you only really got within your own head.

For all the pranks and mischief George got up to with his brother, he knew how to keep his mouth shut on certain things for the good of his own inner peace.

Thus—when he realized Fred liked Luna, and that *he* was paying an inordinate amount of attention to Luna's friend…Harry…George just smiled, and took it for what it was.

He was no stranger to infatuations without results.

Harry was…interesting, and preoccupied.

He'd noticed that from the jump, when he'd caught Harry hiding a phone and obviously sending off messages during group time.

Joking about it with Fred at the boy's distracted expense had been easy and familiar, but George couldn't stop his curiosity from rearing its' head.

He knew the rumors circulating around Harry Potter specifically…how he'd taken a fall from the stairs, and been out of school recuperating until that week.

It was hard not to know when news of the freak accident had been all over the school in a matter of days following the event.

At that time—George and Fred had been playing hooky, but eventually the wind caught up.

Fred hadn't commented much on it, but the unlikelihood of such an anomalous occurrence struck both the twins as strange.

Neither of them had known the one involved personally until now.

As it stood, George had his own suspicions that something…not right…had gone down once upon a time ago, and Harry was the central figure of everything.

It just reeked of oddness.

Harry being a new student…Hogwarts having its first unexplained serious accident in ages on the staircase…Harry returning after the New Year well and healed after months of absence.

Luna Lovegood and all her personal strangeness and quirks—attaching herself to Harry's side like a watchful sentry, and seeming altogether very close and comfortable with Harry…more-so than she'd ever been with anyone in the past that George knew about.

Just as Luna seemed to know *of* Fred and George, apparently enough to identify them separately…George knew *of* Luna…even if he'd never really had a proper long conversation with her.

Fred was only just taking a vested interest because they were in this group together, and Luna was actually *shining*…radiating an infectious gladness and feeling of wellbeing, even as she remained diligently watchful in all things…concerning her friend, especially.

George had an inkling that he wasn't the only one…intrigued…by Harry Potter.

Luna…wasn't overtly obvious, but George knew the look he caught on her face…carefully concealed beneath softly gleaming eyes and a beatific smile.

She got it whenever Harry spoke to her, a kind of quiet glow and permeating satisfaction…

It was the look of a girl in love…and entirely content to be so.

Harry was a gentle soul…soft-spoken but cheeky…with a lively spark within his eyes that lit up when he was properly engaged with the group.

Harry had a quiet charisma that sucked you in and held you there—locked in orbit and constantly revolving to the tune of his every word.

George found himself being the best version of himself—Fred's most charming counterpart and partner in all things, as Harry laughed and readily applauded for the antics the twins displayed in the spirit of comradery and making strides in the group project.

When it came time to put all their heads together, George found their quartet worked very well indeed.

For whatever reason—it was like they understood each other intuitively.

Fred with his antennae tuned to Luna's smooth vibes and engaging the girl in intelligent discourse between humorous anecdotes and nudges to George, who in turn prodded Harry and teased that particularly amused and lighthearted grin from the youth…feeling

exponentially glad to be addressed directly, without falling beneath the shadow of his brother so much as to be effectively invisible.

Harry had a way of making George feel both seen and exclusively appreciated.

He didn't have to say much, it was in the way that he was…in the way that he *really listened* and offered his honest and frank opinions.

George liked how Harry focused when he spoke, and he didn't ever say he was just like his brother…or keep bringing up how they were so alike.

When Harry spoke—he was genuine and committed to what he said, and George could feel a magnetism that made him feel eager to impress and continuously please…so long as he could have Harry's attention on him specifically, and those pretty jade eyes sparkling back at him.

George could allow himself to seriously entertain the notion of making a move… eventually…if not for the way Harry broke off mid-speech and fiddled with that phone of his beneath the desk.

George watched as those ever expressive eyes turned downwards, and those cheeks reddened, and that lower lip was chewed as Harry fumbled to type out a hurried response to whatever had drawn him out of the group bubble.

In effect—weakening the spell amongst them, and hiccupping the discourse as Fred carried the narrative along and Luna joined George in subtly watching Harry phase out…as they both felt differing variations of resignation and fondness for the teen.

Harry had a face that was overly emotive.

He didn't hide his emotions.

So George knew…without even having to ask, that Harry was out of reach.

And George also knew…that Luna knew…and was obviously okay with it, because of the way she just kept smiling…and turned her attention politely back on Fred after a particularly lingering look…which spoke volumes in fundamental acceptance.

George could see well enough that he wasn't even a third wheel.

He was merely a passerby on the outside, looking through a glass he couldn't hope to break through…at a picture he could see blurrily, but knew he didn't belong within.

Luna…for all her radiated luminescence…obviously knew her own place in the grand scheme.

George consoled himself with the fact that he was already part of a permanent duo, in which he would always have a place…no matter how often he felt the desire to break away and carve his own niche.

Because at the end of the day…infatuations passed, but friendship and family remained—no matter the hardship.

It was brilliant enough that the four of them had come together at all.

At the very least…Fred could maybe have a shot…someday.

George lamented the fact that his timing was so apparently off.

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Thursday had come and flown by on the swiftest breeze.

Before Harry blinked—he found himself at the end of fourth period English, enjoying himself with Luna and the Twins, working on their research project and trading laughter for returned smiles all throughout the process.

Even with the looming police investigation and private drama, Harry was elated with the state of his life.

Not only had he been given the okay to stay with Tom, but Tom was so apparently in love with him…that Harry got *mad butterflies* just every time he thought about Tom doing literally *anything* to keep him.

It wasn't like Harry couldn't see the insanity.

It was just that he didn't care.

Being with Tom the way he was…felt too good to give up…for any reason.

Harry didn't care that he was maybe…probably…going along with something he didn't know about…which could…most probably…derail the foundations of right and wrong from his mindset completely.

The way Tom had been so knotted up about Harry leaving him over *something*…was a neon sign testament to the seriousness of whatever it was that Tom had done.

Harry didn't care. Honest.

And he knew on the shallowest surface level that this was *bad* of him…that this was *absolutely horrible* of him, without knowing what it was he was exactly agreeing to go along with.

Harry knew he was functioning with a shattered moral compass on Tom's behalf.

He knew that his definitions of *acceptable anything* were skewed to justify all that Tom and he were together…and had maintained up until now in their relationship.

Harry only wanted to continue on this way, with Tom at his side, enjoying his life to the fullest…being loved to distraction.

He was even participating normally in school now, enjoying his newest acquaintances and Luna's company.

The twins—Fred and George, were a riot.

Harry kept having flashbacks to Neville and Hermione as he carried on and played the part of a student and carefree teenager with a group of close friends.

The last time he'd felt so light on the inside from friendly banter had been at Griffin.

Those recollections felt distant and hazy in the face of the sheer vividness and brilliance of his life now.

It wasn't that he was forgetting…he was just becoming divorced from old attachments and separation heartache…and developing new ties.

Second to only Tom in gravity—Luna was Harry's best friend. It was a given.

Harry thought…if there were anyone who could slot into the place Neville and Hermione had vacated within him…what felt like so long ago, it would be Luna…and then maybe the twins.

Harry hadn't known Fred and George long…so it was mildly disconcerting how easily he grew accustomed to their presences.

Of course—Luna had hit him like a whirlwind in the beginning too.

Their friendship had been fast and strong.

So fast and strong that Tom had been jealous…Harry well recalled, and this brought a small, near guilty grin to his face.

Tom really had a hold on him.

Everything within Harry somehow led right back to the older teen. It was like a reflex.

When Harry thought of Luna and their friendship, he had to remember Tom's reaction to her…and later acceptance of her, after much trial and tribulation.

If it hadn't been for Luna being there when she was, Harry would've been floundering in certain aspects trying to be beside Tom.

She'd done so much in support of them.

She'd cheered them on with a smile the entire time, and Harry's chest felt filled to bursting with the knowledge that Luna both loved and accepted him and Tom…and all that they were to each other.

The three of them…Harry wanted them to be together…always.

Adding Fred and George's influence into the equation just made everything so much more enjoyable…as the twins were life and fun distilled.

Harry hadn't stopped laughing since he'd sat down to the twins and Luna, and their research project was coming along nicely amongst them.

They worked well together, and both Fred and George brought know-how and wicked amusements to the table.

George was especially funny—always ready with a timely rejoinder to Fred's running commentary, and never failing to catch Harry's eye and make sure he was present throughout the conversation.

Even when Harry inevitably got distracted by his phone vibrating with random texts from Tom…demanding a reply to their dirtier contents.

Harry couldn't stop blushing when he imagined Tom's voice in his ear, drawling the things he'd typed out.

Sender Tom: <Bored. Counting secs…want you in my mouth again…>

It really wasn't fair that Tom could rile him up so effectively long distance. Harry shifted in his seat and ignored everything else as he quickly formulated a reply.

~ Working. Miss you…getting hot here…~

Harry bit his lip and suppressed a giddy grin as Tom's next text came near instantaneously.

Sender Tom: <Wanna get you hotter…coming for you after the bell. Wait for me in the hall, darling.>

Harry's next text was interrupted by George's voice bringing him back to the present.

"What do you think Harry? Systemic or broad approach—for the rebuttals….?"

Harry blinked, staring clueless for a moment before licking his lips and thinking on his feet, "Err…I guess the broad approach would be best. Since there's so much information, we don't want to constrain ourselves to one line of thought. It'll go easier putting it all together without the rigidness."

"Told ya, Forge—Harry dearest agrees with Luna and I. You're outnumbered."

Fred snorted and rolled his eyes. "Do hush Gred—dearest Harry likely knows you can't focus a lick, and doesn't want to ruin the project. I understand. Luna is just too accommodating."

"…says the one who can't finish a book without skipping to the ending and spoiling everything, always."

"Not my fault they take so long on set up. So much exposition is boring!"

Luna hummed thoughtfully. "Wouldn't that ruin the story? Knowing the ending beforehand… it makes the journey less exciting, no?"

Harry nodded and smiled lopsidedly at Luna. "I think Fred just hates the wait. D-delayed gratification isn't for everyone."

George waggled his eyebrows suggestively at Harry and smirked as he quipped, "Oh, I dunno...as long as you do it right, the buildup can be more satisfying than the release."

Fred snorted, "You'd know all about the buildup. So slow, my brother…you should hear him —"

"—Shaddup! We're talking about the paper!"

"Are we? I distinctly remember you running out all the hot water that one time when you —…."

"—Keep talking, I'll choke you."

"My my…so rough…I always knew you were a sadist, Georgie ol'boy… but think of the children!"

Harry just shook his head and bit back a smile…as George's foot automatically kicked out at Fred's shin, and Fred just barely dodged in his seat…loudly rattling their pushed together desks and causing a ruckus—which made the professor look up, and send their group a measured glance.

"I think we can all agree that the wait may be fulfilling…but Fred enjoys having all his cake in one bite."

Luna sighed aloud and dreamily addressed Harry.

Harry only laughed and replied, "Therein lies the way to indigestion."

George winked at Harry and stage whispered, "If he throws up, I'll shield you with my awesomeness."

"How generous of you—Sir George. How will I ever repay such noble sacrifice?"

Fred piped up, "I do believe a kiss would not go amiss!"

To which color rode high on George's cheeks for the briefest of moments, before he glanced at his twin in askance and then looked quickly back at Harry, judging the teen's reaction as Harry thought aloud, "Hmmm…I may get in trouble for that…how's about a big, squishy hug?"

“DEAL!” George stuck his hand out for an impromptu shake, and Harry playfully took it up as George proceeded to elbow Fred hard in the side.

“Hurry up and chuck—the bell’s about to ring!”

“Patience peon, these things take time.”

Luna raised an eyebrow and stared between Harry and George, noting how George was maintaining the shake far too long to be proper…and she cleared her throat delicately, nudging Harry’s leg beneath the desk.

Harry looked at her, breaking contact with George in the process.

“Luna?”

Luna smiled a small smile and murmured a cryptic, “Careful Harry—you’re going to break a heart.”

Harry frowned, sobering slightly…before glancing back at George still wheedling his brother, and then back at Luna in patent disbelief.

“You don’t think…”

Luna tilted her head and blinked, “I think caution is a must. If you go too far…Tom may go further.”

“Wha…?”

Harry was interrupted by the bell, and he jumped in his seat as he suddenly remembered he hadn’t texted Tom a reply.

Now mildly worried by Luna’s foreboding assessment of his interactions with George, Harry pecked out a quick line to make sure Tom knew he hadn’t ignored him.

~ I’ll be here. ~

And then he was gathering his things, saying his goodbyes and walking out the door flanked by the twins.

Surely Luna was overthinking it.

There was no way George felt like that…it’d barely been two days!

Harry realized the hypocrisy of his thoughts as soon as he planted his back against the wall, and turned his head to glimpse Tom at the far end of the hallway… making his graceful way head and shoulders above most of the milling students, drifting in his direction with single-minded determination.

As Tom drew closer and the twins kept hovering—Harry began to low key panic.

“S-shouldn’t you guys be off to class?”

Harry winced as his voice came out more high pitched than normal.

George stared down at him and Fred grinned and draped a careless, ill-advised arm around Harry’s shoulders.

“Now now—it almost sounds like you want us to go. Have we offended our dearest somehow?”

Harry stiffened beneath the arm and pursed his lips as Tom quickened his stride, zoning coldly in on the brazen twin attached to Harry’s person.

Not good.

Before Harry could shrug Fred off and maybe intercept Tom before the unavoidable collision happened, he was further stymied by George adding his arm atop his twin’s…effectively locking Harry in place between them.

“That hurts—truly.”

Harry stammered an ineffectual warning, just as Tom made his last few measured strides in the trio’s direction.

“Hello Harry.”

Harry swallowed thickly and stared up into the stoically displeased, handsome face of Tom Riddle…whose glinting hazel eyes shifted between the twins, as if calculating the quickest route to severe dismemberment.

Not good at all.

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xXOXx

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School was a drag.

The highlight of Tom’s day had been texting Harry and envisioning his boy’s expression in response to his messages.

It wasn’t enough that it was already fourth period, and he had only to wait for the bell to be excused to collect his boy…Tom was still impatient—and thirsty as ever.

After he’d told Harry to wait for him in the hall, Tom had expected some sort of reply—and it did come, but after a long enough pause to raise his brow.

Sender Harry: < I’ll be here.>

Tom could only assume Harry had been preoccupied in class…so he magnanimously forgave the delay.

And when the bell tolled at last—Tom promptly ejected himself from the classroom and into the afternoon rush crowd of students, stepping onto the third floor in short order and making a beeline for Harry's class.

From his vantage at the end of the hallway, Tom caught his first glimpse of Harry's familiar mop of hair floating between the obscuring bodies of two taller red heads…boxing in the youth and looking altogether far too familiar for Tom's tastes.

He quickened his stride, intent on extracting Harry from the two unwelcome additions to his person...just as green eyes flashed upwards, and locked onto his own peeved gaze…drawn like the strongest magnet, unable to be resisted.

Tom didn't try and suppress the flintiness of his stare as the redheads accosted Harry's person with their gangly limbs, and in the space of three heartbeats he was standing toe to toe with the trio.

"Hello Harry."

In a voice frosted over with subtle malice, Tom spoke—all the while wanting to rip the arms around Harrys' shoulders from their sockets.

Because what gave these bastards the right to touch what was his?

"H-hey…Tom…you're here!"

Nervous laughter permeated the air, and twin sets of curious eyes met Tom's own…as Tom mock cordially addressed the leprous elephants in the hallway.

"Gentlemen—I haven't had the pleasure."

"Nor have we good sir, it is—"

"—truly an honor..."

"…to make your acquaintance this auspicious afternoon."

Harry grumbled under his breath and squirmed awkwardly beneath the purposefully tightening weight of Fred and George's combined arms.

Well…shit.

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xXOXx

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If looks could kill, George knew he and his brother would be six feet under…because Tom Riddle—was a snake poised to strike if he'd ever seen one.

He reflexively tightened his arm around Harry's shoulders and greeted the slightly taller teen in an unruffled fashion.

It was curious—how Harry seemed to have ties to so many prolific characters.

Not only the Lovegood girl, but now the infamous genius Riddle was slaking an imminent claim.

George felt the slightest bit disgruntled with the state of affairs, and idly wondered if this was the douche Harry had been texting…and summarily deciding it must have been as Tom said, "As much as I am enjoying this meeting, Harry and I have business to attend to. Isn't that right, *darling*?"

Harry ducked down and finally successfully dislodged both twins before planting himself at Tom's side—to which the older teen promptly snatched Harry, hanging his own arm possessively over the boy's shoulders.

Fred was blinking in bemusement with his arm still hanging comically in the air where Harry had been, and George schooled his features into their most pleasant (if not slightly constipated) smile in return, scratching his cheek as he blithely spoke.

"No problem mate. We've got classes too. See ya round, Harry! C'mon Fred—let's leave the lovebirds be."

Fred dropped his arm and heaved a dramatic sigh, following after his retreating twin and grumbling playfully, "It's always the cute ones."

George hummed in agreement and resisted the urge to glance back at the pair as he threw up a hand and continued on down the hall.

It was enough to know he'd been out-classed.

Didn't make it sting any less.

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xXOXx

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Harry was sure he couldn't go any redder, and he worked his mouth mutely as Tom steered him in the opposite direction of the twins with a chagrined but mollified look on his face.

"Err…"

"Harry."

Harry swallowed and smiled sheepishly up at Tom. “Yeah…?”

Tom glanced sideways and down into wide, innocent emeralds…before heaving his own put upon sigh and shaking his head. “Must you collect every bug that comes your way?”

Harry frowned. “That’s not very nice…they’re my classmates. And they’re c-cool…”

Tom glared.

Harry shut his mouth with an audible click as they rounded the corner into a hidden hallway off-shooting from the third floor.

He no longer had an inkling for where they were headed, but again…Hogwarts was stupid big. It was funny how Tom knew so many secret passageways.

“Where’s this…?”

“It used to be the fine arts area, when Hogwarts offered collegiate courses in sculpting, painting, and sketch work. But as the previous instructor died…this corridor was closed off. Professor Trelawney only teaches the lower levels of the artistic discipline. We’ll be availing ourselves of one of the classrooms here…where we won’t be found or interrupted.”

“Ah, I see. How come you know so much about Hogwarts?”

Tom sighed as they reached the last classroom on the hallway, and he pulled out a keyring from his pocket and unlocked the door.

Harry stared wide eyed as Tom let them in, and he wondered aloud, “And how come you’ve got all the k-keys?”

Tom smirked and shut the door behind them, hitting the light switch on the wall and settling in the chair behind the teacher’s desk…upon which he spread the contents of his satchel and beckoned Harry over to sit.

Harry started to grab a chair from a stack off the wall, but Tom raised an imperious eyebrow and patted his leg—wordlessly telling Harry to sit on him.

Harry colored lightly and glanced between Tom and the chair briefly, before giving into the hazel eyed teen’s demands.

Tom spoke as Harry settled on top of him, and he wound his long arms comfortably around Harry’s middle…pulling the boy snug against his chest and sliding them both closer to the large desk.

“I made it my business to scope out Hogwarts in its entirety during my freshman year. I refused to not know what was around every corner of my stomping grounds.”

Harry smiled, imagining Tom slightly younger, obsessively skulking about the school in his free time—mapping it all out for himself.

“The middle school wasn’t nearly as large, but Hogwarts High was a beast of a different kind. I sought to tame it. And I did.”

Harry hummed and leaned comfortably against Tom, resting his head against Tom’s shoulder as he peered up at Tom’s face in profile and asked, “What about the keys?”

Tom turned and dropped an impulsive kiss onto Harry’s forehead before answering.

“I told you I worked in the office. But before that, I was on good terms with the head custodian—Argus Filch. He hated working here and had copies of keys to every room. In gaining his good graces, before he retired my sophomore year…Argus left me his duplicate keys. Said if anyone deserved to go everywhere this place had to offer, it’d be me.”

Harry laughed. “So basically—you conned the janitor.”

Tom snorted. “I do not con. I felicitously receive tokens of gratitude for my virtuous behavior.”

Harry deadpanned. “…your what?”

“You doubt my virtue?”

Tom had the nerve to sound legitimately offended. Harry just blinked.

“I wasn’t aware you possessed any.”

“For shame—I am the epitome of virtue and all things good and right in the world.”

Harry twisted his neck and stared dubiously up into shining hazel eyes, gleaming mischievously back at him.

“The amount of bullshit you spout is truly appalling.”

Tom tweaked Harry’s nose.

“I do try. Now darling, we have exercises and your ravishment to complete.”

Harry shifted in Tom’s lap, but stilled as he felt a telltale hardness beginning to poke at him beneath.

Tom moaned throatily and tightened his arm around Harry’s waist, drumming the fingers of his right hand perfunctorily against the desk as he murmured, “I suggest you be very still… otherwise, I just may ravish you first.”

Harry’s breathing hitched.

“If you’d let me…*ah*…get a chair, we wouldn’t h-have this problem…”

“But where’s the fun in that?”

Tom drawled and grinned wolfishly before further adjusting Harry on his lap, so that Harry was seated directly upon his burgeoning erection.

“Come now—we’ll begin with Arithmetic. I believe you may have a quiz coming…”

And so they worked, with Harry puzzling through Arithmetic worksheets with Tom’s distracting (but knowledgeable) influence…all the way up until Harry finished balancing his last Chemical equation…and Tom ground up hard into Harry’s backside, pushing all other thoughts of academia firmly to a dusty corner.

Harry found...it was a good thing Tom had initially held off…otherwise…he’d have been in no state to study at all.

It was a small miracle that nobody heard a thing outside the classroom door, even as the teacher’s desk groaned ominously and slid across the floor…making a racket with every jarring thrust of Tom’s driving pelvis against Harry’s backside.

Truly…Harry applauded the fact he now kept a bottle of lube in his pocket at all times.

Tom wasn’t small…and he could be hasty as hell.

But damn…could he fuck.

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xXOXx

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It felt like time was on fast forward.

Harry was already in the car with Tom again, having taken a quiz in 6th period Arithmetic (which he did feel good about) and then rejoining Tom on the first floor before the final bell.

Tom had walked him up the stairs to the 6th floor after their study tryst, and he’d told Harry to text him after the quiz so he could come and get him again.

But Harry had told him he’d have to walk on his own at some point, and Tom could just wait for him to come back down.

Tom had been apprehensive and rather belligerent—but Harry had sworn to take his time and meet Tom as soon as he could get away.

It’d been a little nerve-wracking in truth…traversing the stairs alone before the bell rang and the halls were full again, but Harry had been glad there weren’t any bodies to avoid as he carefully clung to the bannisters along the way.

Tom had been waiting at the bottom of the first floor staircase, staring up at Harry’s descent with poorly concealed distress in his eyes.

Harry had felt rather bad for putting Tom on edge…but he couldn't have his hand held forever…not even by Tom, in this.

Upon his ground level touchdown, Tom had swept him up and held him for a good few minutes—checking Harry over like a mother hen and muttering admonishments under his breath which Harry couldn't help but smile fondly at as he gently reassured Tom of his wholeness.

As they'd been the first students out of official classes, Tom had no qualms about dragging Harry out of the school building in short order and locking Harry down in the passenger's seat of his car.

Harry had wanted to say goodbye to Luna, but Tom's disgruntlement and residual stiffness had him sending up his silent apologies and merely going along with Tom's orchestrations to soothe Tom's feathers.

Now…they were coasting down the road heading back to the apartment to get changed for their scheduled evening attendance at Harry's house.

He'd be lying to say he wasn't apprehensive about talking to the police, but as Tom had already given him the rundown the night before, and would himself be there with Harry the whole time…Harry knew he could put on a good face and not get thrown off by whatever they asked.

He wouldn't let anything get in the way of what he had now.

No matter what they came at him with—Harry wouldn't jeopardize them.

If the police wanted to cross examine him, Harry would show them he had absolutely nothing to hide—and neither did Tom.

No matter how factual that may or may not be.

It was Harry's turn to defend the fort.

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"You don't have to say we're in a relationship. You can leave us as good friends. It doesn't matter. They'll draw their own conclusions. Don't lie outright, but don't volunteer any information…"

Harry nodded and unbuttoned the top button of his shirt, which Tom had insisted be rather more formal than the casual wear Harry would have chosen for just visiting his parents.

Tom himself was dressed smartly elegant, in a long sleeved shirt and pullover sweater vest above khaki slacks and loafers…looking like a prep school student on leave.

All in all—they looked like the diligent, utterly guileless students they were meant to be.

Harry could appreciate the costuming.

It did help keep his priorities straight.

As Tom turned the corner to Godric Street, Harry felt his nerves beginning to act up as he realized there was a cop car already parked in his family's drive.

"Looks like they're here already…"

Harry chewed his bottom lip, and Tom pulled into the driveway and laid a comforting hand on Harry's knee as he parked.

"Whatever happens—I'm there with you, and so are you mother and father. You don't have to let them make you uncomfortable in any way. They're law enforcement, not a Jury. You've nothing to prove."

Harry nodded and stared into Tom's serious hazel eyes, gleaming with protectiveness and internal possessive heat.

"Got it—let's get this over with."

And then they were out the car and knocking on the front door, which swung open to reveal James staring back at the two with a slightly weary smile on his face.

"Hello Tom, Harry. Come on in—son, can I steal you for a second?"

Harry blinked up at his Dad and followed James through the house into the kitchen, catching a brief glimpse of two uniforms on the couch and his mother in the loveseat across from them.

Tom lingered around the front door as it shut and watched as Harry was pulled away.

It wasn't as if he could avoid the cops.

So he squared his shoulders and headed into the room with Lily and the officers, smiling genially as both cops looked up in concealed shock and surprise as Tom made his presence known.

"Good evening. It's good to see you again, Lily…Officer Tonks and Officer Kingsley."

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xXOXx

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They'd shown up rather early in the evening to the Potter residence, and Mrs. Potter and her husband had immediately welcomed them both inside.

It was a nice house.

Tonks noted they were obviously well appointed, but not overtly wealthy.

It made her feel more comfortable than the ludicrously expensive trappings of Riddle Manor, in any case.

These were normal people whom she knew how to deal with…without feeling like a dumpy little bumpkin on a cop salary.

These were familiar grounds, and Tonks could relax in her own skin as she and Kingsley made the acquaintances of Lily and her husband.

"It's unfortunate that we must come together under such circumstances, but I'm sure you both understand the gravity of the situation."

James sighed and rubbed his eyes beneath his glasses, perching on the arm of the loveseat next to his wife as they both addressed the officers.

"I understand that you need to cover all your bases. I fail to understand though, how you think Harry is in any way connected to this case."

Kingsley spoke up, "It's not any involvement we're looking into…it's more a general canvassing. Our missing person seems to have had some…complicated feelings…towards your son, given his own entries involving the boy in his private accounts…we only want to know what Harry may or may not have known about the circumstances surrounding Peter and his disappearance, if anything at all."

James hummed and responded, "So basically, you have no other leads at this time. I'm sure my wife has told you…until recently, Harry was hospitalized. And his head trauma resulted in quite a lot of amnesia. He's only just recovered the bulk of his memories. I trust you won't try and strain him beyond his capacities at this time."

"We wouldn't dream of it, sir. Anything he can tell us, no matter how insignificant may be the crumbs we need to further put together this case."

Tonks spoke earnestly, "We understand that his mentality is delicate, and we will in no way force the issue of his remembrance. But studies show…even the most innocuous recollections may lead to groundbreaking revelations which may otherwise not be made."

"We will not further traumatize your recovering son, Mr. Potter. We only want a few questions answered."

James nodded and got up as a knock sounded at the door.

Lily smiled, "That'll be the boys."

Tonks raised an eyebrow, "Boys?"

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xXOXx

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Seeing Tom Riddle Jr. again was a shock to both their systems.

Kingsley and Tonks stared at the familiar teen as he pleasantly addressed them alongside Lily Potter, and only their professional training stopped them both from breaking character and demanding to know what the hell the boy was doing at their next target's house.

Kingsley narrowed his eyes as Tom took up residence in the second loveseat and crossed his legs at the knee, leaving enough space in the chair for another smaller person to sit in.

If that wasn't telling…Kingsley shot Tonks a warning look, and they both schooled their features as James finally walked back into the room with Harry in tow.

Harry immediately took the space next to Tom, with a familiarity that reeked of more intimate acquaintanceship.

There were altogether too many elephants in the room.

And to think…they'd only been planning to interview the Potter kid.

Now this…

"We hope you don't mind Tom being here, he's been so good with Harry and we didn't want Harry to feel reigned on in any way."

Lily spoke, raising the eyebrows of both officers as she casually rambled on, "It was Tom who assisted in Harry's recovery the most, aside from the staff at St. Mungo's. I thought he should be present if there were any distress on Harry's behalf during the interview."

Kingsley cleared his throat.

"Understood, Mrs. Potter…it's no problem. We were simply unaware that Mr. Riddle was so well acquainted with your son as to be here today."

Tonks looked to Harry and spoke gently, as if talking to a rather much younger child than a teenager in high school, "It's nice to meet you, Harry. My name is Officer Tonks, and this is my superior, Officer Kingsley. May we ask you about your relationship with Mr. Riddle, first? You seem to be rather close."

Harry licked his lips and replied easily, "Tom is my tutor and friend. He's been helping me with my studies for a while…and was there when the accident happened. Like Mom said…he helped me during my recovery. I wouldn't be in such g-good shape right now…if not for him."

Kinsley addressed Tom. “Is there a particular reason you didn’t tell us about your affiliation with the Potters when we last spoke?”

Tom shrugged and affected a sheepishly apologetic smile.

“I didn’t want to muddle the issues and cause problems where there should be none. Yes, I tutor Harry and we are friends. That doesn’t mean I wanted to drag his name into a criminal investigation in his current state…or at all.”

“You do realize that is rather closely skating the line to obstruction…?”

James spoke up then, “Did you specifically question Tom about his involvement with my son at any time? Did you make it clear that Tom’s affiliation with Harry was important knowledge for your investigation to proceed?”

Kingsley sighed and smiled grimly, “Not in so many words, no sir.”

James raised an eyebrow, “Then I fail to see the gravity of your accusations. Please do address your questions to your primary target. Tom is only here for moral support.”

Tonks piped up helpfully, “As you say, we’re here for Harry today. Now…Harry…”

Tonks pulled out a folded up flyer from her pocket and held it up for Harry’s scrutiny.

“…have you ever seen this boy, or do you recognize him from anywhere?”

And so the interview began.

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xXOXx

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When James pulled Harry into the kitchen, it was mainly to assess Harry’s overall well-being.

“How are you, son?”

Harry laughed weakly, “As well as can be expected, I guess…with the cops here…”

“Know that you don’t have to answer anything you’re not comfortable with. They’re not here to accuse you of anything. They’re only fishing.”

Harry smiled.

“I know my rights.”

James smirked. “You had better. And don’t get nervous, we’re all here with you.”

“Who would’ve thought I’d ever be chatting with the police? Feels like a movie.”

James snorted and ruffled a hand through Harry's perpetually disheveled hair, "Don't get used to it. You're not a criminal and never will be. I should know."

Harry opened his mouth, as if to ask something…but then thought better of it.

James noticed his son's hesitance and barreled gently through the sudden wall.

"Something on your mind?"

"…nah…I just…you'd love me no matter what…right?"

James grew pensive.

"Naturally—you're my son."

Harry swallowed thickly. "But you would never stop loving me…no matter what I may or may not have done…right?"

James frowned. "Have you done something?"

Harry shook his head. "No. I just…I just wanted to know. It was…bothering me…what could make you…hate me…"

James sighed heavily and promptly pulled Harry into a tight hug.

His voice was low and vehement as he answered, "No matter what. I will always, always love you. Nothing could change that. If you did something…it might hurt…but you would never be loved any less…by me, or your mother."

Harry's breath hitched and he blinked hard to suppress the stinging tears wanting to spring forth.

In a slightly choked up voice he replied, "Good to know, Dad…I was j-just having weird thoughts…is all…"

James kissed the top of Harry's head and squeezed him a little harder before releasing him and stepping back to look down into familiar, watery emeralds…so reminiscent of his wife's…but more luminescent, shining.

Harry really was the best parts of both of them, multiplied by a thousand.

"C'mon, we can't keep the vultures waiting forever. They'll think you've run away."

Harry grinned slightly, "I can't run without Tom."

James laughed, "I'm sure he wouldn't let you. That boy…"

And then they were putting on their best faces and entering the lion's den.

Despite the looming proceedings, Harry could feel a deep and permeating warmth spreading through his body.

And as he settled in the spot left so obviously for him beside Tom, Harry thought that he… and his parents both…all had the same notions about love.

It was unconditional…or not at all.

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End Transmission.

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Chapter End Notes

-bangs head against wall- …this took altogether too long to get out. ☹

And it wasn't even necessarily a block—it was just finding the TIME and MENTAL SPACE over the past month!

I mean really...I'm not sure how I feel about how this all went…😑🙄😶

There was a lotta time skippage, and I did my best on the Twins and school crap to get us all to the interview…but yeah. 😥

I hope it didn't feel rushed or lacking in any way.

I felt like for the wait I put you guys through, it should've been a mile and a half long… but that stopping point just wrote itself, and I couldn't bring myself to run past it. 😭

In any case—I do think we did get somewhere (like halfway down the second block).

So that's good! 😄

And once again, I do apologize for the inordinately long delay. 🙏🙇‍♀️🙏

Reality exists—and it's not always conducive to the creative arts…or my fickle Muses.

Feel free to toss me your thoughts and railings about this Violation, as I always love hearing back from you lovely readers. 🤗

And until the next Violation, I do trust and hope you'll all remain safe and warm and otherwise in one piece in your own respective Realities. ♥💗T-T 🧡♥

Salut ~ 🌺🐍○

33rd Violation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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33rd Violation

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"Thank you for your time. If anything else crops up, we'll be in touch. Good evening."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief when at last, the cops departed from his parents' house.

A hand landed on his knee, and Harry turned to see familiar hazel eyes shining down at him in solidarity…and no little pride for his maintained composure.

He'd done his utmost not to slip up at any point talking to the cops.

It was odd…glossing over and omitting details he only thought might incriminate Tom in some way…because Harry…he had the inkling…faint though it was…that Tom could be in big trouble, if he said too much.

Sure—he hadn't seen Peter before in his life.

The face was entirely unfamiliar, but the circumstances…of his disappearance...coincided too well with the date of Harry's accident.

Knowing from Tom that Peter had been a stalker…put things in an entirely new light for Harry.

Harry…could feel the hairs on the back of his neck tingling with a suspicion…that nothing was at all as it had seemed for so long.

Tom freaking out at the apartment and needing to confirm Harry's devotion to him, regardless of what he *may* or *may not* have done…already disturbed the bells of quiet alarm…chiming ominously at the back of Harry's mind…clouding up with a trepidation that made him be extra careful with his words in all his statements to the cops.

He hadn't begun to sweat until questioning and cross examinations of the timeframe came up…and began niggling at his subconscious, like a loose tooth just waiting to fall out.

The lady cop had told him that Peter had gone missing the prior year...only speculated sometime in October; because Peter's mother had waited so long to bring the report in…they couldn't be certain.

The only notable thing in that time period had been Harry's accident and his clandestine meetings with Tom.

Or…what he'd thought had been clandestine…but considering Tom had a stalker they hadn't known about until now…Harry could only assume they'd been discovered at some point, which would explain Peter's hostility towards him…specifically.

Harry knew…that if he were a stalker like Peter…he wouldn't have been able overlook his sudden presence at Tom's side. It was too unlikely a new circumstance to put anyone at ease.

Even Harry hadn't expected the whirlwind which had been Tom and he together when it'd happened like it did.

He could scarcely imagine what a peeping Tom onlooker with an obsession with Tom, would have thought about their relationship.

Nothing kind—that was for certain.

The matter of Tom tutoring Harry had come up…naturally…as Harry had to say something reasonable (not outing their deeper affiliations) about why Peter would have been so very hostile in his writings about Harry, a person Peter was never thought to have actually made contact with.

Harry did a good job of playing up the fact that Tom was a good teacher and had been recommended to him by his Professor…as he was struggling through two of his core classes and could use the assistance.

He didn't say Tom had volunteered for the post.

He didn't say Tom had orchestrated the whole thing based on their true status.

As far as the cops knew, Tom had been handpicked by an old Professor to help Harry—a new transfer and academically unsteady student, acclimate to Hogwarts' curriculum.

As far as the cops knew, Harry and Tom had become friends with a good rapport, because Tom had taken Harry under his wing and didn't make Harry feel like an alien in a new place clinging to driftwood in outer space.

In the matter of his accident…Harry had very few details to add.

Tom had been the one to find him.

Tom had been the one to be traumatized first by his fall.

-.-

Why had Harry been on the seventh floor staircase?

-.-

He'd been going to a Tutoring session, hoping for some extra help on an assignment he'd been worried about for the longest…but hadn't been able to consult Tom about during their last meeting.

Harry hadn't been watching his step…he'd been running pretty fast up those stairs.

-.-

Was he completely alone at the time of his accident?

-.-

Harry had to pause and actually think. It wasn't that he recalled running into anyone…but…

Someone…there might've…been someone at the top of the stairs…the details were blurry and otherwise irretrievable in his mind.

Prodding too hard at the memory started a dull ache in the back of his head.

He recalled what felt like…vividly—his body slamming suddenly against a wall…and then he was airborne, falling backwards fast…and there was an explosion of pain…and the world went black.

Tom was the only one who could fill in the blanks from there.

All else was a matter of public record.

No...Tom hadn't seen anybody else around Harry when he'd found him at the bottom…blood spreading at a worrisomely fast rate…Harry nonresponsive and unconscious…causing Tom to panic and lose his mind when the paramedics finally showed up in the wake of Tom calling in the alert.

-.-

There'd been so much blood...

-.-

Tom still shuddered to remember it.

A cold, hard lump clenching in his chest…with visceral, instinctive rage (because it wasn't an accident and he'd done what he had to and Peter deserved to die a thousand gruesome deaths and a hundred more for the transgression of daring to try and take HARRY AWAY)…he had to stoically conceal beneath more obvious disturbance.

Harry's mother (worried for Tom's shaken expression, concerned by the emotion he was *allowing* to leak…for the cops benefit) said Tom…had been with her in the waiting area throughout Harry's surgery.

She said…James had been out of town, and Tom had been her only support at the time.

Both Tom and Lily had been stricken to hear the surgeon say Harry may not wake…or wake without his mind intact.

From then on it'd been all about waiting…and then rehab.

Harry could only recall waking up next…and working with Tom to get better—because Tom…had been there for him every step of the way.

-.-

Why was Tom so integral to the recovery of Harry's memories and mentality? Their acquaintanceship was so new, it was odd…"

-.-

Tom was a hard one to forget…truly…and Harry had needed to be reminded of all his accident had robbed him of…at least that's how the doctor put it.

He'd said Tom would be an important catalyst for Harry's mind to resume its natural state.

Harry had laughed sheepishly and averted his eyes from the cops, feeling his heartrate stumble for the sudden…more perceptive gleam…in the lady cop's eye, as she mutely observed him.

-.-

Yes…he does make an impression.

-.-

Harry just smiled.

He didn't add more to that sentiment. He didn't want to say too much.

Their relationship was a sensitive matter…nothing about them living together at present came up directly…except to say that Tom had made himself available in the supervision of Harry's continued recovery and schooling.

-.-

How was Harry's relationship with his classmates? Did he have any other friends…besides Tom, an upperclassman and Tutor?

-.-

Harry had blushed lightly…a little embarrassed as he stated he hadn't really gone out of his way to meet his classmates before…and so, didn't really know anyone well from before the accident.

-.-

So Tom was…a rather large fixture in your life at Hogwarts.

-.-

It wasn't exactly a question, but Harry responded in the affirmative.

The cops had traded glances and then briefly addressed Tom.

-.-

Why didn't you mention you were so involved with the boy Peter was so apparently irritated by?

-.-

Tom sighed.

His response reiterating…that since Harry had had such a spectacular fall and was still recovering…he hadn't wanted to rock the boat by making him recall details leading up to his trauma which surely wouldn't have mattered in the case of Peter's disappearance…as Harry had never met the boy, who was Tom's classmate.

It had been a matter of protecting Harry's peace of mind and keeping him unmolested by the investigation coming to his door.

Tom had only wanted to protect Harry, his new young friend…from being excessively scrutinized for no good reason.

-.-

We understand your concern, Mr. Riddle. But in the future, you mustn't withhold pertinent details from the authorities. It wouldn't be in your best interest.

-.-

Appearing suitably chastened, Tom had placidly apologized for the oversight on his part. Saying he would do his best to cooperate in the future with the officers in their investigation.

James had interrupted the cops' interrogation of Tom…by reminding them that *Harry* was the subject of their visit and current interview, and would they please consider the boys were both minors with inefficient representation (besides Harry's parents) for deeper cross-examination.

The officers were quick to reassure James and Lily both that they meant no harm, and were simply covering the bases based on what Harry had already told them.

From that point on…the interview had concluded rather quickly.

And then the cops were saying their salutations and leaving the house, ushered out by James and a hovering Lily as they took their leave.

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In the aftermath…Harry was left to his own thoughts…staring into hazel eyes and flushing lightly for the ever apparent heat and approval he could see…even as his mind began turning things over and over…and coming to his own private, nondisclosed conclusions.

On Tom's part, he was all wrapped up in making sure Harry hadn't felt too stressed and that Lily and James were both satisfied with Harry's state of mind after the encounter with the law in their home.

Harry just reassured everyone, with his best smile, that he was indeed fine—and that Tom and he had better get back on the road before the sun set good and proper.

Lily packed them some leftovers for dinner to take back with them, and Tom and Harry said their goodbyes on the way out front door.

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Staring after Tom's vehicle pulling out the driveway, Lily and James both traded a glance that spoke volumes.

"So…they're involved. And we're *both* okay with this, yes?" James raised a brow at his wife, seeking confirmation in the wake of the boys' departure.

Lily smirked wryly—altogether amused by James' attempt at tact, "It could be someone far worse. At least we know Tom has Harry's best interests at heart. And Harry looks healthy and happy."

James hummed thoughtfully and reeled his wife in, dropping a kiss on the side of her forehead as the front door swung shut.

"Perhaps we should have mentioned the Lovegoods…"

Lily mumbled under her breath, as if suddenly remembering their Christmas guests.

James shook his head, "I say we don't. It's bad enough the kids are dragged into this at all… Luna and Xeno shouldn't have to deal with any of this coming to their doorstep behind our name dropping. If the cops go to them naturally in the course of their investigation…fine. If not—all the better. That family doesn't deserve this trouble."

Lily smiled softly and agreed.

It was just as well.

Harry hadn't mentioned the girl either, but Lily couldn't see the harm.

Luna and her father didn't need to be brought into the fiasco happening at present. But still… *it was a shame about that Peter boy…*

Lily could only hope some closure would come, and fast.

So they could all put this whole debacle behind them.

It was in the best interest of everyone.

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xXOXx

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The phone was ringing.

It was late enough in the evening that Luna knew it could only be one person.

Click.

"Hello Fred. If you keep calling like this, you'll have to meet Daddy."

A familiar laugh met Luna's ear through the receiver, and an easy smile lifted the corner of the girl's mouth as she settled into bed with the phone balanced between her ear and shoulder, leaving her hands free to work with her latest handicraft project—a crochet bonnet.

"Perish the thought. I am too delicate for parental scrutiny! Have mercy, dear Lady!"

Luna sighed and tugged a loop, allowing the familiar motion of her fingers with the needles to carry her into a kind of trance as she humored the twin on her line.

"Well then, you should state your business…or I may just block your number, good Sir."

Fred hissed, as if in pain.

"Aaah…and here I was, thinking we were bosom mates. How far we must still go…"

Luna's eyebrow twitched, but she remained otherwise placid and silent on the line.

After a few beats with no response…Fred awkwardly cleared his throat.

"Ahem. In all seriousness, I was just wondering what you were up to…and if you'd be game to get together this weekend to collaborate on our research. Georgie and Harry have the most independent tasks...but we're gonna need to put our heads together to streamline the extra bulk."

Luna blinked and was rather bemused as she replied.

“It’s not that much. I’m sure we could manage well enough in fourth period.”

Fred groaned, exasperated.

“But it’s so noisy then—and if the whole group is there, we’re gonna have to entertain. And if we entertain then I’ll be distracted. And if I’m distracted, we won’t be able to—“

Luna cleared her throat and tilted her head, gently interrupting the sudden spiel.

“If you just want to see me after school, you could say so. I won’t mind.”

A loaded silence pervaded the line, and then Fred was mumbling, as if embarrassed.

“You’re supposed to let me have an excuse. It’s only polite, ya know.”

Luna laughed, and it was a breathy little thing.

“Alright then…we can meet for research collaboration on Saturday, noon on the top floor of *Flourish and Blotts*.”

“Awesome! I mean—ahem…that’s cool. Yeah. We’ll do that. Just me and you.”

Luna smirked a bit.

“I could try and get Harry to come along…but then, Tom will be there. And we can’t possibly leave George out…”

A sound like choking met her ears.

“W-woah there! No need for all that! I have it on good authority that Gred has better things to do that day, and I’m sure Tom doesn’t want to waste time babysitting his underclassmen, not even for his boyfriend—whom I do like! But yeah…you needn’t invite him…specifically… Luna…”

Luna couldn’t help the little snort escaping her, even as she tried to muffle her sudden laughter for Fred’s rambling protests.

“It’s alright Fred. Calm yourself. I’m sure we’ll manage just fine together.”

The relief coating Fred’s voice was palpable, enough to deepen Luna’s amusement.

“Gods…you make me sweat.”

“I hear that’s a good thing.”

Fred spluttered.

Luna smiled serenely.

"Gah…I'm just glad you picked up. I know we swapped numbers in class, but I had no idea if you'd be sleep or not…"

Luna hummed.

"I listen to my body tell me when it wishes to clock out. The most marvelous things can happen during the wee hours…though I do rise early."

"How fascinating—I guess that means you won't mind me calling again round this time? It's a pain in the neck trying to get the phone from Ginny, and she's got a bed time Mum makes sure she adheres to…for the sake of her delicate skin."

The skepticism and hope in Fred's voice was palpable.

Luna rested her hands from the needles and said gently into the receiver, "I meant what I said. Daddy will wonder who keeps calling."

Fred mumbled something incomprehensible.

"Come again. You'll have to be clearer."

"I said its fine! I'll meet him if you really want me to—but you'll have to be my Girl then!"

Both Luna's eyebrows hit her hairline, and her lips parted in some surprise.

"I thought you were being subtle…"

Fred groaned.

"Subtlety with you gets me nowhere fast. I find the direct assault to be more rewarding, my Lady."

Luna chewed the corner of her lip and then pressed them together.

"I feel…as though I've done a bad thing…"

Fred grunted.

"You haven't."

Luna sighed softly, pulling her knees to her chest and resting her arm upon them. There was a warmth in her stomach…and a faint ache in her chest.

"You know I…have feelings for Harry, yes?"

Fred snorted.

"I might've noticed. I don't expect you to jump into my arms and ride into the sunset right off. Just…give me a shot, yeah?"

Luna smiled somewhat, and whispered.

“You could get hurt.”

“I know.”

“I may not reciprocate your intentions.”

“You might.”

“I’m not certain how to do this.”

“You’ll manage.”

Luna shook her head, huffing into the speaker as she twirled a lock of hair slowly around her finger, with a wistful look.

“You’re very persistent.”

She could hear the grin in his voice.

“I am.”

Luna sighed and got up from the bed, the sun had set and she pulled her curtain back to stare up at the moon.

It was half full.

Just like her heart.

“Alright…”

Fred let out a whoop, and Luna laughed softly in spite of herself.

All things considered…it wasn’t a bad idea to have at least one person just for her.

Harry had Tom…and Luna would always support that, and be there for it…should anything happen, or Harry need a refuge.

She wouldn’t stop loving him—even if he couldn’t love her…in *that* way, because she wasn’t what he needed—to shine…to burn his brightest, without hesitation or apology.

Luna would never be Tom.

Tom would never allow it.

Would be more than hostile to anything of the sort, should Luna ever encroach upon what he and Harry had together…as if she could beyond the point they let her.

Luna was the moon.

A light in the dark which would forever glow gentle…never giving off heat or severity, just everlasting acceptance.

And when the sun shone brightest, overwhelming the day and scorching the planets in orbit around…Luna would fade into the background until her next debut, but always be right there…when the dark was grew thickest.

Tom wouldn't be rid of her.

Luna would be there forever.

But now…she could possibly allow her light…to be admired by another…swaying like the ocean drawn in by the tide.

And maybe…just maybe…eventually, yes…

The vacancy within could be filled once more.

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Harry had been quiet, the whole ride back.

Tom had thought better of disturbing him in his pensive mood, and so let it persist…until they made it to the sanctity of the apartment.

It was there that he reeled Harry in and allowed no protest as he startled the sound from his throat and snatched the breath from his lungs.

By the time Tom had him laid out on the couch, and their clothes largely discarded all over the floor, Harry was sufficiently focused on the immediate present and no longer lost in his swirling thoughts.

"*Haa…haa*…Tom…"

Tom hovered on his knees above Harry, staring down with a smirk at the gasping mouth and half-masted emerald eyes…now clouded with lust and need Tom knew to be mirrored on his face.

"Yes, Darling…?"

"*Nnnhh*…you shouldn't…do that…"

Tom chuckled, feeling the rumble deep in his chest as he leaned closer and licked his tongue along the shell of Harry's left ear, nibbling on the lobe as he spoke.

"And what is it…that I shouldn't do?"

Harry moaned, alternatively pushing at and gripping Tom's shoulders…as Tom pressed his hips down and ground their lower bodies torturously together, providing a slow friction to

their clothed members…still confined beneath their underwear and unzipped pants.

Harry arched into Tom and closed his eyes, licking his lips as he snatched a coherent thought from the abyss.

"*Ah*…I want…you to tell me…*haa*…"

Tom rolled his hips and groaned into Harry's ear, "Tell you what?"

Harry gasped on a hard grind, and Tom grinned victoriously for the sound.

"*AH!* P-Peter…did you…?"

Tom ceased his motion, keeping Harry pinned as he reared back to stare directly into Harry's eyes, shining with moisture beneath a delicately furrowed brow.

Not accusing him…but beseeching.

Tom sighed heavily and felt his ardor being leeched out by a gnawing hole spreading like cancer through his gut.

"…what are you asking me, Harry?"

Harry bit his lip and panted softly as he spoke, "You wanted me to trust you. I told you I would, always. That I wouldn't go anywhere…no matter what…"

Tom's eyes narrowed—and he swallowed hard as his throat tightened around a slightly hysterical laugh.

"Don't tell me…*haha*…you're having second thoughts…?"

Harry frowned deeply then and pushed himself up abruptly, head-butting Tom hard enough to nearly knock him over.

He was angry.

Tom was shocked.

"Don't you dare—I haven't changed anything, you insufferable prick! Don't look down on me!"

Tom's eyes widened.

It was the first time Harry had gotten so angry at him, and seriously assaulted his person.

"I keep telling you and you won't believe me! What more do you need to me to do to prove myself?!"

Harry continued shouting, not allowing Tom to get a word in edgewise.

“Do you know how hard it is—not knowing what’s going on but wanting to protect you?! Do you know how difficult it is to maneuver when I only have half the story?!”

Tom attempted to speak, but Harry cut him off.

“You could be in serious trouble and I would be the reason because I didn’t know what to say or when to keep my mouth shut! I was so worried…that I’d…that you’d…and you ask me… *nngh*…(*hiccup*)…”

Tom just stared, unable to say anything as Harry started to cry—frustrated, hot tears.

He didn’t know what to feel. He didn’t know what to think.

Harry was…he was crying because Tom wouldn’t tell him why he couldn’t tell him what he’d done.

Harry was upset…because he wanted to *protect* Tom, but didn’t know what from….

Tom had been letting him fly blind in order to protect him from seeing the truth of the person he was with…to keep him from *possibly regretting* what they were together.

Tom hadn’t wanted to cause Harry distress, he just hadn’t wanted Harry to see him differently…in the judgmental light of society’s lens.

Tom had spoken of trust…but here he was…denying Harry the depth of the very thing he demanded…the very thing he coveted, with a maddening obsession.

“I get it…*hiccough*…you don’t want me to go anywhere…*sniffle*...but I need you to be straight with me. I need you…to tell me…*everything*…”

Tom’s breath caught as Harry stared him down with those eyes he so loved to see himself reflected in…as though Tom could do no wrong…not as though he were innocent…but as though nothing he said or did could ever turn Harry’s heart away.

Tom wanted…to believe in it.

Tom wanted…*desperately*…to believe in…*Harry*.

Tom held Harry’s gaze, a stone settling in his gut…nerves trembling beneath wave after wave of insecurity…as he opened his mouth to hoarsely release the first damning phrase.

“Your accident was an attack.”

Harry blinked slowly…and the pieces began slotting themselves together.

“Peter pushed you.”

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It was easier than Tom imagined it'd be…once he'd gotten into the flow.

It was as if once he'd spoken the truth aloud…it could no longer be suppressed.

Harry just sat there, staring at him, listening silently…not interrupting at all.

"I found out…when your surgery was complete and you were back in the room. Luna…she told me…and I investigated it."

Harry's heart was pounding, and he could sense where the story was going…from the cold rage he could see overtaking Tom's features.

Those beautiful hazel eyes were shrouded in a gathering darkness…that made Harry shiver to witness overcoming and twisting Tom's visage.

He could scarcely imagine having such a look directed at himself…it would break him.

"Peter wasn't subtle. I was merely blind. I didn't pay attention…and you paid for it."

A severe, warning look from Tom cut off Harry's knee jerk reaction to protest Tom's declaration.

Harry ground his teeth together and kept listening.

"When I found out what he'd done…when he confessed to it with his own *mouth*…I couldn't stand for it to *ever* have the possibility of happening again. I couldn't let him go on thinking he could *touch you* with his filthy hands…without any form of retribution."

Harry swallowed.

"It was easy. So very…*very easy*…Peter was a fanatic. I made sure…he'd never *look* at you…he'd never *touch* you…ever again."

Tom's mouth curled into a subzero smile.

He stared unseeingly into Harry's eyes, mind returned to the day he'd eradicated Peter from the world…once and for all, as his narration continued…in a monotone, detached voice.

"There was so much blood…you wouldn't think there'd be…but there was. He didn't deserve his fingers. They hurt you. He didn't deserve his tongue…it scorned you. I wouldn't let him hurt you. I wouldn't let him take you away…ever—never again."

Harry didn't realize he was panting until a gasp caught in his throat and Tom's eyes refocused on him.

There was no apology or remorse on Tom's face.

Tom was only resigned to the fact that Harry now knew…knew what he'd done.

Harry was speechless…but not altogether surprised.

Tom had told him before.

Harry had believed him.

Tom would do *anything*…had done anything…to keep him.

Harry was shivering.

Tom was staring.

Harry opened his mouth.

Tom didn't look away.

Harry lifted his hand, placing it upon Tom's cheek…stroking the skin with his thumb…as if unsure if Tom were real…or not.

It was one thing to be told what Tom would do…

It was one thing to suspect what Tom would do…

It was another entirely—to know what he had done.

"…if it were you…"

Harry's heart pounded harder, and his eyes hardened…like the emeralds they'd always resembled, frozen in a verdant flame crystallized by nature.

"I'd have done the same."

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Tom could scarcely believe his ears.

He could scarcely believe his fortune.

He could scarcely believe that Harry…*his Harry*…whose arms were now wrapped tightly around him, holding him in an embrace it didn't seem he'd ever release…had just said what he had.

Tom tried to picture their roles reversed.

Picture Harry standing over Peter's corpse…splashed in blood, reveling in dismembering the filth that had wounded his love…that had tried to snatch his love from his possessive grasp…

Tom wrapped Harry up in his own arms, belatedly crushing the boy's body to himself and breathing deep against Harry's neck…internalizing the nuances of scent and softness of skin being pressed so ardently against himself.

Harry was his…entirely.

He belonged to him.

Would be with him…forever…

Tom had him.

He'd never…never…***never—give him up.***

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The lovemaking that followed Tom's confession and Harry's complicity...was unrestrained.

It was as though every final barrier that'd been between them had broken, and a torrent of want and desire…and covetous need surged forth, towing them beneath the wave and unerringly driving them to the brink…where they convulsed and spilled repeatedly over, expelling their essence and mingling their impurities until one wasteland melded into the next…and the poison of their passion was brought to the very height…only to collapse in a tower of Babel knocked aggressively down from the heavens.

It was learning each other completely for the first time.

Harry now knew what and who it was he held in his arms.

Tom now knew what and who it was he felt holding him down.

It wasn't the pretense of perfection or the exultation of impenetrable light…it was the acceptance of doom and the achievement of overwhelming reception.

It was the taking in of everything they were…into each other's flesh…and knowing once and for all…that they were stuck together through all the worse…until there was no separating them ever again.

No matter what anyone said…

No matter what anyone did…

No matter what could possibly happen…

Tom and Harry…Harry and Tom…belonged to each other—for once, for all…***forever.***

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End Transmission.

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Chapter End Notes

I know. I know. Its stupid short…but I think we got a lot said and done. 😊

I do apologize for the wait—but Reality's been hectic and I only just got the chance to really consult the Muses and get their thoughts hatched out. 😉

I'm not altogether displeased with the way this turned out…not even a little. 🙂

I did think it might've been longer, but the scenes here felt important enough to be distilled into their own private -Violation- where we could all appreciate them for what they were without the distraction of irrelevant things.

In all actuality…this feels like a season finale to me. –sheepish laugh-♥🙏♥

I…am tempted to call this fic complete.
But I also sense something vaguely like a sequel coming along...

All of our –Violations- leading up to this point were made to show how Harry and Tom became what they now are.

It was made to show the planted seeds, growth, and blossoming of an Obsession we were all privileged to be in the front seats for.

In all actuality—this feels like the conclusion of the -Violation Arc-. 🧡

But by no means…does the story end here, I don't think.

I feel much more bubbling beneath the surface for this pair…and I do love this universe…and Fred and Luna…and George…and Draco…and all the rest…we couldn't possibly let that go to waste. 🙄

Now—I think I shall sit back and let this sink in, and await further judgements from you wonderful readers.

As of now, our ‘Curfew Violations’ is done.

Thank you so much for coming this far ~ 💕😙❣️🤍

May we soon meet again.

Salut ~ 🌺🐍○

End Notes

So…hopefully you all enjoyed this first -Violation- in what is (loosely plotted) to be a series of many. I'm not certain how quickly I'll be updating this fic, but I will do my best not to leave you hanging too long.

I'm rather fresh when it comes to writing this particular ship, being that I have multiple ones and I used to avoid -Tomarry- specifically on a very weird principal (my how age changes things). 😏

Now that I am firmly aboard, do expect to see more of me in the future (perhaps sporadically).

Any and all commentary is welcome and adored! ❤ And if there are any particular violation scenarios you'd be keen on seeing, feel free to put the bee in my ear. As I have limited personal experience with the breaking of curfews, but do so love to let my imagination run around at all unholy hours, gathering inspirations like half-filled syringes in dirty back alleys. 😈

Signing off. 🌺🐍🌒

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!